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THE WORLD'S ECONOMIC OUTLOOK

BY JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES

The immediate problem for which the world needs a solution to-day is different from the problem of a year ago. Then it was a question of how we could lift ourselves out of the state of acute slump into which we had fallen and raise the volume of production back toward a normal figure. But to-day the primary problem is to avoid a far-reaching financial crisis. There is now no possibility of reaching a normal level of production in the near future. Our efforts are directed toward the attainment of more limited hopes. Can we prevent an almost complete collapse of the financial structure of modern capitalism? With no financial leadership left in the world and profound intellectual error as to causes and cures prevailing in the responsible seats of power, one begins to wonder and to doubt. At any rate, no one is likely to dispute that for the world as a whole the avoidance of financial collapse, rather than the stimulation of industrial activity, is now the front-rank problem. The restoration of industry must come second in order of time. Nowhere, I believe, is this better understood than in the United States.

The immediate causes of the world financial panic — for that is what it is — are obvious. They are to be found in a catastrophic fall in the money value, not only of commodities, but of practically every kind of asset. The 'margins,' as we call them, upon confidence in the maintenance of which the debt and credit structure of the modern world depends, have 'run off.' In many countries the assets of the banks are no longer equal, conservatively valued, to their liabilities to their depositors. Debtors of all kinds find that their securities are no longer the equal of their debts. Few governments still have revenues sufficient to cover the fixed money charges for which they have made themselves liable.

Moreover, a collapse of this kind feeds on itself. We are now in the phase where the risk of carrying assets with borrowed money is so great that there is a competitive panic to get liquid. And each individual who succeeds in getting more liquid forces

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down the price of assets in the process of getting liquid, with the result that the margins of other individuals are impaired and their courage undermined. And so the process continues. It is, indeed, in the United States itself that this has proceeded to the most incredible lengths. The collapse of values there has reached astronomical dimensions. I scarcely need to remind American readers of the facts. But the United States only offers an example — extreme, owing to the psychology of its people — of a state of affairs which exists in some degree almost everywhere.

The competitive struggle for liquidity has now extended beyond individuals and institutions to nations and to governments, each of which endeavors to make its internal balance sheet more liquid by restricting imports and stimulating exports by every possible means, the success of each one in this direction meaning the defeat of someone else. Moreover, each country discourages capital development within its own borders for fear of the effect on its international balance. Yet it will only be successful in its object in so far as its progress toward negation is greater than that of its neighbors.

II

We have here an extreme example of the *disharmony* of general and particular interest. Each nation, in an effort to improve its relative position, takes measures injurious to the absolute prosperity of its neighbors; and, since its example is not confined to itself, it suffers more from similar action by its neighbors than it gains by such action itself. Practically all the remedies popularly advocated to-day are of this internecine character. Competitive wage reductions, competitive tariffs, competitive liquidation of foreign assets, competitive currency deflations, competitive economy campaigns — all are of this beggar-my-neighbor description. For one man's expenditure is another man's income. Thus, whenever we refrain from expenditure, while we undoubtedly increase our own margin, we diminish that of someone else; and if the practice is universally followed everyone will be worse off. An individual may be forced by his private circumstances to curtail his normal expenditure, and no one can blame him. But let no one suppose that he is performing a public duty in behaving in such a way. The modern capitalist is a fair-weather sailor. As soon as a storm rises, he abandons the duties of navigation and even sinks the boats which might carry him to safety by his haste to push his neighbor off and himself in.

Unfortunately the popular mind has been educated away from the truth, away from common sense. The average man has been taught to believe what his own common sense, if he relied on it, would tell him was absurd. Even remedies of a right tendency have become discredited because of the failure of a timid and vacillating application of them. Now, at last, under the teaching of hard experience, there may be some slight improvement toward wiser counsels. But through lack of foresight and constructive imagination the financial and political authorities of the world have lacked the courage or the conviction at each stage of the decline to apply the available remedies in sufficiently drastic doses; and by now they have allowed the collapse to reach a point where the whole system may have lost its resiliency and its capacity for a rebound.

Meanwhile the problem of reparations and war debts darkens the whole scene. We all know that these are now as dead as mutton, and as distasteful as stale mutton. There is no question of any substantial payments' being made. The problem has ceased to be financial and has become entirely political and psychological. If in the next six months the French were to make a very moderate and reasonable proposal in final settlement, I believe that the Germans, in spite of all their present protestations to the contrary, would accept it and would be wise to accept it. But to all outward appearances the French mind appears to be hardening against such a solution and in favor of forcing a situation in which Germany will default. French politicians (and in candid moments American politicians may confess to a fellow feeling) are conscious that it will be much easier for them, vis-à-vis the home political front, to get rid of reparations by a German default than to reach by agreement a moderate sum, most of which might have to be handed on to the United States. Moreover, this outcome would have what they deem to be the advantage of piling up grievances and a legal case against Germany for use in connection with the other outstanding questions created between the two countries by the Treaty of Versailles. I cannot, therefore, extract much comfort or prospective hope from developments in this sphere of international finance.

III

Well, I have painted the prospect in the blackest colors. What is there to be said on the other side? What elements of hope can we discern in the surrounding gloom? And what useful action does it still lie in our power to take?

The outstanding ground for cheerfulness lies, I think, in this — that the system has shown already its capacity to stand an almost inconceivable strain. If anyone had prophesied to us a year or two ago the actual state of affairs which exists to-day, could we have believed that the world could continue to maintain even that degree of normality which we actually have? This remarkable capacity of the system to take punishment is the best reason for hoping that we still have time to rally the constructive forces of the world.

Moreover, there has been a still recent and, in my judgment, most blessed event of which we have not yet had time to gain the full benefit. I mean Great Britain's abandonment of the gold standard. I believe that this event has been charged with beneficent significance over a wide field. If Great Britain had somehow contrived to maintain her gold parity, the position of the world as a whole to-day would be considerably more desperate than it is, and default more general.

For Great Britain's action has had two signal consequences. The first has been to stop the decline of prices, measured in terms of national currencies, over a very considerable proportion of the world. Consider for a moment what an array of countries are now linked to the fortunes of sterling rather than of gold: Australasia, India, Ceylon, Malaya, East and West Africa, Egypt, and Scandinavia; and, in substance, though not so literally, South America, Canada, and Japan. Outside Europe there are no countries in the whole world except South Africa and the United States which now conform to a gold standard. France and the United States are the only remaining countries of major importance where the gold standard is functioning freely.

This means a very great abatement of the deflationary pressure which was existing six months ago. Over wide areas producers are now obtaining prices in terms of their domestic currencies which are not so desperately unsatisfactory in relation to their costs of production and to their debts. These events have been too recent to attract all the attention they deserve. There are several countries of which it could be argued that their economic and financial condition may have turned the corner in the last six months. It is true, for example, of Australia. I think it may be true of Argentina and Brazil. There has been an extraordinary improvement in India, where the export of gold previously hoarded, a consequence of the discount of sterling in terms of gold which no one predicted, has almost solved the financial problem.

As regards Great Britain herself, the world has a little overlooked, I think, the change since last September, which represents, if not an absolute, at least a relative improvement. The number of persons employed to-day exceeds by 200,000 the number employed a year ago — which is true of no other industrial country. This has been achieved in spite of the fact that there has been, even during the past year, a further rise in real wages; for, while money wages have fallen by 2 per cent, the cost of living, in spite of the depreciation of the sterling exchange, has fallen by 4 per cent. And the explanation is an encouragement for the future. For the explanation lies in the fact that over a wide field of her characteristic activities Great Britain to-day is once again the cheapest producer in the world. The forces set on foot last September have by no means had time to work their full effect. Yet even to-day — though, since popular knowledge of a foreign country is always out of date, it may surprise you that I should say so — Great Britain is decidedly the most prosperous country in the world.

IV

But there is a second major consequence of the partition of the countries of the world into two groups, on and off the gold standard respectively. For the two groups roughly correspond to those which have been exercising deflationary pressure on the rest of the world, by having a *net* creditor position which causes them to draw gold, and those which have been suffering this pressure. Now the departure of the latter group from gold means the beginning of a process toward the restoration of economic equilibrium. It means the setting into motion of natural forces which are certain in course of time to undermine and eventually destroy the creditor position of the two leading creditor gold countries. The process will be seen most rapidly in the case of France, whose creditor position is likely to be completely undermined before the end of 1932. The cessation of reparation receipts, the loss of tourist traffic, the competitive disadvantage of her export trades with non-gold countries, and the importation of a large proportion of the world's available gold, will, between them, do the work. In the case of the United States the process may be a slower one, largely because the reduction of tourist traffic, which costs France so dear, means for the United States a large saving. But the tendency will be the same. A point will surely come when the current release of gold from India and the mines will exceed the favorable balance of the gold countries.

Thus a process has been set moving which may relieve in the end the deflationary pressure. The question is whether this will have time to happen before financial organization and the system of international credit break under the strain. If it does, then the way will be cleared for a concerted policy, probably under the leadership of Great Britain, of capital expansion and price raising throughout the world. For without this the only alternative solution which I can envisage is one of the general default of debts and the disappearance of the existing credit system, followed by rebuilding on quite new foundations.

The following, then, is the chapter of events which might conceivably — I will not attempt to evaluate the probability of their occurrence — lead us out of the bog. The financial crisis might wear itself out before a point of catastrophe and general default had been reached. This is, perhaps, happening. The greatest dangers may have been surmounted during the past few months. *Pari passu* with this, the deflationary pressure exerted on the rest of the world by the unbalanced creditor position of France and the United States may be relaxed, through their losing their creditor position as a result of the steady operation of the forces which I have already described. If and when these things are clearly the case, we shall then enter the cheap-money phase. This is the point at which, on the precedent of previous slumps, we might hope for the beginning of recovery. I am not confident, however, that on this occasion the cheap-money phase will be sufficient by itself to bring about an adequate recovery of new investment. It may still be the case that the lender, with his confidence shattered by his experiences, will continue to ask for new enterprise rates of interest which the borrower cannot expect to earn. Indeed, this was already the case in the moderately-cheap-money phase which preceded the financial crisis of last autumn.

If this proves to be so, there will be no means of escape from prolonged and perhaps interminable depression except by direct state intervention to promote and subsidize new investment. Formerly there was no expenditure out of the proceeds of borrowing that it was thought proper for the State to incur except for war. In the past, therefore, we have not infrequently had to wait for a war to terminate a major depression. I hope that in the future we shall not adhere to this purist financial attitude, and that we shall be ready to spend on the enterprises of peace what the financial maxims of the past would only allow us to spend on the devastations of war. At any rate, I predict with an assured confidence that the only way out is for us to discover *some* object which is admitted even by the deadheads to be a legitimate excuse for largely increasing the expenditure of someone on something!

V

In all our thoughts and feelings and projects for the betterment of things, we should have it at the back of our heads that this is not a crisis of poverty, but a crisis of abundance. It is not the harshness and the niggardliness of nature which are oppressing us, but our own incompetence and wrong-headedness which hinder us from making use of the bountifulness of inventive science and cause us to be overwhelmed by its generous fruits. The voices which — in such a conjuncture — tell us that the path of escape is to be found in strict economy and in refraining, wherever possible, from utilizing the world's potential production are the voices of fools and madmen. There is a passage from David Hume in which he says: 'Though the ancients maintained that, in order to reach the gifts of prophecy, a certain divine fury or madness was requisite, one may safely affirm that, in order to deliver such prophecies as these, no more is necessary than merely to be in one's senses, free from the influence of popular madness and delusion.'

Obviously it is much more difficult to solve the problem to-day than it would have been a year ago. But I believe even now, as I believed then, that we could still be, if we would, the masters of our fate. The obstacles to recovery are not material. They reside in the state of knowledge, judgment, and opinion of those who sit in the seat of authority. Unluckily the traditional and ingrained beliefs of those who hold responsible positions throughout the world grew out of experiences which contained no parallel to the present, and are often the opposite of what one would wish them to believe to-day. In France the weight of authoritative opinion and public sentiment is genuinely and sincerely opposed to the whole line of thought which runs through what I have been saying. In the United States it is almost inconceivable what rubbish a public man has to utter to-day if he is to keep respectable. Serious and sensible bankers, who as men of common sense are trying to do what they can to stem the tide of liquidation and to stimulate the forces of expansion, have to go about assuring the world of their conviction that there is no serious risk of inflation, when what they really mean is that they cannot yet see good enough grounds for daring to hope for it. In Great Britain opinion is probably more advanced. I believe that the ideas of British statesmen and even of British bankers are on sounder lines than those current elsewhere. What we in London have to fear is timidity and a reluctance to act boldly.

Nothing could be a greater advantage to the world than that the United States should solve her own domestic problems, and, by solving them, provide the stimulus and the example to other countries. But observing from a distance, — a nearer view of the prospect might modify my pessimism, — I am unable to imagine a course of events which could restore health to American industry in the near future. I even fancy that, so far from the United States giving the example, she will herself have to wait for stimulus from outside. I, therefore, dare to hope — however improbable it may seem in the light of recent experience — that relief may come first of all to Great Britain and the group of overseas countries which look to her for financial leadership. It is a dim hope, I confess. But I discern less light elsewhere.

WESTWARD

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

WITH characteristic indirection we began our course westward by going south. A charming lady, a daughter of Virginia, had been induced by someone in Richmond 'to ask Mr. Newton if he would deliver a lecture there, on any subject which pleased him'; such profits as might arise were to go to the 'unemployed.' My usual terms — smiles and tea — being immediately agreed to, we journeyed to the one-time Capital of the Confederacy and were most graciously received. I would not seem to boast of the F. F. V.'s who did me honor, of luncheons here and dinners there, or of the many juleps I first sniffed, then tasted, and then, like Oliver Twist, asked for more.

I was particularly pleased to renew my acquaintance with Ellen Glasgow, whose novel, *The Romantic Comedians*, should be read by every man of middle age who is thinking of getting married and who feels that the laws of nature have been suspended in his behalf. At her house I met James Branch Cabell, the author of the famous *Jurgen*, of which I have two copies, both unread — one, a first edition with a dust wrapper, and the other, the beautifully illustrated edition published by John Lane. I was able to tell him a story which amused him greatly. A Richmond girl, who several years ago married a Philadelphian, confided to me, one evening at dinner, that only recently had Richmond indulged itself in a real, honest-to-God public library. I expressed my astonishment and said, 'What did you do when you wanted to know anything?' 'Oh,' was the reply, 'we did n't want to know very much, and, if we did, we just called Mr. Cabell up on the phone.' Now that is what I call being real neighborly.

Our visits to Brandon and Shirley and Westover, and several others, were delightful, but the beauties of these famous houses on the James River need no description from me. They bespeak a civilization that is gone forever, and with it much that is beautiful. I have long since given over the wish I once had of living in an historic house, a house in which history — literary, social, or political — has been made. Now, fully convinced of the importance of a man to himself and to no other, what history I cannot make for myself I do without. But old places where things happened, 'where the lightning once came down,' as Le Gallienne has it, have always interested me enormously. When I hear of these historic places passing into alien hands, I feel sad, indignant, or amused, as the case may be. What right has a rich New Yorker to take Warwick Castle, say, for the summer? A developed sense of humor would protect him from such a blunder.

Of Jamestown, the first English settlement in America, founded in 1607 by Captain John Smith, but little remains. The tower of the church in which Pocahontas was married to John Rolfe — so the legend goes — and a few tombstones did not detain us long, but Williamsburg, the ancient capital of Virginia, is different. It is a lovely old place owing its chief distinction to the College of William and Mary, which almost ties with Harvard as being the oldest institution of learning in the United States. The original buildings, which are very fine, are said to have been erected from plans by Sir Christopher Wren. Williamsburg is a place of such peace as has to be sought for these days. It is, practically, just one long street, the Duke of Gloucester Street, which runs for a mile or more in a straight line from the campus, in the centre of which is a quaint old statue of an early colonial governor, Lord Botetourt.

The college has been the Alma Mater of governors without end and three Presidents of the United States, but it is chiefly fortunate in having attracted, some few years ago, the attention of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who decided to buy up and re-create not only the college, but, in effect, the whole town. The work was reverently and vigorously undertaken. Some of the buildings which were falling into decay — for the college was not adequately endowed — were pulled down and reërected, as much as possible out of old materials. The result is delightful: a new-old village has arisen; nothing has been changed, not a false note has been introduced, but the college and the town have been given a new lease of life. Millions have been and are being spent — judiciously.

It seems that wherever I go in my travels Mr. Rockefeller has just preceded me, writing his name as one who loves his fellow men. And not upon the college buildings alone, for the fine old courthouse, the parish church, — famous in the annals of Virginia, — the blacksmith's and many other shops, the inn, even the prison for 'poor debtors,' have been torn down and reconstructed. Perhaps Mr. Rockefeller is providing a home for himself in his indigent old age. I hope he may be happy in it — he deserves to be. What other man since the world began has been so universal a philanthropist? It may be said that no man should be permitted to accumulate so colossal a fortune as his; in the future it will be more difficult, — I hope impossible, — but he did not make the times in which he lives, and, recognizing his responsibilities, he has done what he can to ameliorate them.

At the risk of wearing out our welcome we would have stayed longer in Richmond, but we were tied to an hour. My 'lecture' was well attended; there were no serious casualties, and immediately it was over we were motored to the railway station and entrained for Philadelphia, which we reached early next morning. To go while the going is good is an excellent habit; I govern myself with few rules, but this is one of them. As my old friend, Hawley McLanahan, used to say, 'There is one thing I like about the Newtons: when they say they are going, they do not disappoint you.'

II

We had heard California calling us for years, and at last had decided to heed its call. The idea was to follow the course of the empire in early February and March, there being too much weather in these months in Eastern latitudes — but things happened. In the first place, Helen Keller was to receive an honorary degree from Temple University (curiously enough, the achievements of this amazingly accomplished and useful woman had never before been so recognized) and I had been asked to present her — an honor which carried with it the privilege of entertaining her for a day or two. What I feared might possibly be an inconvenience turned out to be a delight which will long be remembered.

In a census of living Americans distinguished above their fellows, conducted, as I remember, by the *New York Times*, there were five men in the second rank and only two names, Thomas A. Edison and Helen Keller, in the first. Miss Keller has been called, and I think with truth, the most wonderful woman in the world. Many guests have been entertained at Oak Knoll, but none of such distinction as Helen Keller. So amazing is her personality that in two minutes one forgets that she has neither sight nor hearing nor speech — for her speech has to be translated. But she is so agreeable, so gay, and she looks at one so frankly with her great blue eyes, her mouth is so expressive and such a beautiful soul is revealed by her smile, that one forgets her great afflictions and instantly becomes her slave. This was the effect she had upon Alexander Graham Bell, Mark Twain, and Professor Einstein; this was the effect she had upon every member of our household.

I have said that I stayed home from California to present her for an honorary degree conferred by Temple University. Upon the platform to receive a degree at the same time was the governor of the state, Mr. Pinchot, seated by the president of Temple, Dr. Beury. The mayor of the city was to present the governor. Dr. Beury, in his introductory remarks, felt called upon to speak, chiefly, about Helen Keller. When the governor was presented for his degree by the mayor he was buttered, *ad nauseam*, by his orator, who then turned his attention to Helen Keller. The governor, in accepting the degree, said it was an honor to receive a degree at the same time as Helen Keller. Finally, when my time came to present Helen Keller, everything had been said. So I began by informing the audience that the three miscreants who had spoken before me had stolen my act and had been clumsy with it.

'Now,' said I, 'if you wish to hear Helen Keller's accomplishments eloquently presented, listen' — and I went on to repeat what had already been said. But I went further. It had originally been suggested that Miss Keller's teacher, Miss Sullivan (who later became Mrs. Macy), should also receive a degree, but she had declined the honor; she said she was not worthy, did not wish to seem to detract in any way from the recognition of her pupil. She was reasoned with, but remained firm. She would not even come to Philadelphia. Polly Thomson, Helen Keller's secretary, would accompany her. I told of Mrs. Macy's obduracy. I said, and truthfully, that her pupil had had the urge to break out of the dark into the light, whereas the teacher had voluntarily entered the dark in the hope of dissipating it for the pupil; that Mrs. Macy had taught herself much in order that Helen Keller might learn more, and that it was Temple's good fortune to recognize the greatness of both women; in a word, that the English, French, German, Greek, Latin, mathematics, philosophy — all that Helen Keller knew and was, she owed to Mrs. Macy. And, I continued, occasionally one settles important matters by voting upon them, and I asked that all who agreed with me that a degree should be conferred upon Mrs. Macy, by force if necessary, should signify the wish by standing.

The immense audience rose as one man — all but one woman: Mrs. Macy herself remained seated, with tears of happiness rolling down her face. Polly Thomson had spotted her in the audience. Neither Polly nor Helen nor anyone else knew that she had come over, alone, from New York to see her pupil honored. She certainly disproved the old adage that listeners never hear any good of themselves. Next year Mrs. Macy will accept a degree; we shall have another party. I am already looking forward to it.

I cannot bear to leave this subject. Delightful Polly Thomson, Miss Keller's secretary, travels with her everywhere. She talks into Helen's hand and Helen into hers as fast as I can dictate a letter. They can also read each other's lips. Between them they can do anything. It is well known that a person deprived of one set of faculties has others abnormally developed; especially is this the case with Helen Keller. She enjoys music through vibrations. As she walks through a garden she can name the flowers on either side from their perfume. I walked with her through a conservatory; by chance she touched a flower. 'Ah,' she said, 'the parrot plant!' It was; I had never heard of it before. We went to a dinner; after we were seated someone asked her how many people were at the table. 'How should I know?' she replied with a smile. 'I have met twenty.' We were a party of twenty-two; two people had not been presented to her.[1]

After Helen's party was over, there remained but one — two other things to keep me in Philadelphia. On the twenty-third of April,[2] three hundred and sixty-eight years ago, one Mary Arden, in Stratford-on-Avon, was brought to bed of a boy. This boy turned out to be no less a person than the greatest of the sons of men, William Shakespeare. It is obligatory under the last will and testament of Edwin Forrest, America's greatest tragedian, to celebrate the birthday of Shakespeare in a fitting manner at the Edwin Forrest Home for superannuated actors and actresses. In these celebrations I was seriously implicated. Moreover, there was to be a dinner given to the Shakespeare Society of Philadelphia by Edgar Scott on the evening of that same day; Edgar being one of our baby members, the rest of us being mostly old codgers who, while suspecting, unreasonably perhaps, his knowledge of 'The Bard,' were willing — nay, eager — to show our confidence in his ability to give us a dinner 'fit to ask a man to,' as Dr. Johnson once said. And here and now 'I'll tell the world' (*Measure for Measure*, Act II, Scene 4) that this confidence was not misplaced.

One of our members, the Honorable James M. Beck, the eminent lawyer and orator, who has denied himself the pleasure of scholarly retirement for the sake of representing a thankless Philadelphia in Congress, came up from Washington to add lustre to the occasion. I suppose the fact is that he was glad to absent himself for a few hours from the petty squabbles which make up the life of our politicians in the Capital City. It was a delightful occasion. Finally and at last, all my little chores were cleaned up, and on April 24, 1931, we started westward.

III

Our first stop was Chicago. John Ruskin, whom I never much loved, says somewhere that railway traveling is really not traveling at all: it is merely being sent to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel. I had occasion to think of this remark several times as we were speeding over some of the most uninteresting landscape in the world, in that section of these United States called the Middle West. I could not get through this part of my journey fast enough. English writers on our country say, if one would know what the United States are (they should say *is*, but they don't), the thing to do is not to bother about New York or Boston or Chicago or San Francisco, but to go into the Middle West and travel and live on four dollars a day. They are quite right, of course, but, good heavens, what conclusions they will reach!

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[1] Mr. Newton's mathematics are his own.

[2] The traditional date. — EDITOR

I met a woman on a train who told me, — as who should say, 'Match this for enterprise in the East if you can!' — 'There is scarcely a town in the Middle West that has not its civic centre!' And there are people who do not like their portraits painted with the warts, who do not think that Sinclair Lewis deserved the Nobel award. Main Street has two sides, a shady and a sunny side. He has painted only the shady side, you say? I find that he has, in all his books, painted us as we are. If we don't like his portraits, let us change ourselves. *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, *Dodsworth*, and *Elmer Gantry* are not greatly written, perhaps, but when this generation gets through with them they will be regarded as exact chronicles of the time, if not abstract and brief. How like Sharon (in *Elmer Gantry*) is 'Sister Aimee McPherson' of Angelus Temple in Los Angeles! Think of Al Capone. No novelist would dare to create such characters; they are the product of what we call our civilization. Someone, a year or two ago, published a book which had for title *Why We Behave Like Human Beings*. The answer is clear — most of us don't.

Chicago is what it is — the most wonderful city in the world. That I don't wish to live there is nothing to the point. I remember Chicago when I first saw it, just after the fire; very few buildings were standing and high board hoardings enclosed great masses of smouldering ruins. At intervals in these fences were wickets toward which long lines of dejected men and women were headed, patiently awaiting their turn for small tin buckets of hot coffee and such provisions as could be secured and dispensed. That was the time to buy land; it could then be had as cheap as stinking mackerel. And now look at it! One does not expect all its streets and boulevards to be superb, as Michigan Avenue is, the wonder boulevard of the world.

The difficulty in making comparisons is that people too often do not compare like with like. Chicago has its many square miles of dirty, sordid, wretched houses and miserable shops, tenements which are a disgrace — and we have them in New York and Philadelphia, in all our large cities. London has cleaned itself up amazingly in the last twenty years, but Liverpool is awful, and Glasgow is worse. Berlin has, I believe, been built without slums. But I'm for Chicago — with reservations. I am like a little boy I once knew, the son of an old friend. For some reason or other the lad, of perhaps nine, was sent to the Far West to spend his summer on a ranch. On his way he stopped for a few hours in Chicago, just long enough to write his parents a post card, on which he said, laconically, 'Since I have seen Chicago it has rose in my estimation.' How typical of the self-satisfied Philadelphian, 'corrupt and contented,' as was once said of us — and with reason.

Philadelphia, on a low-lying spit of land between two rivers, has little to recommend it except its suburbs, which are beautiful, accessible, and salubrious. And with the advent of the motor car everyone lives out of town except a few hardened souls who prefer dirt and noise to quiet and fresh air. This leaves our city to the 'racketeers.' We are robbed unconscionably; no mayor of our town in recent years — except my old friend Ned Stuart, who kept a famous bookstore, Leary's — but has gone out of office unwept, unhonored, and unsung. But I forget the reformer, 'Hampy' Moore, who has just been elected mayor a second time after an interregnum of twelve years, a most unusual honor. He is at least honest, but the politicians will tie his hands if they can, in accordance with their habit. But I was speaking of Chicago.

IV

Chicago has, indeed, 'rose' — rose right out of a swamp or marsh at the bottom of Lake Michigan. What a city it is! And its people, millions of them, a mass of nervous energy! That is their chief trouble — they have no repose. They want a wide and magnificent boulevard, and pump it out of the bottom of a lake. They take an open sewer which sluggishly flows into the lake, grandly call it a river, pick it up and turn it around and make it flow into the Gulf of Mexico, via the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers.

This was not done without expense and litigation, for the level of the water in the lake was lowered appreciably, it is said, and other states and Canada objected. But it was done. And the buildings upon the lake front are among the finest in the world: colossal, magnificent structures, temples reaching into the heavens, given over to worship, — nowhere in the world more intense, — the worship of the almighty Dollar. Skyscrapers are a necessary evil in New York, where there are more people than there are square feet of land, but Chicago, having the whole State of Illinois to extend into, did not need them. However, the fashion of tall buildings was set, and one might as well be out of the world as out of fashion.

I have never visited one of the most famous sights of Chicago, the stockyards, nor have I any wish to do so. I should, however, like to ask Mr. Armour or Mr. Swift or Mr. — whoever might tell me — why it is that one cannot, out of our immense supply of meat, get a good cut of roast beef, or a succulent piece of lamb, or a tender ham, or a crisp rasher of bacon, such as one can get almost anywhere in England. It is 'mass production,' I suppose; I wish it were otherwise.

We lunched gayly with some friends who tore themselves asunder to entertain us at the Tavern Club, situated on the top of one of the tallest buildings, and dined sumptuously at the Drake, one of the best hotels in the country. We were unlucky enough to miss our friends, Mr.[3] and Mrs. Julius Rosenwald, whom it is a privilege to know; and the Walter Strongs, who had visited us at Oak Knoll only a few weeks before, were also away. Who could have supposed that that able and public-spirited man, the owner of the *Chicago Daily News*, in the prime of life and seemingly in robust health, would have passed away before we returned home? He leaves his family a fine inheritance — a noble name.

But the Martin Schwabs, upon whom we dropped unexpectedly, received us cordially. Schwab's office (he is a consulting electrical engineer by profession) might well be mistaken for that of the custodian of some great archæological museum, so filled it is with rare specimens of Chinese art.

After a few friends had been asked to meet us at luncheon, we were immediately taken to the newly opened Planetarium, a gift to the city from Mr. Max Adler. The building that houses this amazing astronomical device — the operation of which I wish I were learned enough to describe — has just been erected on a site that has been pumped out of the lake. The Planetarium was operated and explained to us by Professor Philip Fox, an astronomer in whose keeping it is, and I told him that I found his explanation much more lucid than the one to which I had before listened, given in very choice Italian in Rome several years ago.

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[3] This great lover of humanity is gone. — EDITOR

The University of Pennsylvania was, some time ago, offered one of these amazing contrivances by which the motions of the stars and planets in the heavens during the course of a year can be reproduced or suggested in the course of an hour, but the acceptance of the offer was for some reason so long delayed that it was withdrawn, and, according to the last report, the instrument is to be installed in the new Franklin Memorial Building soon to be erected, largely by the gifts and energy of my old boss, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, who has done so much for Philadelphia. Our most public-spirited men come to us; they are not of native birth. Franklin, Girard, Curtis, are names which immediately come to mind.

V

Two nights and a day on a train, practically without a stop. Verily, as John Ruskin said, I felt like a parcel marked SPECIAL DELIVERY — RUSH. The while, what I am pleased to call my mind played with an idea which I should like to put into effect, and which, if effected, would certainly produce WAR. But it would not be for more than a few minutes, and the United States would be the better for it. I should like to say to the citizens of Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, and perhaps several other 'backward states': 'Either relinquish your privilege of selecting two Senators each or get out of the Union. You may, if you elect to stay in, have among you one Senator, provided he promises to be seen but not often heard.' The idea that a group of six so-called states, with a total population of only 2,700,000, the least populated area in the whole civilized world, should each of them speak with as much authority as the great states of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, and others, is ridiculous. What good are they — to themselves or anyone else? What do they produce? What taxes do they pay?

Take Idaho, Senator Borah's state, from which we hear so much. It contributes in Federal taxes $868,000, against New York's $928,000,000, Illinois's $247,000,000, and Pennsylvania's $230,000,000. The population of Nevada is 91,000. This state — it might be called a state of mind rather than a state — has as much weight in the Senate as New York, which has in its metropolitan area a population of over 10,000,000, and Pennsylvania, whose population is just under that figure. And what does Nevada produce? A little silver and copper, — of which we have more than enough, — cactus, rattlesnakes, and Reno divorces which are a national scandal.

I have taken my figures from an address delivered by the Honorable James M. Beck at the Union League in Philadelphia, but the conclusions, I hasten to say, are my own. The matter is a serious one. A politician, with a reputation to lose, would shrink from saying 'Turn the rascals out,' but I am oppressed by no such difficulty. I know, of course, how these 'backward states' got into the Union. I know why the territory of Dakota was split into two states, as do you also, Reader. I do not deny that both North and South Dakota are enormous areas, and I do not forget that Delaware, and Rhode Island too, have the same representation as have the larger states; but these states, though small, have enough intelligence to pull their weight. These miserable Western states have nothing, and they are a drain upon the entire country.[4]

Such were my thoughts — if so I may call them — as I looked out of my car window at endless miles of dry, arid land. One gets up in the morning and looks out of one's window at the landscape. Six hours later one is, seemingly, in exactly the same place, and it has changed little at bedtime or next morning. But when it does, then it is glorious. There could not possibly be better preparation for the Grand Canyon than the country one passes through to reach it. But we are not there yet.

I am so constituted that I can read for hours on end in my library, but to read all day long on a train is fatiguing; so, after a time, I put my book aside and began to muse (I prefer this word 'muse' to 'think,' for thinking implies labor and I am not good at it). 'Whither are we going?' I mused. I knew that *we* were going to Santa Fe — but this nation, of which I am so small, so insignificant a unit, whither is it going?

I know nothing of Russia, — who does? — but, Russia aside, where else in the world can one travel for days and see nothing new, nothing strange? The same faces, the same ugly, disorderly towns, the same deadly monotony of landscape. The inheritors of a continent of practically unscratched resources, what have we done with it? Are we, as I suspect, a nation of grafters and killjoys? Working like the very devil, for what? To get to the end of our lives without having lived a single minute. Was it to build up such a nation as this that our ancestors (not mine — mine were on the other side) fought the English and the Hessians a hundred and fifty years ago, and, with the invaluable aid of the French, won our freedom?

Freedom, forsooth! There are a thousand small towns and cities — to mention one would be invidious — in which no man in his sober senses would live if he could help it, if he knew any better. Of recreation we know nothing; golf is for the few — it is a rich man's game. A few boys play baseball, but more prefer to see it played, and not one man in ten thousand could make a home run without dropping dead. We do not know how to sing, and walking against the noise of a saxophone is not dancing. We are a nation without legend or folklore, without the quaint and homely sayings which illuminate conversation. I have seen husbands and wives sitting opposite one another for hours without opening their mouths except to yawn.

Three things only interest us: Business, which has largely passed into the hands of a group of men who confess and call themselves bankers, against whom the individual has no chance whatever; and Religion, which in the Catholic Church, the only one that takes it seriously, is a form of politics, and in the Methodist is a form of intolerance out of which that great evil, Prohibition, has sprung. This is the sum. Look where one will, the blight that calls itself Prohibition stares one in the face. As we rolled through the endless wheat fields of the Middle West, I thought of the ignorant farmers wondering why Europe refuses to take her wheat from us if she can buy it elsewhere. The great vineyards of France and Italy produce what is just as much a staple to them as wheat is to us. We shut our doors upon their wine and think it strange that they will not take our wheat and cotton. When will our politicians have the courage to tell us the truth, or, better still, when shall we have the intelligence to think for ourselves?

We, a crime-swept nation, deserve

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[4] Possibly some of us who have lived in these miserable Western states may harbor other opinions of them. — EDITOR

the scorn in which we are held in Europe. What is our chief contribution to the world? *Democracy,* that horrid farce which thoughtful men fear. How curious it is that the only nation in which, by an election, a proper person may possibly be elected to high office — England — should still be governed, at least nominally, by a king!

The operations of democracy are everywhere the same: men without experience or knowledge are placed by the mob in positions of responsibility and power — only the ignorant need apply. Hence the mess in which the world finds itself. As I think of the history of my country I find a steady deterioration, in civic, state, and national government alike. It used to be said that the Presidency was an office which should not be sought and which could not be declined. In the light of present-day politics such an aphorism makes one smile: it is too naïve. The founders of our country were, almost to a man, men of education, not infrequently men of ideals. When I was a boy one knew the names of many of the men in our Senate and had an idea, at least, of what they stood for; the office was an honorable one. In order to make the Senator more immediately responsible to the will of the people, the selection was taken out of the hands of a group who could at least read and write and given to that great beast — the mob. Only one small group of men, the Supreme Court, stands before the world as respectable. When that goes, we all go. And what reason have we to suppose that it will escape the general trend?

VI

From these musings I was interrupted by my wife, telling me it was time for lunch. We were on a famous train on a great railway, renowned, as we had been told, for its luxury, speed, and safety — or perhaps I have stated these important items in reverse order. But at the thought of that dining car I shuddered. That the meal would be expensive I knew; that it would be eatable I doubted. Soup! Bought by the hogshead, warmth and wetness its chief characteristics. I could see and taste it in imagination. Meat and vegetables! The art of dining was dealt a body blow when dining-car chefs discovered the wonderful possibilities which lurked in what they call 'minute steak' — which, with fried potatoes, would cost a dollar and a quarter. Bread was an extra, as was a slab of pie 'baked on the train' — as if that were a recommendation! And for forty cents a bottle of ginger ale could be secured, but it was sold upon the distinct understanding that it was not to be mixed with anything to drink which was contrary to the law of the state through which we were traveling, and the United States! Subsequently I found a sign to the same effect in my room at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles. 'Freedom' has become with us a mere tradition.

I wonder how many of my readers remember the Raines law sandwiches which, twenty or thirty years ago, we used to have to buy when, under certain conditions, we wanted to get a glass of beer in New York. Few made any pretense of eating these sandwiches; indeed, they were not intended to be eaten: they were merely served to comply with the law which said that drink could only be served with food. They were served time and again, until they were worn-out in service and discarded. Indeed, I think toward the last something resembling a sandwich in appearance, but indestructible, was invented, and this I prophesy and hope will be the fate of the 'minute steak.' It generally consists of a small piece of tough meat which has been parboiled and subsequently fried or grilled and put away; under favorable conditions it will keep indefinitely. When an order reaches the kitchen for one of these delicacies, it is merely heated for a moment over a quick flame, garnished with a dab of butter and a sprig of parsley, and it is ready to serve. Such is the efficiency of our train service and of too many of our tourist hotels.

'Last call for dinner in the dining car,' a colored brother sings out, and we rise and go to the shearing. 'Now don't make a scene,' my wife tells me as we make our way through the train. 'Remember we are traveling for pleasure.' Am I likely to forget it? And that reminds me of a story.

We live simply at Oak Knoll, but we usually employ a mechanic whom we call a butler. Now sometimes, as will happen in the best of houses, a riot takes place in the kitchen and someone is fired or leaves — in a hurry. These things will happen, but my wife is equal to any emergency. Once upon a time we were having a dinner party, not a swagger affair, but a dinner; and, a few hours before, our butler quit the house. So did my wife; she took the car (we live in the country), went to town, and a few hours later came home with a large colored gentleman of very distinguished appearance. Our guests arrived in due course, and any trepidation the hostess may have felt was well concealed. She thought it well, however, to glance into the dining room before dinner was announced. All seemed in perfect order; the silver shone and the candles were lit. 'Now, George,' she said, 'I'll go into the library and in about a minute you come in and announce dinner.' 'Yessum, yessum,' was the reply. My wife went in and waited, but only for an instant. Thereupon the door opened and our new butler, looking like a colored Archbishop of Canterbury, announced in stentorian voice, 'Dinner is now being served in the dining car.' There was one loud shriek of laughter, — which lasted through the whole dinner, — and that party was, I think, one of the most successful we ever gave.

'A good dinner lubricates business,' said Dr. Johnson, and laughter, however caused, lubricates a dinner almost as much as wine, which in these degenerate days is hard to come upon — with safety.

VII

Mrs. Basil Hall in her *American Pleasure Tour*, taken in 1825, Mrs. Trollope (Anthony's mother) in her *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (1832), Charles Dickens in his *American Notes* (1842), all make the same comment, that we Americans have no conversation, that we take no joy in life. They say, all of them, that we have good intentions, but that we are deadly dull. We are; time has not greatly changed us. If we no longer use knives for forks and no longer use forks to pick our teeth with, we are, indeed, a dreary lot. 'Mamma, you order,' says the head of the family, handing his wife a menu; whereupon he subsides, eats what is put before him, pays for it, lights a cigar or a cigarette, and stalks away from the table.

A foreigner, if one comes to your table at a hotel, and frequently on a train, will make a little bow and exchange a word; if it is well received, conversation follows, perhaps a discussion. A story is told of three men, apparently strangers, meeting by chance at a hotel table in France. They engage in conversation; presently it becomes animated, intense. Voices are raised, a quarrel seems imminent. An onlooker thinks it well to call a head waiter and suggests that the men be separated before damage is done; but the head waiter only smiles and says the men are discussing, in the most friendly manner, the respective merits of French, English, and German mustard.

And that reminds me of another story which always comes to mind when mustard is mentioned, even by Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew.* It is a long story; I will make it as short as I can. Many years ago my wife had occasion to employ a personal maid; she had had a severe illness and wanted a maid who was strong, competent, and, if possible, amusing. Such a young woman was found in the personal servant of Madame Gadski, the opera singer, whom we then knew well. Gadski wished to secure a good position for her maid, whom I shall call Katrina, during the summer, while she, Gadski, was in Europe. Katrina was an Austrian Pole, or something; she spoke half-a-dozen languages, was the pet of all the opera singers from Caruso down, and knew what was going on in the minds of the German diplomats in Washington, for she had overheard much in the Gadski-Tauscher household. This was in the spring of 1914.

In August the war broke out; Katrina was in a blaze of excitement. She knew just what would happen: it would be a short and merry war. Germany would be in Paris in six weeks, the English were 'stupid,' and Belgium was 'silly.' The result of the first battles of the Marne shook her considerably, but not for long. Germany was prepared for even such a disaster; the defeat of France would be all the more crushing on account of its being delayed. Then England! To mention England was like waving a red flag at the proverbial bull. And I mentioned England pretty constantly. Finally, late in the autumn, by hook and crook, the Gadski-Tauschers got into New York; Katrina went back to them, and we expected never to see or hear of her again. Have I made it clear that she was very intelligent and witty, handsome withal? We missed her greatly.

Eighteen months passed. My wife and I were spending a few weeks in New York. When I came back to our hotel, the Biltmore, one evening, my wife met me with a smile. 'Who do you think,' she said, 'is dining with us this evening? Katrina. I met her on Fifth Avenue this afternoon. She has left the Tauschers and is doing something — I don't know quite what. At any rate, she will be here at seven this evening.' I had always liked Katrina and was delighted. I had once asked her when she was going to change her name from 'Chkchsi' to some simple name like Jones, and she had sworn that she would never break her teeth against such a name as 'Yones'; maybe by this time she had done so. At about seven, Katrina appeared, looking like a very large and colorful peony. We sat together over a table in the cellar of the Biltmore from half-past seven till long after midnight; every phase and aspect of the war was discussed; high names were mentioned. The war would go on a long time; there could be but one end; when Germany lost the Marne she had lost the war.

We had dined at half-past seven; at half after midnight we were hungry again, and some cold Virginia ham was mentioned, with stout. I explained to Katrina that Virginia ham was a delicacy and with it mustard was indicated, and said I, 'Katrina, will you have American, English, French, or German mustard?' 'It makes no difference to me,' was the reply; 'the stomach is always neutral.' I often wonder what has become of Katrina; I have never seen her since that night.

'We shall be in Santa Fe in half an hour,' said the porter.

THE HUNGRY CITY

A Mayor's Experience with Unemployment

BY JOSEPH L. HEFFERNAN

I

IN December 1929, when I was mayor of Youngstown,[1] I attended a conference on unemployment at Cleveland, called at the request of President Hoover. It was held at the Chamber of Commerce, under the chairmanship of Mr. Elroy J. Kulas, president of the Otis Steel Company, and was attended by public officials of northern Ohio.

Speaker after speaker told what his community would do to end the depression, and how quickly it would be done. The unemployed were to be set marching gayly back to work without an instant's delay, and the two-car garage was to be made ready for further enlargement.

When it came my turn to speak, I said rather brutally: 'This is all plain bunk. We know that our cities and counties are in debt and have bond limitations imposed by the state. If all of us were to start this minute drawing up a programme of public improvements, it would require months to get the legislation through. Why not tell the people the truth?'

After the meeting many of the officials said to me: 'Mayor, you are right. There is n't much we can do. But we have to go along, don't we?'

Five months later I went to Germany and visited a number of cities. Everywhere I saw that the German people were in a bad way. On returning home, I made a public statement that Germany was on the verge of economic collapse, and predicted that the depression would take five years to run its course. Thereupon I asked for a bond issue of $1,000,000 for unemployment relief. Many leading business men went out of their way to show their disapproval. One of them voiced the opinion of the majority when he said to me: 'You make a bad mistake in talking about the unemployed. Don't emphasize hard times and everything will be all right.' An influential newspaper chastised me for 'borrowing trouble'; the depression would be over, the editor maintained, before relief would be needed.

Discussion dragged on for several months, and the gravity of the situation was so deliberately misrepresented by the entire business community that when the bond issue finally came to a ballot, in November 1930, it was voted down.

Thus we passed into the early days of 1931 — fourteen months after the first collapse — with no relief in sight except that which was provided by the orthodox charities. Not a single move had been made looking toward action by a united community.

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[1] Mr. Heffernan was mayor for four years, from 1927 through 1931. — EDITOR

Strange as it may seem, there was no way in which the city government could embark upon a programme of its own. We had no funds available for emergency relief, and without specific authorization from the people we could not issue bonds. To get around that obstacle we urged the state legislature to amend the law so as to modify our bond limitation, but that body was reluctant to pass a relief bill. Finally, after a long delay, it agreed upon a halfway measure which permitted the cities to sell bonds for the limited purpose of providing for their indigents. It made no pretense of supplying new employment for the jobless, but it furthered this end to some degree by indirection. Up to this time all funds for poor relief had been appropriated from general receipts, such as taxes. The new bonds removed this strain upon taxes, so that the money which had formerly been set aside for this purpose was released for public works. A few of the unemployed were thus given part-time jobs improving the parks.

Inadequate as it was, this legislative relief was all that the great State of Ohio could bring itself to grant, and even this pittance was withheld until the crisis had already run through more than eighteen devastating months.

I have cited these instances from my experience as mayor of an industrial city because they illustrate perfectly the state of mind which has been America's greatest handicap in dealing with the depression. Everyone will remember the assurances that were freely given out in November and December, 1929, by the highest authorities in government and business. The country, we were told, was 'fundamentally sound.' Nevertheless, general unemployment continued to increase through the winter. Then in the spring of 1930 it was predicted that we might expect an upward turn any minute. Yet the summer slid past with hope unfulfilled. Winter came again, and conditions had grown steadily worse; still nothing was done, because we were reluctant to face the truth. Our leaders, having made a bad guess in the beginning, have been unwilling to admit their error. With the foolish consistency which is the hobgoblin of little minds, they have persistently rejected reality and allowed our people to suffer by pretending that all would be well on the morrow.

II

In spite of the insurmountable handicaps under which the cities have labored in trying to cope with the emergency, desperate men and women out of work have stormed city halls from coast to coast demanding jobs. It has been a waste of breath for mayors to explain that they have no authority to put men to work when municipal treasuries are empty. 'Don't hand us that,' is a response I have heard over and over again. 'Do you mean to tell us that the city could n't raise the money if it wanted to?' This, of course, has been the real tragedy of the situation: the cities could *not* raise the money.

One man I had known for years stood at my desk and calmly said: 'My wife is frantic. After working at the steel mill for twenty-five years, I have lost my job, and I'm too old to get other work. If you can't do something for me, I'm going to kill myself.' I knew he was desperate. Through friends I managed to find him a little job where he could earn enough to keep body and soul together.

In another instance a newspaper man urged me to find work for one of his neighbors, a man who had a wife and four sons — all rugged citizens who preferred to starve rather than accept public charity. 'You could hardly believe what they live on,' the reporter told me. 'The mother mixes a little flour and water, and cooks it in a frying pan. That is their regular meal.' Eventually I found work for one of the sons, and he became the sole support of the others.

To my home came a sad-eyed woman, the mother of nine children. No one in the family had had work in more than a year. 'How do you manage to live?' I asked her. 'I can't tell you,' she replied simply; 'I really don't know.' Christmas 1930 was marked by the usual campaign for the most needy cases, and this family was included in the list. They got their Christmas basket all right, but when the holidays were over they were no better off than they had been before.

As time went on, business conditions showed no improvement. Every night hundreds of homeless men crowded into the municipal incinerator, where they found warmth even though they had to sleep on heaps of garbage. In January 1931, I obtained the coöperation of the City Council to convert an abandoned police station into a 'flop-house.' The first night it was filled, and it has remained filled ever since. I made a point of paying frequent visits to this establishment so that I could see for myself what kind of men these down-and-outers were, and I heartily wish that those folk who have made themselves comfortable by ignoring and denying the suffering of their less fortunate neighbors could see some of the sights I saw. There were old men gnarled by heavy labor, young mechanics tasting the first bitterness of defeat, clerks and white-collar workers learning the equality of misery, derelicts who fared no worse in bad times than in good, Negroes who only a short time before had come from Southern cotton fields, now glad to find any shelter from the cold, immigrants who had been lured to Van Dyke's 'land of youth and freedom' — each one a personal tragedy, and all together an overwhelming catastrophe for the nation.

With the guest list filled, we entrusted the operation of the new caravanserai to one of the organizations that had had long experience in such work. Soon, however, a group of Communists appeared and set up soviet rule, and the officer in charge threw up his hands in defeat. At this juncture I paid the place a visit to see what could be done. As I glanced over the men, my attention was arrested by a pair of steady blue eyes which looked at me with a level gaze. 'What's your name?' I asked.

'Wilson, sir.' I heard the heels click together.

'Army or navy?'

'Marines, sir.'

'What rank?'

'Sergeant, sir.'

'Sergeant,' I said, 'the city has no funds to run this hotel. Unless it can manage to support itself, I'll have to turn you all out in the cold. Do you think you can run it and keep these Communists away?'

'If you put me in charge, sir, I'll run it.'

'Good! Appoint your details.'

'All right, you men,' came the command, 'line up in that other room. Outside, you fellows,' to the Communists, 'and remember, don't come back here unless you want me to mop up the floor with you.'

Sergeant Wilson put the place under military discipline. The men were ordered out of their bunks at six o'clock every morning. Blankets were then rolled and cots stacked. (This equipment had been sent to us by the War Department.) All men not on detail were ordered to look for work about the city. A dispensary was set up, with doctors volunteering their services to attend to those who fell ill. A kitchen was established and details went forth each day under the escort of two policemen to solicit food. Trouble arose only once, when fifty Communists appeared on the scene and declared their intention to organize 'the workers.' Sergeant Wilson received the leader in true marine style, and the other forty-nine scattered without waiting to see how the battle would end.

Sergeant Wilson is still in command. He has disagreed with the city authorities on only one point. He wanted us to stop calling his establishment a flophouse, and asked permission to put a new sign over the door. The sign read, 'Friendly Inn.' Thousands of men who have wandered across the country looking for work will remember it.

With the Friendly Inn a going concern, the homeless men were provided for, but many families in Youngstown remained in desperate need. To take care of them I made a quiet investigation among the city employees, and learned that most of them were willing to contribute to a special relief fund. When this was announced, however, the executive secretary of the Community Chest stated curtly that such relief measures were quite unnecessary. I mention this episode because, again, it illustrates the point of view of those who all along have sought to minimize the seriousness of the crisis. Such pronouncements have been made so repeatedly in certain quarters that one might almost think there was a conspiracy abroad in the land to conceal the gravity of the problems which this depression has raised.

III

I have often been asked about my experience with Communists. The depression bred agitators just as naturally as prohibition bred bootleggers. In the summer of 1930 the Communists at Youngstown solicited recruits among the unemployed. They demanded that the City Council and the mayor provide jobs and give money to all who needed it; they organized marches on the City Hall, and finally staged a grand rally in the Public Square. Their activities thrust forward troublesome questions of free speech and free assembly — questions which may look simple enough to the ordinary citizen, but those in authority never know how far it is safe to let things take their own course. In other cities the Communists had already had clashes with the police, and I wanted to avoid similar disturbances if they could be prevented. Thinking that it would be better to let the agitators talk than to suppress them and make martyrs of them, I decided to permit the rally.

On the day of this demonstration the Communists descended on Youngstown from every city in the Northeast and Middle West. They carried the usual banners and placards: 'Don't Starve — Fight,' 'Down with the Bosses,' 'Capitalism Must Go,' 'Read the *Daily Worker*,' 'To Hell with the Police.' There were cheers for Soviet Russia and seditious speeches, but the police had orders not to interfere, and after two hours of violent harangues the orators exhausted themselves to no purpose. The meeting broke up in a march on City Hall, and we called it a day.

For several months after this there were no other demonstrations. The winter of 1930–31 passed, but as the spring advanced we learned that the Communists had decided to make another effort to arouse the steel district. Youngstown, because of its great mills and the numbers of its unemployed, was to be the centre of the battle. The campaign was to open on Memorial Day. The war veterans had already been given their customary permit to parade on this day, and if the Communists were also to march I was afraid there would be a clash between them. This, I thought, ought to be avoided in the interest of public safety. Therefore, when the Communists applied for a permit to parade, I refused it. Whereupon they announced that they would march without a permit.

At this point the veterans began to take a special interest in the matter. They held meetings to consider what they would do if the Communists made trouble. For my part, I decided that everything would have to be left to the constituted authorities, so I announced that action from the outside could not be tolerated. The veterans acquiesced. Afterward, when it was all over, I talked with one of the commanders, who said to me, 'If you had needed us, we were ready. But we did not want to add to your difficulties.'

Meanwhile we set calmly about our preparations to handle the emergency. Youngstown had been through a disastrous riot in 1917, as well as the steel strike of 1920, so we understood all the dangers of a public uprising. We realized that the agitators had selected Memorial Day in order to emphasize their class struggle. Among our large foreign-born and colored population they thought they would have a fertile field for revolutionary doctrine, and they counted upon being able to work more effectively when these groups were conscious that they had no real part in the patriotic celebration.

The chief of police was a large, slow-moving, unexcitable man with a good-natured face and a soft voice, but his courage was beyond question. A detail of mounted traffic officers was placed under the direction of a captain who was experienced in managing crowds; he was a big, handsome Swede who wore his uniform as proudly as if he were Gustavus Adolphus with a triumphant army at his back. All available patrolmen and plain-clothes men were marshaled for special duty. Both the chief and the captain assured me that there was no cause for worry, that their men were cool and ready. But it was not a light responsibility to give the orders for this occasion which might see many men injured, some perhaps killed. It made me think back to my war days in France, for I experienced something of the same keyed-up feeling.

When Memorial Day dawned the Communists poured into town in hundreds of trucks and automobiles. They had established headquarters in vacant lots near the main street, and here they formed their columns with a screen of children in the front of the line. When the leaders gave the command to march, the mounted police captain swung his men across the formation, at the same time saying to the mob, 'You people can't parade to-day. Mayor's orders.' He was answered by shouts: 'Kill the police! Kill the police!' Stones and other missiles were hurled from the crowd, and the captain was struck with a paving brick and knocked from his horse. The bombardment continued to the accompaniment of curses, insults, and cries of defiance, with the marchers milling about and trying to get under way. Once more the police moved forward, the injured captain again in the lead.

Before the hostilities commenced, a slight, dark-complexioned man of middle age had stood prominently on a truck giving directions to the crowd. He was recognized as the leader in command. As the parade started off and the marchers were intercepted, he had been the first to yell, 'Fight! Fight! Kill the police!' But the moment the fighting began he leaped from his truck and ran like a rabbit in the opposite direction. He was captured six blocks away.

In the meantime the conflict had become a hand-to-hand engagement. The police, instructed not to use their guns, were roughly handled, and several of them sustained injuries that sent them to the hospital. The battle was over within fifteen minutes, but a number of Communists were also hurt and had to be carried off in ambulances. More than two hundred of them were taken to jail. Later the leader, who at first denied his identity, was brought to trial and convicted, but the others were finally turned loose.

An examination of the Communists who were arrested made it evident that a far-flung campaign had been planned. Printed instructions, maps, directions to places for eating and sleeping — everything showed that careful attention had been given to details of organization. Companies of Communists had come from Cincinnati, Toledo, Cleveland, Akron, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Rochester, and other cities in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. The entire programme, in fact, was clearly a movement of the national Communist party, and was in no sense a demonstration growing out of unrest among our own people.

After this clash I announced that the Communists might hold a meeting at the Public Square whenever they chose to do so. It seemed the best policy to give them this opportunity in order to avoid the appearance of discriminating against them. They seized the occasion and made plans for a rally of national scope, with William Z. Foster as the main attraction. Some years before I had met Mr. Foster and was surprised at his erudition and quiet fortitude. I knew him to be a man of more capacity than his opponents liked to admit, but this Youngstown meeting passed off without any disturbance. The crowd was large but apathetic, and was evidently drawn together more by curiosity than by sympathy for Communism.

IV

Throughout this period the distress of the people, which the Communists had sought to exploit, continued without abatement. The great industries had displaced thousands of men, and business conditions showed no signs of improving. Many of the unemployed who had had small reserves to fall back upon in the beginning had now exhausted their resources. One began to see destitute women walking the streets begging for food, and often small children trudged after them. In one week the chief of police reported to me that four women with nursing infants in their arms had sought shelter at police stations.

By the early summer of 1931, demands for relief had become so heavy that the charity organizations were overwhelmed. Federal and state officials now admitted that they had sadly underestimated the gravity of the situation. By this time the city had come into possession of money from the first bonds that had been sold under the special bill passed by the legislature. We had planned a relief programme of our own to supplement that of the charities, with disbursements apportioned throughout the year. The head of the Community Chest pleaded with us, however, to take over immediately a number of his most urgent cases, and we could not refuse. Consequently we had to spend our money as rapidly as it came in, and the last half of the year was left to take care of itself, with the hope that other funds could be raised at that time.

How does a city administer relief measures? The money which we had available for this purpose was turned over to the park department. Every man who applied for help had to submit to an investigation by the department of health. If the inspectors reported that his case was desperate, he was given an order on the superintendent of parks for two days' work a week. It was obviously impossible to extend aid to any but the most hopeless cases. If a man owned a small home, if a young couple possessed furniture, if a woman had a good coat or her husband a presentable suit, these things had to be sacrificed first. Not until they had drained every other resource was official charity able to do anything for them.

Under these circumstances it is needless to point out that countless numbers of the most worthy citizens received no help at all. Indeed, Youngstown's experience in unemployment relief proves beyond question that the benefits of such measures are confined almost wholly to colored people and those of foreign birth. Men of education, unfortunates in the class of white-collar workers, mechanics and mill employees who have held positions of consequence, are left out in the cold. They need help as badly as the others, but nothing has been done for them. Hosts of these newly poor, after exhausting every resource of credit and friendship, have sunk down to the lower levels, from which they may never rise again.

In the autumn of 1931 a final blow laid the city of Youngstown prostrate. The atmosphere was poisoned with a new fever of apprehension, with rumors that began no one knew where and ended in panic. 'Have you heard?' everybody whispered excitedly. 'The banks . . . buzz, buzz, buzz . . . the banks!' People who were fortunate enough to have money deposited hurried to withdraw it. Day after day the drain continued, and the bankers had to stand by helplessly while their reserves melted away. Then three of the banks closed their doors, and fear ran riot.

At once concerted efforts were made to protect the other banks. Depositors were besought not to withdraw their savings and were urged to bring back what they had carried away to hide. Statements calling upon the people to have confidence were issued by everyone of supposed influence. The ministers joined the campaign with sermons on civic faith and hope. But confidence was shattered. Had not everybody in authority, from the President down, been making optimistic statements for two years, and had not subsequent events disproved all predictions? Could anybody be trusted to tell the truth? Did anybody really know? People stood on the street corners asking each other anxious questions. Never before had all the old landmarks of security been so shattered. Never had Youngstown suffered such a shock to the spirit which had made it one of the great industrial centres of the world. Nobody could now deny that America was in the throes of a panic.

Another winter was approaching. The numbers of the unemployed had increased, and suffering had grown acute. Many heads of families had not earned a penny in two years. Landlords clamored for their rents and sought evictions. Communists protested loudly and threatened to use force to put back anyone who was dispossessed. Thousands of the city's water bills were unpaid, and officials were torn between their desire to be charitable, their fear of disease if the water were cut off, and the city's urgent need of money. Property owners could not pay their taxes, and delinquencies became appalling.

Such a large proportion of the taxes

were uncollectable that the city and county governments had to face the certainty that unless something was done they would soon lack funds to operate. A wild clamor went up to reduce public expenditures. (A year before, the cry had been to keep men at work.) The budget for 1932 would have to be cut 40 per cent. This meant that innumerable men who had been saved from starvation by doing part-time work would have to be turned away to join the ranks of the wholly unemployed. In consideration of this dilemma a special one-mill tax levy for relief was finally voted at the November election, but it was apparent that the returns from this source would have to be substantially discounted because of tax delinquencies. As in Cleveland, we adopted the slogan, 'Pay your taxes, so the hungry can be fed,' and the words meant just what they said, for by this time the private charities were swamped, desperate, and bankrupt.

Such was the state of affairs in Youngstown as we turned the corner of the new year, and it is common knowledge that many another once-thriving community now finds itself in the same predicament. What 1932 may do to alter these conditions no one can say, but perhaps we should take cold comfort in the thought that, no matter what turn events may take, they are bound to induce a change for the better, since it is hardly conceivable that the situation can grow much worse than it already is.

V

Often, as I have watched the line of job seekers at the City Hall, I have had occasion to marvel at the mysterious power that certain words and phrases exercise upon the human mind. A wise man once observed that words rule mankind, and so it is in America today. Prominent politicians and business men have repeatedly stated that, come what may, America must not have the dole. To be sure, we should all be much happier if we could get along without a dole, but the simple truth is that we have it already. Every city in the land has had a dole from the moment it began unemployment relief. The men who apply for help know that it is a dole. The officials who issue work orders can be in no doubt about it, for the work done in no way justifies the money spent, except on the basis of a dole.

Why, then, so much concern about the word? Perhaps because, if we were honest enough to recognize unemployment relief for the dole it really is, we should also have to be honest enough to admit that the depression is a catastrophe of historic proportions, and courageous enough to deal with it accordingly. One alternative to the dole would be to let all the unfortunates starve to death, but so far no one has advanced this proposal, although some have come pretty close to it in saying that the way out of the depression is to let nature take its course.

Those who have not been willing to go so far as that have maintained, however, that each community must look after its own unemployed, and that under no circumstances must the Federal Government assume any responsibility for them. For two years local communities have carried the burden unassisted, and many of them, like Youngstown, have prostrated themselves in doing it. We of the cities have done our best, laboring against conditions which were beyond our control. But, even if we are given full credit for trying, we must now admit that we have failed miserably. Whether this was caused by a lack of simple charity in the hearts of our people or by our incapacity to manage our financial problems is beside the point. The fact of our failure is patent. We of the cities have not advanced a single new idea on unemployment or its relief. We have not dared to consider the fundamental questions raised by our social and economic collapse. We are still as stupidly devoted as ever to the philosophy of *laissez faire,* and we face the future bewildered and purposeless. Our one great achievement in response to this national catastrophe has been to open soup kitchens and flop-houses.

And nobody has taken the trouble to weigh the consequences of our well-meant but ineffective charity upon the moral fibre of the American people. Seventy years ago we fought a civil war to free black slaves; to-day we remain indifferent while millions of our fellow citizens are reduced to the status of paupers. There is a world of difference between mere poverty and pauperism. The honest poor will struggle for years to keep themselves above the pauper class. With quiet desperation they will bear hunger and mental anguish until every resource is exhausted. Then comes the ultimate struggle when, with heartache and an overwhelming sense of disgrace, they have to make the shamefaced journey to the door of public charity. This is the last straw. Their self-respect is destroyed; they undergo an insidious metamorphosis, and sink down to spiritless despondency.

This descent from respectability, frequent enough in the best of times, has been hastened immeasurably by two years of business paralysis, and the people who have been affected in this manner must be numbered in millions. This is what we have accomplished with our bread lines and soup kitchens. I know, because I have seen thousands of these defeated, discouraged, hopeless men and women, cringing and fawning as they come to ask for public aid. It is a spectacle of national degeneration. That is the fundamental tragedy for America. If every mill and factory in the land should begin to hum with prosperity to-morrow morning, the destructive effect of our haphazard relief measures would not work itself out of the nation's blood until the sons of our sons had expiated the sins of our neglect.

Even now there are signs of rebellion against a system so out of joint that it can only offer charity to honest men who want to work. Sometimes it takes the form of social agitation, but again it may show itself in a revolt that is absolute and final. Such an instance was reported in a Youngstown newspaper on the day I wrote these lines: —

> FATHER OF TEN DROWNS SELF
>
> JUMPS FROM BRIDGE, STARTS TO SWIM
> GIVES UP, OUT OF WORK TWO YEARS
>
> Out of work two years, Charles Wayne, aged 57, father of ten children, stood on the Spring Common bridge this morning, watching hundreds of other persons moving by on their way to work. Then he took off his coat, folded it carefully, and jumped into the swirling Mahoning River. Wayne was born in Youngstown and was employed by the Republic Iron and Steel Company for twenty-seven years as a hot mill worker.
>
> 'We were about to lose our home,' sobbed Mrs. Wayne. 'And the gas and electric companies had threatened to shut off the service.'

YOUNG MAN IN LOVE

A Journal of Ninety Years Ago

BY ROBERT A. MURDOCH

August 16th, 1841.[1] — Went to town last Saturday & stayed all night at Uncle's. Went to the circ. Library and got Mrs. Sherwood's 'History of Henry Milner,' which teaches lessons both morally and religiously. Tho's Dick's 'Improvement of Society' is also very good. F. and R. have started on a trip to the mountain to-day. I would have liked to have gone, especially as she will be there, besides whom I care for nothing else. Had I her I would not care for gold, — I would not exchange, were it proposed, the thrones of Kings and Queens, statesmen's honors or patriots' exploits. Without her I think I shall not have any pleasure in this world, but I hope the Lord will grant her to me, if it be His pleasure.

Sunday, 22d Aug. — Went to two Sunday schools, and then to church. Was sad and cast down. I think I am not long for the world — at least, don't wish to be. I am, in a word, unhappy.

Monday, 30th. — Worked on the roads. Went to camp-meeting at Taylor's place. I do not think much of this way of worship. Such hallooing, whooping, and shouting I hardly think religion.

Sept'r 24. — We sowed our rye last week.

Sept'r 26th. — This day is Sabbath. Oh, how melancholy the reflection that we will soon die and leave this world, perhaps for a better, perhaps for a worse. I think I am not long for this world — I feel some disease creeping over me. Oh may I be prepared to die! Give me, Oh Lord, an humble heart. The one whom I love, it appears, can never be mine. I have for months smothered my passion. It is gnawing into my vitals, and will, I fear, drag me to the grave. I have some confused thoughts about Religion, but yet I cannot put them into practise. Oh Lord, give me a new heart! Show me the light of Thy countenance. Help me in prayer.

Oct'r 22d. — I have been very irregular in writing my journal — if journal it can be called. I hope to be more regular in future. Our Schoolmaster, Mr. A., has been discharged from school in consequence of getting drunk. We began to plough for wheat below the barn to-day. Sunday school on the hill, but did not go. There will be sacrament at Grace Church to-day at 11 o'clock, but I am not going. I think I will stay at home, for when I go out I see that beautiful creature. It arouses painful and melancholy thoughts.

Could I but say with faith, 'Oh Lord, Thy will be done!' Since 1839 my love to her has been increasing nearly to the phrensy of despair. For a while I was happy in the prospect of future happiness, but now am miserable in the prospect of future misery.

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[1] At this time the author of the journal was sixteen years old. — EDITOR

Oct'r 24th. — We have sowed our wheat, and we hope, by the blessing of Providence, to have a good crop. Next Monday I expect to go to College at Beesontown. I have, of late, been trying to resign myself to the will of the Lord. I feel that I do love, but without His assent I can do nothing.

Oct'r 25th. — Snow to-day, the first this year.

Nov'r 7th. — I have the hardest work to persuade myself to write in my journal, sometimes saying to myself, 'What's the use?' Then I answer, 'I can read it when I get old, if I ever attain that age.' Well, I commenced College last Monday, and I like it pretty well. To-day I wrote a letter to my father at Erie, the first I ever wrote in my life. I still have my old trials, Love, Hypocrisy, &c, which strike like arrows to my heart. Her I do love with all the affection of a De Sévigné or a Delorme, and have as little hopes now as they had. But I trust it will end as happily as theirs did.

Sunday, 21st Nov'r. — This winter so far, I think, is the mildest I can remember. Even now it is as warm out of doors as a May morning. I still go to College, which I like better and better. We have a singing school here just now. I have a small time-piece, which is the first I ever had.

March 3rd, 1842. — It has been a very great while since I have written any in this Book; no less great events have occurred since then. The first great event is, that I have went to Madison College for the last 5 months, joined two Literary Societies, become acquainted with a great many students, and learned very little altogether.

April 6th. — I am at present busily engaged in writing a speech for our Exhibition, which takes place Tuesday 12th inst., on the Tariff question.

May 22nd. — I do not at present feel very well. Calamities of a private nature have fallen on me. Love, that Goddess, has left my heart desolate & sorrowful. What is Life? Nothing to me, if she does not love me, & will not become mine own!

July 16th. — Time goes on, and with it the events of time. Youth is one of the most important parts of Man's life. Harvest is nearly over, — wheat is first rate, amply repays for miscrops of last year, — corn is very backward at this time, but there is a prospect of a good crop. Everything goes on lively except money matters, which, from various causes, are in a deplorable situation.

There is one thought which has occupied my mind for 3 years past. *It is Love!* And I have good reason to believe it has come to a crisis. Be it so! I think I am resigned to the will of Heaven. I have avowed my passion to the object, & by letter. Never shall I forget that time! I had written one before, but could not present it, — & it did not suit me exactly, so I burnt it. I wrote another without date, which is one of the causes of destroying the other. It was on a balmy and clear night, the 10th of July. Not a cloud straggled in the horizon. A thousand stars glittered in the firmament. Nothing was heard, save the screeching of the screech owl, and the waving of leaves as the breeze of the evening stirred them.

We were sitting on the Porch at her house: it was getting late, & she had intimated it was bed-time, and even I felt sleepy, when, after yawning a few times, I arose to go. I got my cane & Book and went into the porch door, — stared at the vast expanse of heavens, and yawned two or three times. Now, thought I, is my time! So I nerved my moral & physical faculties, for I was all agitation, when I said, '——, I have got something for you.' I half doubted whether the words escaped my lips, but she, after a pause, said, 'Have you?' at the same time coming up to where I stood. I handed it to her, scarcely knowing what I did. She turned it over in her fingers 2 or 3 times, and said, 'What is it?' 'It,' said I, 'will speak for itself.' 'Well, then, I'll read it,' said she. This is a true description, which I shall remember as long as I live, — nothing can erase it. I have not seen her since. What her answer may be is more than I can divine or even conjecture. Oh, Heaven, grant that it may succeed to my utmost hopes and wishes! The crisis is at hand. Tomorrow, probably, I will see her. Oh, how shall I meet her? I apprehend the worst. Oh Heaven, grant that I may in all, as likewise in this dispensation, say, 'Thy will, oh Lord, be done!'

July 27th. — We have had a hard siege of harvesting, — we have got in our wheat and rye. Wheat first rate and heavy — in all, 681 Doz. — probably 300 Doz. rye. We have a huge quantity of oats to get in yet. Alas, that I should ever have been born! I am miserable — heart-broken — wretched! She has refused to view me in any other light than that of a friend, and worst of all, says she has promised her affections! Oh, Heaven, the reality is more than I could imagine! The pleasures of this world, the enchanting and beautiful scenes of Nature, in which I once delighted, have now no charms for me. Where to seek happiness I know not; the Lord only knows. He says, 'He who loves the things of this world more than me is not worthy of me.' It is in dispensation of this precept that I am left disappointed and miserable. But oh, it can't be now averted! Oh, Heaven, I beseech Thee yet to grant it! For Christ's sake grant it! Nothing is impossible with Thee, but all things are possible. Oh, seek for him who has her promise some worthier object, and leave me, in Thy boundless mercy, her who was the object of my early love, — her who supplied my daily thought, and her whom I now desperately love. Oh, grant it, I beseech Thee, for Our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, Amen.

Aug. 16th. — We finished harvesting on the 12th — same day, I think, we finished last year. On the 13th a party of us went to the Springs. I and the one I love went together, and if my thoughts were bitter, I was happy, but how short that happiness! Alas! Years, I fear, will roll by ere again I see its like. I have nothing to wish for in life but her, and if she is denied me (which is actually the case, I think) I have nothing to wish for but Death. Yes, this minute, if she cannot, nor never will, be mine, I can say, 'Come, welcome Death!' If in future I read these lines (which probably I will) I know not what I will think of them. But yet I cannot believe she loves another. No, I can't. Her whole actions say, 'I love you!' Oh, I know not what to do! We had 800 dozen of oats. Have not commenced ploughing yet.

Aug. 25th. — We commenced ploughing oats stubble the 19th inst. There was a Camp Meeting on Rich'd Taylor's place, not far from here, last week. I am as yet in suspense, but I think it is decided that she never will be mine. Be it so. Providence has ordered it, & I have nothing to do but abide by it.

Sept'r 22d. — The first time I ever appeared before the people as a candidate I was successful. Whether it was a sign of future confidence, I know not, neither do I care; for I care nothing for politics. 'But what's the office?' say you. 'Why, a Schoolmaster,' say I in conscious dignity, drawing myself up to my full height, which is at present about 6 ft. 1 in. Tremendous tall, is it not? Pshaw! A great office indeed!

But it is even so. I have been discharging the duty devolving upon me for 4 days, commencing on the 19th, which, if Providence permits, I will continue for 6 months. We have not finished ploughing yet. Very few flat-apples this year. Threshed with the threshing machine. But the greatest event is that I have subscribed for the Sat. Eve. Post, by the bye, myself on the 17th of this month. I am resigned to her becoming another's, not without many grievous feelings, but my Saviour suffered more, & I am persuaded, all has been ordered for the best.

Oct'r 12th. — We finished sowing our wheat on the 3rd inst. At the least calculation we have 50 acres sowed, on which we put 65 bushels. We have discharged our duty. May the Lord bless our endeavors with a plentiful harvest! Ungrateful as we are to Him, He never disappoints us but for our good. The decree of Fate has sent its mandate forth, and I must obey. They tell me that to-morrow she is to be united to another. Be it so! Providence has ordered it, and I must yield. But what are my thoughts, what are my feelings, is the question. Why, very well, thanks to an all-wise Providence. Ah, to think of her, that lovely being, how ardently & devotedly I once loved her! How highly I now esteem her! It is enough! Oh, may Heaven grant her the blessings of this life: the calm enjoyment of Heaven's greatest gifts, a good conscience, a heart free from guile, pure and holy affections, and a heart that beats responsive to her own, — with sterling integrity, upright in his walk and conversation thro' life, and not only a Christian in profession, but in the true sense of the word, which will bear the all-seeing eye of God with favor. May they live long and happy; be blessed with virtuous, happy, and obedient children, thro' Our Saviour's name, Amen!

I have a notion to write a short History of my life up to this date. Were I assured that the reflections and observations on my life were just, I would attempt it, but I fear they are not matured yet. Let these papers (if I shall live for years) be a memorial of former days; and I charge myself, if in after days I forget God and His mercies, let my conscience send poisoned arrows to my false heart. I am thoroughly convinced that a pious, upright life, free from any stain or blemish, is far superior to any frivolous and short-lived pleasures of the world, and that if the ways of religion seem hard and dull at first, there is a holy happiness accompanying the heart that is conscious of doing right in the sight of the Lord. I am, as yet, employed in teaching school at Fairview Schoolhouse.

Nov'r 2nd. — The thing happened as I said, — but the only difference is that it took place one week after the time I named. I was asked to the wedding, but of course did not go, and so ends the matter. So ends my first Love in disappointment. Heaven only knows how the next will end, if I am ever to be in love again. It is a pleasant feeling, in spite of disappointment. Yes, I feel a blank void in my heart. Farewell, then, you I loved in blooming virginity. Time may roll on its course, but never will I find a soul like thine.[2] Fare thee well, fare thee well! The weather at present is most delightful. Oh what a pleasant day it is! We are now husking our corn. Times, as regards public things, are in a bad state. I am keeping school as yet. The Saturday Post has arrived.

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[2] The boy became a man, moved to Tennessee, and died a bachelor at the age of fifty. — EDITOR

ENGLISH AS SHE WILL BE SPOKE

BY ERNEST WEEKLEY

I

THE problem of the perfect language has busied philosophers and philologists from time immemorial. Its conditions can be very simply stated. They are: an alphabet consisting of symbols and diacritic signs representing every sound used in speech, no symbol representing more than one sound or variation in sound; a vocabulary supplying a name for every object, action, state, quality, or relation, with a complete absence of ambiguities, and also of synonyms or homonyms; a grammatical structure of absolute regularity combined with the greatest attainable simplicity.

Judged by this standard, English is a very imperfect language indeed. To begin with, the spelling of English words is traditional and accidental rather than rational and scientific. In the course of time some change in the direction of simplified spelling is inevitable. As a matter of fact, the ideal English phonetic alphabet already exists and has now been employed for many years, especially by enlightened English teachers of foreign students who make use of the works of Henry Sweet. Its adoption in schools and eventual compulsory use by all printers are but a matter of time, but of a very long time; for a nation that still resists, and will continue to resist, the metric system is not likely to give an enthusiastic welcome to what may be called a metric alphabet.

The triumph of the phonetic system will bring nearer the day when English, already the auxiliary language of a great part of the civilized world, will become the normal speech of the more or less uncivilized hordes for whom their own vernacular has no literary associations, no roots in history or tradition. Still further in the future we may imagine the complete replacement of the world's languages by some artificial speech, or, which is more probable, by 'pidgin English.'

The change in spelling will hardly be as abrupt as it might be in countries privileged to possess a Soviet or a Mustapha Kemal. The approach will be Fabian, and the attainment of the ideal, as of other ideals which we associate with that word, belongs to an age which some of us feel, with some thankfulness, we shall not live to see. Long-needed reforms, which we must acknowledge to be logical and inevitable, are usually unpleasant. They are forced by the few and eager on an inert or reluctant majority, and this particular reform is perhaps delayed by the intemperate zeal of its advocates, who seem to claim that all our problems, from unemployment to over-fruitful multiplying, could at once be solved by the adoption of a simplified alphabet. For most of us the traditional spelling has strong unconscious associations. To take a simple example, we know that the *h* of 'ghost' is due to Caxton's having learned his art in Flanders, where the corresponding word is spelled 'gheest,' but, to me personally, it has always seemed that this intrusive letter makes a 'ghost' all the more 'ghostly.'

Before leaving the question of reformed spelling I would point out that two tremendous difficulties have first to be overcome — namely, our abnormal wealth of homonyms and our uncertain pronunciation. Owing to our extensive borrowings from foreign languages, our telescopic methods of pronunciation, and our gradual dropping of unaccented prefixes and weak endings, English finds itself in possession of a phenomenal number of unrelated words identical in form and sound. There is, so far as I know, no parallel in other European languages to the thirteen 'bays' or the fifteen 'racks' recorded, defined, and exemplified by the Oxford Dictionary. Some of these, it is true, are obsolete or archaic, but any of them may confront us in the literature of the present or the past. Not only will homonyms remain identical when spelled phonetically, but their serried ranks will be swelled by reënforcements from our numerous homophones. The past tense of 'may' will become identical with the widow's contribution and the inhabitant of a ripe cheese, a youthful male with a floating seamark, a ditch round a fortress with a speck of dust in the eye, and a translucent gem with a decoction of beer and bitter herbs, not to mention various less familiar 'purls.'

A stock argument put forward by the opponents of simplified spelling is that any phonetic alphabet would, in course of time, require gradual modification to correspond with gradual changes in pronunciation. Johnson, in his Preface, comments on the impossibility of making orthography follow speech by 'imitating those changes which again will be changed while imitation is employed in observing them.' The counter argument is that such an alphabet would stabilize pronunciation and that the laws of sound change would cease to operate. There is no doubt that a great move toward the standardization and stabilization of spoken English is being brought about by the British Broadcasting Corporation. In its official periodical, the *Listener*, for August 26, 1931, Sir Robert Donald writes: 'While philologists and lexicographers never agreed, the B. B. C. is in the fortunate position of a dictator. In a few years the standard of pronunciation set by the B. B. C. will be accepted in all English-speaking countries.' This is an awful thought. Quite recently some of us have heard, via the B. B. C., a Scottish Prime Minister discussing the state of the 'wuruld' and a Yorkshire Chancellor of the Exchequer emphasizing the importance of balancing the 'boodget.' Is it possible that 'in a few years' these refreshing dialect characteristics will disappear?

And then there is the still larger problem of America. As is well known, the serious New York stage regards 'received English,' whatever that may be, as its ideal, but to talk 'received English' in intercourse with the average American might invite sarcasm. How will it be possible to impose English pronunciation on America or vice versa? Theoretically a compromise could be effected; for example, if the American would consent to order 'half' a pint instead of 'haff' a pint, the Englishman might consent to make 'tomato' rhyme with 'potato'; but such arrangements do not find a place in the history of language. As Dr. Johnson observes, in considering the apparent irregularities of English pronunciation, 'to change all would be too much, and to change one is nothing.'

Again, will Americans tolerate the English pronunciation of polysyllables, which, according to Dr. Greig (*Breaking Priscian's Head*, or 'English As She Will Be Spoke and Wrote'), are 'accented on the first syllable and then shuffled off as though what remained of the word did n't matter a damn,' or will they brace themselves with memories of Lexington and Bunker Hill and continue to say 'nec′es-sa′ry' and 'ter′-ri-to′ry'? All this also applies to Canadian English, which is being more and more assimilated to that of the United States. If Canada forsakes the characteristic flat *a*, which it shares with the States and with the northern English dialects, there will no longer be any point in the Canadian's subtle gibe at the British tenderfoot when he says that 'though a "ranch" may not pay, a "rănch" does.' It would seem also impossible to fix intonation by a phonetic spelling or even by the example of the B. B. C. This is a feature which, far more than the pronunciation of individual words, divides races and classes, nor is it easy to see how a compromise can be effected 'in a few years' between the tone of voice which prevails, say, at Oxford and that which is associated with the Middle West of North America.

This is all very frivolous, but it is necessary to point out the immense difficulties which stand in the way of phonetic spelling, a reform only to be accomplished by the unification of actual speech. That much has, to my mind most regrettably, been accomplished in the second task is undeniable, and it may be regarded as certain that the prevailing tendency, which confirms Dr. Johnson's preference for the 'regular and solemn' rather than the 'cursory and colloquial,' will continue. 'The most elegant speakers,' says the Doctor, 'deviate the least from the written word.' So think also the B. B. C. and the schoolmaster, the two most potent factors for linguistic good or evil. The natural and historically justified pronunciation of English may linger for a time among the aristocracy and peasantry, but is already making way for an artificial and machine-made product which is not yet a century old. It is even possible that the 'boat-swain' of the twenty-first century will refer to the anterior part of a ship as the 'fore-castle.'

II

A special feature of our so diversified pronunciation is the great uncertainty, even of many educated people, as to how the vowels or consonants of certain words — in fact, quite a large number — should be sounded. This difficulty does not, to my knowledge, exist in other European languages. We are all, I suppose, conscious now and then of a cowardly shrinking from the vocal use of words which we write down without a qualm. Personally, I should always hesitate to use in public the Arab name for an Arab chief, and, though I periodically consult the authorities, I never can remember with confidence what Eugene Aram really wore upon his wrist ('And Eugene Aram walked between, with gyves upon his wrist'). Nor do I feel happy as to the accentuation of the word that denotes a place for chemical experiment and research. Mr. Fowler (*Modern English Usage*) gives five possible pronunciations of 'contumely,' with the comment that Shakespeare's accentuation — 'The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely' (*Hamlet*, III. i) — is very unpopular except with 'professors and the like.'

Those who believe in the manifest destiny of the English language to become, if not the eventual supplanter of all other languages, at any rate the lingua franca of the world point out that when once our spelling is reformed the richness of our vocabulary and simplicity of our grammar give us claims that no other language can put forward. It is, however, arguable that great richness is rather a drawback in a language which claims to be the most suitable for world dominion. The shades of meaning in our unparalleled wealth of approximate synonyms are mysterious to the foreigner and often a matter of dispute among natives. Many are the pitfalls of what Mr. Wells calls 'our beautiful but abundant and perplexing language.' Our lack of precision in sense was often a trial to Joseph Conrad, though he wrote English as no other foreigner has ever written it.

As for grammar, I suppose that the essentially practical and thoroughly illogical temper of the English mind is reflected in our gradual rejection of forms and inflections to which other languages still cling. But this very simplicity has its snares. Our grammar is so tenuous that we are ceasing to be aware of its existence. It is hardly possible to read through a book printed in English, whether the author be a great name in literature or merely a journeyman producer of thrillers, without coming across sentences that shock a student of language and would be impossible from the pen of an educated Frenchman or German. The great mass of the people is consciously uncertain. The columns of what may be called our middle-brow press are full of discussions as to whether this or that construction is grammatically correct, and week by week booklets appear which claim to teach the young author, not how to write, but how not to write. In a language of exact grammatical structure all such cautions should be superfluous.

So, in considering possible improvements in English grammar, the first possible improvement that occurs to one is a movement in the direction of making English grammar a subject of general instruction, which apparently it is not at present. The trouble is of comparatively recent origin. A century ago practically all who wrote were people who had received something of a classical education. They were, in fact, products of the 'grammar school.' This steadying influence no longer exists, and there is a real danger that average English, both spoken and written, may gradually degenerate till it falls to the level of the idiom used by Mr. Babbitt and his friends, a tongue which, from the grammatical point of view, may be described as English in an advanced state of decomposition. It is difficult to control the spoken language, but it should be in the power of an educated minority to brake to some extent the grammatical decay of English. Draconic legislation against the printing of ungrammatical matter is hardly possible in face of the opposition of the whole publishing trade, which would thereby be threatened with immediate bankruptcy.

It must be acknowledged that what grammar we still possess is, like everything connected with us, largely illogical, and that this residuum is very exasperating to foreigners. One may instance the 'shall' and 'will' complex, stigmatized by Dr. Greig as 'wire-drawn academic flapdoodle.' Or our three relative pronouns, two of which are superfluous. Or our anomalous verbs such as 'dare' and 'need.' Why should we say 'He needs help,' but 'He need not worry'? Why should we make 'use' into two separate verbs, as far as their pronunciation is concerned — for example, 'Since then I have used no other,' but 'He used to play the fiddle'? Are our complicated progressive tenses, such as 'He would still have been working,' really necessary? Other languages are not inconvenienced by the absence of corresponding forms, nor are they found in Biblical and Shakespearean English.

Many students of English have advocated the creation of a new neutral pronoun and possessive which would save us from such complications as 'Each of us would be ready to give up part of his or her personal comfort, if he or she were convinced that his or her fellow citizens as a whole would benefit by his or her sacrifice.' Here I would recommend a bold reversion to the state of mind, still general on the Continent, which regarded the masculine as 'worthier' than the feminine. Another complication which has gradually dominated English is the quite unnecessary use of the auxiliary 'do,' in the interrogative and negative constructions of all but a few verbs. It would be quite as logical to say 'Know you Smith?' as it is to say 'Are you ill?' or 'I know not Smith' as 'I have not time.' It would simply be reverting to the practice of the Bible translators.

III

Such changes as these could hardly be brought about arbitrarily, except as the result of a determined and continuous effort by the broadcasting authorities, but that such changes may come about gradually and unconsciously is shown by the quite recent revival of the subjunctive mood, which, except in a few stereotyped and optative expressions, had practically disappeared from English. It is not, it is true, always used in conformity with the history of language, but is instinctively adopted to distinguish the actual from the hypothetical or as a substitute for the rather clumsy 'shoulds' and 'mights' of ordinary English. In the *Times Literary Supplement* for September 8 we read: 'Mr. Sisson took it upon himself to cable the State Department suggesting that Mr. Francis be recalled.' At a recent inquest, counsel, after an altercation with a police inspector, concluded: 'Unless you be silent, I must ask that you be removed.'

This revival began in America. In reading the letters of the late Walter Hines Page I was struck by its recurrence on almost every page. Here is an example: 'I am going down to Garden City till the President *send* for me; or, if he *do* not send for me, I'm going to his house and sit on his front steps till he *come* out.' It will have been noticed that in the example quoted from the *Times Literary Supplement* the sequence of tenses is violated. This is the regular American construction, partly due, I imagine, to German influence. It is curious that we should be reviving this archaic mood just at the time when French is slackening the rigidity of its subjunctive rules.

Altogether the American influence, chiefly exerted via the talkies, is becoming more and more intense. The peaceful penetration that has been going on, almost unobserved, for a century now threatens to become a conquering invasion. Syntactical constructions of incredible ugliness and quite remote from any historical justification are becoming part of colloquial English and thence percolating steadily into the popular press. In fact, the fear has recently been expressed by an eminent divine that 'the English language is in danger of being destroyed altogether.' It may be possible that English grammar, so continuously simplified in the past, could be still further simplified to its advantage, but few of us look forward with eagerness to the day when such a sentence as 'Them guys ain't got no pep' will cease to strike the ear as incorrect.

It need hardly be said that simplification is also possible in our elementary accidence. If we really aim at enticing the whole world to speak English, it is obvious that we must do away with 'oxen' and 'children,' 'feet' and 'teeth,' 'mice' and 'geese.' The process by which the three forms of strong verbs are popularly reduced to two, as in 'He's been took ill' or 'I seen him doing it,' will be accelerated, and, in fact, the strong verbs must disappear. This may seem fantastic and uncouth, but we know that a similar evolution went on steadily during the Middle English and early Tudor period and was only checked abruptly by the diffusion of printed books and the consequent establishment of some vague standard of correctness.

Finally, there is one feature of English, partly grammatical, partly a question of vocabulary, which makes it particularly unfit to serve as a world language. I mean its favorite device of combining a verb with an adverb so as to form what is to all intents and purposes a compound verb. This feature is really one of many which combine to make English the most expressive and flexible of European languages, but to the foreigner it is an almost insurmountable barrier. The Oxford Dictionary records and illustrates more than sixty meanings of the combination 'to set up.' I confess that I see no possibility of eliminating this difficulty except by legislation forbidding the use of this and similar constructions. Naturally our favorite construction of 'preposition at end' must go the same way, and no future Thomas Hardy will be allowed to write of Wessex as a region 'which people can go to, take a house in, and write letters from.'

IV

While changes in the spelling, pronunciation, and grammar of a language are brought about slowly, but till recent times continuously, by a kind of communal instinct, changes of vocabulary take place with much greater rapidity, often spasmodically, and occasionally as the result of individual effort. As far back as we can study the history of languages, we find the greater minds dissatisfied with the instrument at their command. The word has always lagged behind the idea. At periods of great activity, whether literary, scientific, practical, or theological, vocabularies become enriched to an extent which sometimes threatens to throw their machinery out of gear. The enrichment takes the form of new creation, direct borrowing from other languages, or the elaboration of existing material.

The tendencies have always been very divergent, according as the inadequacy of speech to represent thought, or perhaps rather the inability of man to make proper use of the instrument, has presented itself to divergent types of mind. On one side we have the man of science, and with him, as a rule, the philosopher, demanding an instrument of exact and unambiguous expression; on the other the poet, hampered by the commonplace associations of the words from which he has to weave his fantasies. Anatole France praises Maupassant's prose for possessing the three great qualities of the French writer — first, clearness; again, clearness; finally, clearness. Baudelaire, on the other hand, finds 'indispensable obscurity' as the chief element in great poetry.

Then we have the fight between the patriotic point of view, hostile to all that is new and foreign, and the contrasted eagerness to enrich language by wholesale importation and new creation. Or, again, the antiquarian enthusiast, striving since Spenser's time to save the obsolescent and revive the archaic, and the modernist who regards the lexicographer as one whose duty it is, in Johnson's words, to 'clear away rubbish,' or, as Howell says of the French Academy, 'to refine the language of all pedantic and old words.' Finally we have the practical man, who, for practical purposes, would thin out our vocabulary till only 'basic English' is left, with its 600–700 indispensable terms, and the word lover who rejoices in the tropical luxuriance of our vast realm of words. But each and all feel the inadequacy of words, or their own inadequacy in linking the word with the thought.

Everybody who puts pen to paper knows the irritating labor of composition, the feeling of disappointment and exasperation when it is realized how imperfectly the paragraph represents what was in the writer's mind. As Mr. Christopher Morley has lately put it, 'I honor words and they come with difficulty.' Some happy few, such as Mr. Bernard Shaw, seem to have the gift of perfect and unforced expression. Others, despairing, as bad workmen will, of the tools they have to use, take refuge in an impressionism contemptuous of conventional speech. Among such are, I gather, Miss Gertrude Stein and Mr. James Joyce, whose works I am so far not privileged to have studied.

At various periods of great intellectual activity deliberate and successful attempts have been made to supply languages with needed words. But for Cicero's Latin renderings of Greek abstractions we should not now possess the words 'moral' and 'quality.' Our attitude toward the purveyor of neologisms is quite simple. He should be left alone. If his article answers to a real want, it will sell. Sir Thomas Browne's 'antediluvian' was a useful contribution to speech. Whewell was as well advised in suggesting the introduction of the word 'scientist' as Huxley was with 'agnostic.' In another realm of ideas Mr. Arthur Roberts gave us 'spoof.' This expresses in a monosyllable what would otherwise require an explanatory phrase, just as 'moron,' for a person of arrested mental development, — the coinage of Dr. H. H. Goddard, of Columbus, Ohio, — seems now to describe quite naturally the majority of our fellow men.

On the other hand, reactionary attempts to purify the language by the restoration of archaic native words seem doomed to failure, unless there is really a gap to be filled. Enthusiastic Anglo-Saxonists may write obstinately about 'starcraft' or 'leech,' instead of 'astronomy' and 'doctor,' but the language feels that it is already adequately supplied. We may regret that young people are no longer 'betrothed,' 'plighted,' or 'affianced,' and that these beautiful words are replaced by 'engaged'; but the word has established itself in an impregnable position. A recent American modernized version of the Bible even replaces 'Joseph . . . was minded to put her away' by 'Joseph . . . thought of breaking off the engagement.' When, however, at a period of great interest in popular antiquities, W. J. Thoms, the founder of *Notes and Queries*, proposed 'folklore' as a comprehensive term for all such activities, he gave us a needed word and one that has become European. Quite unnecessary is the modern 'foreword' for preface, coined, according to the late Professor Phillimore, 'by some Germanizing fool who found other fools to imitate him.' I am afraid this Germanizing fool was my old friend Dr. Furnivall.

V

The entry of new words into language is curiously accidental. 'Demarcation' dates from the Papal bull of 1493 which divided the New World between the

Spaniards and the Portuguese; 'propaganda,' with its family of derivatives, from the *Congregatio de propaganda fide*, set up in 1622 by Gregory XV. It is doubtful whether the indispensable 'optimism' would have become European if Voltaire had not written *Candide*. 'Mascot' dates from Audran's operetta *La Mascotte*, produced in 1880, and, if my memory serves, soon brought to London. 'Robot,' a Bohemian word for slave, now essential to our vocabulary, began to appear in the papers soon after Karel Čapek's *R.U.R.* (Rossum's Universal Robots) attracted the attention of Europe. Both 'mascot' and 'robot' have lived because they have filled empty places, like the newly discovered chemical elements of which we hear now and then; the same might be said of the war word 'camouflage.'

Then we have the native 'diddle,' a back formation from Jeremy Diddler, a character in a forgotten farce (Kenney's *Raising the Wind*, 1803), and Mrs. Grundy, from a play that not one person in a thousand has ever heard of and not one in a million has read. A curious example of an insignificant origin is 'sheik,' now current American for a 'lady-killer,' and not unknown in England in the same sense. It comes from a contemporary novel which, I am credibly informed, has no great literary merit. Neologisms of purely scientific origin do not concern us here. They are not so much words as algebraical expressions. The enrichment of language by misprints, mistranslations, and misunderstandings is a curious chapter of word history, but its consideration would take me too far from our subject.

Just as the poet instinctively plays variations on the notes of a conventional instrument and builds ever-new combinations, so also the man in the street seeks instinctively for words which will cover all the aspects of a concept vaguely present in his brain. It would need a whole sentence to express the ideas contained in 'stunt' and 'wangle,' words which have some vague kind of prehistory, or 'dud' and 'blurb,' which seem to have sprung all armed from the head of some anonymous benefactor of language, but which have at once become indispensable. Their excellence is really reflected in the resistance they offer to concise and exact definition.

Then we have the new connotations which mass instinct gives to existing words. We may dislike the vogue of the Gallicism 'gesture' and of 'slogan,' a Gaelic word which has crossed to the United States and recrossed the Atlantic with a transformed sense; but we must admit that they have acquired a useful significant content which corresponds to a modern attitude of mind. There is even something to be said for the rather distressing word 'meticulous.' The same applies to direct borrowing of foreign words. It would, I suppose, be possible to describe Professor Hotson as having a 'keen nose' for documentary evidence, but the French *flair* expresses the idea more simply, while at the same time suggesting qualities other than the purely nasal.

The late Henry Bradley was of opinion that many words of untraceable history had come into existence by the instinct for phonetic fitness. In discussing, in the Oxford Dictionary, the mysterious word 'struggle,' he concludes, 'Possibly the word may be due to phonetic symbolism.' How else can we explain 'blurb' except by saying that our instinct accepts it as exactly right? The same craving for expression which leads the great poet to enrich the vocabulary is felt by Mr. Polly. When this typical Wellsian hero describes his bicycling excursions as 'exploratious menanderings,' he is, within his limits, 'Joycean,' and the same may be said of the imaginative showman who invented the word 'phantasmagoria.' The survival, even among the most uneducated, of such a purely Greek word as 'paraphernalia' seems to be due to a similar instinct. This natural tendency to add body and content to words is possibly prehistoric and may account for much that seems unaccountable. It is thus that the Middle English 'contekous,' in the sense of quarrelsome, has gradually evolved into the admirable word 'cantankerous,' and a crude example of this persisting instinct is offered by the contemporary 'abso-bloody-lutely.'

VI

What will be, in the future, the attitude of standardized English to such importations and neologisms? And how, also, will it deal with the stream of new metaphor which enters the language with each new step in material progress? People are now apt to 'fade out' instead of departing, and it is becoming a commonplace for the literary critic to describe a biography as a 'close-up.' An irate millionaire in one of Mr. Wodehouse's stories, who treads on a golf ball left lying in an entrance hall, is described as making a 'forced landing' against the dining-room door. Twenty years ago nobody ever 'parked' anything. Now even chewing gum can be temporarily 'parked' by the provident. New scientific devices of which we now have no idea must add continually their figurative elements to our stock of metaphors and thus militate against linguistic stability. What will the judges of language do about it? Experience has already shown, in another region of human life, the futility of prohibition.

All this matter of our ever-increasing vocabulary may seem beside the mark, but in reality it is germane to the question of grammar. The great influence now being exercised on the English vocabulary is that of America, and a wholesale importation of vocabulary can hardly take place unaccompanied by some influence on construction. In fact the American invasion is distinguished from earlier raids in that it concerns idiom as well as vocabulary. I have already noted the striking example of the revived subjunctive. There is also the influence of the cinema, with its illiterate captions and dialogue, from which the great mass of democracy now draws the more expressive part of its speech. Personally I must confess to a weakness for terse Americanisms in moderation — say in about the proportion which gives so subtle a flavor to my favorite author, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. Most of us are grateful for 'brass tacks, pep, boom, slump, sob stuff,' and so on, and I cannot suppress an indecent chuckle when Mr. Wooster delivers himself of the opinion, 'There, Jeeves, you spoke an imperial quart.' Unfortunately, 'refined' American is also penetrating peacefully, and I confidently expect that the English undertaker will soon describe himself as a 'mortician,' a description which appears to be modeled, by a natural association, on 'physician.'

Is there any hope of stemming the flood? As long as democracy remained illiterate, it spoke historic English dialects, only slightly, and naturally, affected by foreign elements. Now that democracy is no longer illiterate (I mean, of course, in a purely technical sense), it seizes eagerly on every linguistic novelty and shows a marked preference for the puerile and the tasteless. Our language, even in its colloquial form, is largely the creation of two mighty factors — namely, the

Authorized Version of the Bible and Shakespeare. The chief influence now being exercised upon it is that of the film magnates, who advertise their goods in such language as the following description of a film entitled 'A Miracle City': 'The glamour, ecstasy, and heroism of Hollywood, hiding its own heartbreak to inspire the world with glorious illusion.' Two demons are fighting for the soul of our language, the broadcasting demon of standardization and the cinema demon of vulgarity. The experience of history suggests that democracy will choose, in the matter of language, the wide gate and broad way that lead to destruction.

And yet the question suggests itself whether even chaos may not be better than entering in at the strait gate of standardization. For from chaos may be evolved a new harmony, but petrifaction is final. If, and when, all the imaginative elements have been squeezed out of our language, when the dialects, which, in the past, have supplied to literature so much that is racy of the soil, have finally given way to a standard speech, we shall have the perfect instrument of practical life. One thinks inevitably of the broad racing tracks that are steadily replacing our winding tree-shaded country lanes. Their practical value is undeniable, and future generations may find beauty in them. May we conjecture that the possible transformation of English will have as a result the creation of a new ideal in literature and poetry, a kind of 'hammer and sickle' conception of artistic composition in harmony with a new conception of life?

The idea that a language can be 'improved' by deliberate effort is fantastic. It can only be standardized — that is, emasculated and bled white. Language is idiom. Standardization must gradually kill idiom and degrade language to the level of the Morse code. The student of language has no illusions about this. He knows that the only possible attitude for the educated is a prudent defensive, and that the most heroic defensive must in the end give way to the big battalions.

A STARRY NIGHT AT ARUÉ

THESE my beliefs, in eight and twenty lines:
That men are nobler than their actions show;
That 'Beauty is Truth' defined and still defines
As much of ultimate truth as we shall know;
That ever-questing Science yet may bare
Much that is strange and new, and after all
Her farthest flights, that Man will stand and stare,
Awed and humbled, at the self-same wall
That hemmed him round when once he lived in trees;
That littleness makes still the happiest nation;
That states do wrong to emulate the bees
In industry, the ants in population;
That of men's crimes against themselves, the latest,
Distance conquered, is among the greatest;

That Reason is a rock no more than Feeling
(Intuition is a safer guide);
That those who make a god of Reason, kneeling
Devout, are not the wholly sane, clear-eyed
Beings they fondly think; that cocks will crow
At dawn, as now, in twice ten thousand years,
Changelessness a changing world to show;
That men will still shed blood and women tears
As long as there are tears and blood to shed;
That joy has lunar months as well as grief.
When everything is said that can be said,
This is my sure, my very firm belief:
That life, to one born whole, is worth the living,
Well worth the taking, having, and the giving.

JAMES NORMAN HALL

EDWARD L. BERNAYS

The Science of Ballyhoo

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

I

WHEN that famous psychologist, Mr. Phineas T. Barnum, arrived in London accompanied by General Thomas Thumb, he was there for the purpose of welcoming the curious to his box office. A less astute manager would have taken a theatre, opened his ticket stall, and plastered the walls and the newspapers with advertisements. That would have been publicity. 'Professor' Maelzel, who managed the automaton chess player at Concert Hall, had observed of Mr. Barnum that 'he understood the value of the press, and that there is nothing helps the showman like the types and the ink.' All this was quite elementary to Mr. Barnum. But he understood something deeper than that. He understood that mysterious, whimsical Monster — the Mass Mind; therefore, before he resorted to the types and the ink, he went to work shrewdly upon the Monster.

He began by taking a mansion in Grafton Street, which had been occupied by Lord Brougham. He filled it with liveried servants and set up as the guardian of his famous midget. Then he issued beautifully engraved invitations to various noble persons and some of the more important editors to call and meet General Thumb. They called. Their magnificent equipages stood before Mr. Barnum's mansion for several days. The American Minister, Mr. Edward Everett, also paid his respects. He was very gracious, invited General Thomas Thumb and his guardian to dine, and arranged to have the pair summoned to St. James's Palace to meet Her Majesty.

All this time Mr. Barnum did not once address himself directly to the Mass Mind. He merely 'created events and circumstances,' as Mr. Edward L. Bernays would say, and 'the types and the ink' did the rest when they faithfully chronicled everything that went on. The result was that the Monster was coming to be all eyes and ears: everybody from Shoreditch to Mayfair was dying to see and hear the amazing little creature who had excited the curiosity of so many noble persons — 'group leaders,' Mr. Bernays calls them — and had even won the attention of the greatest group leader of all, the Queen herself. Hence, when Barnum put General Tom Thumb on the stage of the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, the populace came thronging and tumbling past his box office.

Many years later another disciple of Thespis was in dire need of dealing with the Mass Mind. Mr. Richard Bennett, the actor, wanted to produce Brieux's play, *Damaged Goods*. But the play had within it certain immoral elements which rendered it an exceedingly risky business venture in chaste, pre-war America. Bennett could not get the money to produce the play because it was full of sex. At that time Edward L. Bernays was holding his first journalistic job as editor, copy reader, make-up man, promoter, and office boy of the *Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette* and the *Medical Review of Reviews* at twenty-five dollars a week. The *Review* being strong for frankness about 'the facts of life,' young Editor Bernays wrote Bennett that his journal was behind him with its moral support. Bennett wanted something more substantial and asked Bernays to call. It ended by Bernays's undertaking, under the auspices of the *Review* and without any other compensation than the satisfaction of achievement, to deal with the Mass Mind for Bennett.

Bernays was not consciously thinking of the Mass Mind any more than Barnum was; nevertheless he went to work as if he were personally acquainted with the Monster. He organized the Sociological Fund, membership four dollars, entitling a member to all the privileges of the society. The only visible privilege was a ticket to *Damaged Goods*, when and if produced. Bernays did what Barnum did. He sent invitations to our own New York nobility. Every person of social prominence was invited to subscribe four dollars to endorse a movement for dealing with sex via *Damaged Goods*. Like Barnum's patrons, these notables responded nobly. When they did, the rank and file of humbler folk proceeded, as always, to grow curious, and then to toddle along behind their betters, sending in their four dollars by the hundreds and the thousands.

Bernays had committed an act of public relations without realizing it. He had moulded the mind of the Monster without understanding the importance of his performance. Some years were needed to bring this truth home to him.

II

By no system of honest elimination can Edward L. Bernays be excluded from a list of representative men in America. He has made an extraordinary success. He has been something of a pioneer. He was conditioning the Mass Mind for Richard Bennett long before Ivy Lee took over the job of merchandising John D. Rockefeller to the American people. He numbers among his clients powerful millionaires, great corporations, even royal personages and governments. He has made a great deal of money, — a mark of importance that no American will deny, — and, what is more, he has done it in the field of intellectual activity.

For, after all, Bernays is a philosopher, not a mere business man. He is a nephew of that other great philosopher, Dr. Sigmund Freud. Unlike his distinguished uncle, he is not known as a practising psychoanalyst, but he is a psychoanalyst just the same, for he deals with the science of unconscious mental processes. His business is to treat unconscious mental acts by conscious ones. The great Viennese doctor is interested in releasing the pent-up libido of the individual; his American nephew is engaged in releasing (and directing) the suppressed desires of the crowd. He is a social psychologist engaged in carrying out in actual practice and according to newer theories that branch of psychology which Auguste Comte and later Herbert Spencer recognized as having a definite relation to sociology.

He is none the less a philosopher because he does not wear side whiskers and drone in solemn and abstruse dullness, or because he has devised a way of running his philosophy through a meter and sending bills for the service. As a matter of fact, Bernays has both a clear and a very shrewd understanding of his profession. As a Public Relations Counsel he is a liaison officer between Big Business and the Monster. In odd moments he has been a professor in very truth, for until recently he lectured on his system in New York University.

The reader is perhaps aware of the difference between the public relations counsel and the publicity man. The publicity man merely makes a noise in the neighborhood of his client or product to attract attention to it. He beats the drum outside his show. He angles for space in the newspapers. He seldom rises to a higher level of performance than that which Bernays calls 'continuous interpretation' or 'dramatic high-spotting.' If he has bacon to sell, he just keeps repeating, 'Eat more bacon; eat *our* bacon.'

The public relations counsel manages it differently. He makes use of what the psychologist calls the conditioned reflex. He does not mention bacon at all. He does not mention anything, because he knows no one is interested in what he mentions. He gets a number of physicians to say that people should eat heartier breakfasts. He manages a kind of vogue for heartier breakfasts on grounds of dietetic necessity. That is all. He knows that if people will eat heartier breakfasts they will think of bacon. As for 'dramatic high-spotting' — well, when the President of the United States telephones to the President of Peru, and all the newspapers report the event and the conversation, you may be sure that the new long-distance service between New York and Lima has been opened, and that the publicity man of the telephone company has been doing the job he is paid for.

Even a public relations counsel may do a lot of this sort of thing. Oddly enough, Bernays himself is perhaps best known for two examples of dramatic high-spotting which were really no more than grandiose, glorified publicity stunts. One of these was Light's Golden Jubilee. Surely you will not have to be reminded of that amazing jamboree which took place when the story of Edison's invention of the incandescent lamp was reënacted in Dearborn, with Edison himself, Henry Ford, and the President of the United States playing the leading rôles, while droves of great industrialists and financiers played the parts of villagers and supers in the cast, and radios and newspapers fought for the privilege of broadcasting it. Henry Ford was supposed to be the manager of the show, but the man who set the stage and pulled the strings attached to all the dignified marionettes was Edward L. Bernays. He worked, not for Edison or for Henry Ford, but for very important organized commercial interests which saw in this historic anniversary an opportunity to exploit and publicize the uses of electric light. His other outstanding performance was when he spent nearly $70,000 for a single hour's show on the radio to introduce a new Dodge car to the market.

All this was publicity. The Standard Oil Company, which is supposed to have been introduced to the subject by Ivy Lee, was in reality making use of publicity away back in 1888; long before that Jay Cooke manipulated it to sell lots in the West, and earlier still the United States Bank employed it to render the public mind benevolent to its schemes. This sort of thing is probably as old as the human race, but public relations work is new — at least it is new as a conscious and understood science.

And Bernays himself is quite the newest type of public relations specialist, so intelligent and so free from the conventional inhibitions that he assumes almost the character of a phenomenon. He does not ask newspapers to print things. He has not been in a newspaper office in ten years. He creates 'events and circumstances' which newspapers are compelled to notice as news. But, more important than this, his chief rôle is the examination of the relations between his clients and the public.

An orphan asylum was having a difficult time getting subscriptions. Its managers decided that they needed some publicity. They went to Bernays. Bernays looked them over and concluded that they needed something altogether different — some changes in their own character and structure. It was an old-fashioned, institutionalized orphan asylum, for which the public had lost its taste. He advised the managers to reorganize their institution completely upon a new and better plan, making it into one of those modern, homelike asylums where the inmates are housed in family groups in separate cottages. This was done and the subscriptions began to flow merrily in.

At another time one finds him persuading railroads to facilitate and simplify the methods of handling trunks. He induces our own and foreign governments to lighten the regulations affecting the examination of baggage. Then he gets prominent society women to reveal publicly many kinds of clothes which they consider proper for traveling; the kinds of suits to be worn on trains or at dinner in hotels; the sort of hats and shoes appropriate for different occasions on a voyage; the implements of the toilet essential to the lady *en tour*. What is he doing but creating a condition which will require the traveler to carry more luggage? The modern 'scanties' of the bobbed-haired and short-skirted twenties had made luggage almost unnecessary in travel. Bernays has helped to change this by dealing with the conditions which produced it. Publicity was merely a subsidiary implement called into use only after the trouble had been diagnosed and the remedy prescribed.

III

Bernays's field, it will be seen, is the psychology of the crowd. He is fond of quoting Le Bon. The French writer popularized the theory that the crowd mind is less intelligent than the minds of the individuals who compose it, and that emotional states are contagious. He was criticized for explaining instances of individual action on the ground of crowd psychosis when there was really no crowd present. This criticism is hardly valid to-day. In modern America, alive not merely with the actual teeming multitudes, but with newspaper, motor car, movie, magazine, and radio, it is almost impossible to escape from the crowd. Even one's quiet room in the country may be filled with other personalities, its air charged with countless impressions shot at one from the air, the printed page, the phonograph, and the contacts of the day — crowd impressions continually pouring in on us.

'A man sitting in his study,' observed Bernays, 'choosing a railroad stock which he will buy, may think he is choosing freely. In fact, his judgment is a mélange of countless impressions. In the back of his skull is the labor policy of the railroad, the patronage of J. P. Morgan, the pleasant air of the diner he last ate in, the good sleep he had in the Pullman, the headline he saw in last evening's paper.' To understand, to originate, to motivate and direct these controlling impressions — this is the function of the public relations counsel.

Bernays did not leap from his performance for Bennett and the Sociological Fund directly to his new profession. He got a job as press agent, and soon the twenty-five-dollar-a-week editor of the *Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette* was drawing two hundred dollars a week 'grabbing space' for Klaw and Erlanger and others. When the war came, he enlisted in that mighty legion under the command of General George Creel which shot patriotic propaganda into the American people to keep them at the white heat that was necessary for hating and fighting. Thus he had an excellent opportunity to practise on the Monster, the Mass Mind, at the moment when it was most appallingly massive and most shockingly monstrous.

But Bernays fell to analyzing philosophically what he was doing, and when the war ended he felt himself to be in possession of a powerful instrument which could be used with rich results for business. His success has been extraordinary. At work, his spacious offices look out from one of the great Wall Street towers upon the magnificent panorama of the Hudson. At home, he lives in one of those dignified Washington Square mansions once occupied by the gentry of old New York. It is obvious that the monetary rewards for the kind of work he does are very large. Ivy Lee is well known to have become a millionaire through his services as public relations counsel for the Rockefellers, the Pennsylvania Railroad, and many other rich clients. If Bernays is not a millionaire, it is simply because he needs a little more time.

He has represented various governments — Lithuania, Rumania, and on several occasions the Government of the United States. The French Government has decorated him. He has advised several royal persons, and looked after the public relations of some great American corporations beside which royal persons are but poor and shabby patrons — the American Tobacco Company, the Vacuum Oil Company, Procter and Gamble (for whom he inaugurated their famous soap sculpture contests and exhibits), the Beechnut Packing Company, and many others. Retainers for his firm will not suffer by comparison with the retainers paid to the greatest lawyers. A yearly fee of twenty-five thousand dollars from a single client would not, I am told, be considered a large one.

In spite of all this, it must be said that Bernays remains singularly free from swank and make-up. Small of stature, careless in his dress, not always even newly shaved, he resembles rather a diminutive, absent-minded professor than the alert business man. What is more, he is utterly without posture when he talks about his profession. He offers no hypocritical explanations about the purposes behind his campaigns; he considers them quite proper and important to business, and defends them on purely pragmatical grounds. He discusses his art, his business, his methods, and himself with complete objectiveness and with a frankness which is engaging in one who, accustomed to talking with important business men about their affairs, might be expected to take refuge behind a screen of reserve and pretense.

IV

One cannot talk long to Bernays without learning that the most direct way to reach the mind of the herd is through its leaders — its group leaders. Bernays, of course, deals with mental groups — groups arranged according to intelligence, tastes, prejudices, ambitions, emotions. There are groups of women, millions of them, interested in fashions. There are groups of electric-light-bill worriers. There are groups of men interested in health or diet. There are groups interested in stocks. You cannot reach these people by mail; still less can you get them into a hall to organize. They can be influenced only through their leaders. They have leaders in all these matters, though they may not know it, and often the leaders themselves do not realize their position.

Take red neckties, for instance. Let us say that manufacturers would like to have men throw away their striped green neckties and wear red ones. Now who are the group leaders of the necktie wearers? Well, they are in London — the Prince of Wales, obviously; perhaps half a dozen other dignified gentlemen who are the glass of fashion and the mould of form. Get red ties around the aristocratic necks of these leaders, and their unconscious imitators from Birmingham, England, to Birmingham, Alabama, will follow like sheep.

But how accomplish this? Go to His Royal Highness and ask him to wear a red necktie to help the necktie makers of Seventh Avenue, and he will laugh at you. So you get somebody to explain to him that English trade is involved, that the dye makers of Merry England will flourish and prosper if red neckties become the vogue. In a few days the Prince will emerge with a necktie of the new shade. Reporters for the fashion papers will be there to catch a glimpse of the new tie. The news will be flashed around the world. The necktie makers of Seventh Avenue will be ready and waiting with the necessary materials. Red neckties will begin to roll from their machines. Red neckties will break out in the windows of Fifth Avenue, and a little later Sixth Avenue, then finally Third Avenue. Shirt fronts will blaze with the new ties, and all because some manipulator of the Mass Mind decreed it and got the right group leader of the great, disorganized, helpless, and hence easily led, necktie group to dictate it unconsciously when he wore one of them himself.

The milliners wanted women to wear large hats. Bernays moved noiselessly to the attack. The group leaders were quite handy. A society woman, a famous artist, a famous style expert, a fashion writer, a fashion editor, are brought together at a fashion fête where these leaders collaborate in exhibiting the new hat. Next comes a tableau of beautiful girls. A distinguished committee is on hand to choose the most stylish one. Not a word about hats. When the beauties appear, 'by a singular coincidence' they all wear large hats.

'Merciful heavens!' cries the young lady in Dubuque, seeing the pictures of the 'contest' in the Sunday rotogravure section and looking with an executioner's eye at the little tight-rimmed bonnet she has been wearing. 'I must get one of those large hats.'

And the thing is done.

V

I expressed some apprehension about all this propaganda to Mr. Bernays. The producing and selling groups in society are all highly organized and effectively implemented to operate against the consumer. The consumer, on his side, is utterly disorganized and helpless. He must depend solely upon his reason, weak and fallible as it is. Now comes Propaganda pouring down upon him noiselessly and subtly its countless powerful impressions to rob him even of his reason.

'You are full of terrors,' replied Mr. Bernays, 'about the multitude of influences which propagandists shoot at the Mass Mind. I think you overlook the fact that if there were no such manipulators of public opinion the Mass

Mind would still be at the mercy of quite as many influences; would be pulled about by quite as many forces — the fortuitous and whimsical forces of life and chance. An old play is revived in Paris. Costumes of the Second Empire are worn. Ladies in the audience adore the quaint little Eugénie hat. They ask for them at the shops. The shops have n't got them, but soon order them. Women in Paris have them on in a jiffy, and in a few more jiffies they sweep over the heads of the women of the world like a plague. Here the unpremeditated result is the same as if it had been achieved by a propagandist.

'Some years ago Mrs. Irene Castle, the dancer, then very much the reigning darling, took a fancy to cut her hair short. She looked very lovely. No propagandist persuaded her to do this, yet see what happened. Women stormed the barber shops. The makers of hair nets were reduced to panic. Hairpin manufacturers laid off their workers. Hats had to be remodeled. The hair-comb industry was in confusion. Barbers, almost exterminated by Gillette, were suddenly resuscitated by Mrs. Castle. Beauty parlors sprang up everywhere. The thing affected the very conduct of women. A kind of emancipation agitated them and they began slicing great gobs off their skirts. The cloth makers joined the panic. Hundreds of thousands were thrown out of work. Other thousands got new jobs. Would this have been better or worse if a propagandist had induced Mrs. Castle to cut her hair?

'There is something appalling to the ordinary business man in the fact that his business lies at the mercy of uncontrollable forces of whim and chance. Every year innumerable clothing manufacturers are wiped out by the sudden changes in fashion which sweep over the country. Sun parlors get to be the fashion in houses, and hundreds of millions of dollars in value are cut from the houses built without them. Women are forever putting on furs and taking them off, shifting from fur collars to fur neckpieces, suddenly adopting neckerchiefs or sweaters or ribbed stockings or black undies — without notice or direction from anyone. How can you blame the intelligent business man who has millions invested in his industry, and thousands dependent on it for jobs, if he attempts by intelligent propaganda to give these shifting tides of taste a direction which he can follow without loss; to control by means of propaganda what otherwise would be controlled disastrously by chance?'

The invention, however, is like dynamite. It can be used to excavate a subway or to destroy a town. There is a grave social danger lurking in the discovery which Mr. Bernays has made, that the Mass Mind is to be controlled through its group leaders.

'In this country,' said a learned divine who now acts as public relations counsel to a large corporation, 'we live by thinking. The three institutions that deal in ideas are the school, the church, and the press. And those are the three institutions that we persist in starving to death.' The good, pragmatical parson aptly dubbed them 'the starveling professions.' And then he proceeded to lecture the public relations counsels of the public utility companies, telling them that they ought to take advantage of this fact — the poverty of the teacher, the preacher, the journalist — and buy them to distribute ideas for the utility business.

This advice was followed to the letter, and in the last dozen years there has been a wholesale debauchery of otherwise honest men: professors hired to make 'surveys,' doctors employed to make 'experiments,' teachers paid to utter 'warnings,' newspaper men commissioned to make 'reports.' For those who have not the time to wade through the endless mass of testimony which has been laid before the Federal Trade Commission on the publicity performances of the utility companies, Mr. Ernest Gruening has made a sprightly and interesting summary in his book, *The Public Pays*. Here is revealed in startling yet simple colors this amazing chapter in buying 'group leaders' which has been going on for some years.

I hasten to add that Mr. Bernays had nothing to do with this. I point to it merely as the logical consequence of the system of propaganda through group leaders which occupies such a central position in Mr. Bernays's philosophy.

VI

Another device which the modern public relations counsel uses is well worth examination. Among the heretics and unregenerate it is known as 'shirt-stuffing.' Mr. Bernays insists that a business has a right to establish confidence in itself by revealing to the public the high character and intelligence of its leader. He adds that the honest propagandist must have as raw material for such an operation an honest man and an able executive. In other words, he must do no more than make known the actually existing and verifiable qualities of his client. Unfortunately the practice is not held very scrupulously within these ethical limits.

Modern business is based on a very old principle in economics, as old as the Pharaohs and well understood before economists gave it a name — the principle of the division of labor. In the modern corporation this principle is carried to its highest perfection. The corporation brain is a brain of many cells. The cells are occupied and managed by numerous brigadiers who think, plan, remember, speak, execute, produce, sell, and perform all the countless functions essential to the life of the corporation. But in a good many of our great American corporations it has seemed desirable to dramatize all these multitudinous mental operations as taking place inside the skull of the Founder or the Chairman of the Board or the President. He is represented as a Master Mind, ruling over all the vast activities of his corporation, instigating new measures, uttering profound opinions on matters of domestic and international politics, carrying forward great schemes of social reform.

These gentlemen are built up precisely in the way Italy has built up its kings. One may see all over Italy majestic and heroic monuments of those two diminutive little chaps, Vittorio Emanuele and Umberto, the first two kings of modern Italy, mounted in bronze upon immense horses, with swords uplifted in attitudes of defiance and victory, moulding the Italian Mass Mind into supposing that its royal rulers are really men of extraordinary clay. It is an old trick. Carlyle sneered at the accounts of Louis XV described as leading his armies into Flanders, when, as a matter of fact, the doddering old monarch, rotten with disease and flattened in futility, was being carted around with the army like so much baggage.

The phenomenon of shirt-stuffing is now almost a force in our national life independent of any individual designs. Our agencies of communication are all geared as parts of a vast selling instrument. We have endowed them with so much energy that we have but to feed a name or a thing into them properly to have it taken up and pushed with furious and ceaseless vigor.

Mr. Bernays understands this very well. He has actually analyzed it. He has given the process a name. I had, in my unlettered way, called it the principle of labels; Bernays talks of clichés. Whatever it is called, the meaning of it is simple enough. We have but to put a label on a thing and see that it is set loose in the proper place, and our great, interesting, and interested country will do the rest.

The process is seen best in our daily journals. The daily paper is only incidentally a newspaper. It is primarily a form of entertainment. It is a show, and the men who run it are showmen first and last. It presents to us each day, not so much a play composed of many scenes, but rather a single act in a continuous, serialized drama that has neither beginning nor end. Being a show, it must, of course, have its cast of characters — its villains, its heroes, its funny men, its ingénues, its kind old fathers, its lovers. If these gentlemen do not exist in life and in the news, the paper will invent them. All characters are drawn with heavy, bold, broad strokes, — caricatures, in fact, — so that a deft sweep of the pen is all that is needed to depict any character in any way.

Now let a man or woman of importance stray into the news, no matter how: the copy desk will pounce upon him and put a label on him suggested by the introductory incident. Once this is done, the label will stand for good. These public performers have a way, too, of accepting their labels and making up for the parts, then playing up to them forever thereafter. Nothing this side of heaven can rescue the victim from that label. Let a more or less talkative old Vermonter wander into the news columns with his lips closed tight and a limited dialogue for the day: the desk promptly labels him 'the silent man.' He becomes quickly 'the strong, silent man.' With that label on him he will run through ten thousand editions and a whole career, garrulous, erupting words at every opportunity, but he will always be 'the strong, silent man.'

As I have already said, Edward L. Bernays understands this well enough. As a masterly practitioner of the New Science of Ballyhoo he knows how to put labels on men, on merchandise, on ideas, on events, and march them properly in front of the reporters and in view of the copy desk. He knows that the desk can be depended upon to act up to form.

VII

What, if anything, is to be done about all this? The subject ought not to be left without looking for one troubled moment upon the great, unorganized, unresisting, and helpless public.

As for the system of propaganda through 'group leaders' which Mr. Bernays has brought to its fullest flower, it is barely possible that its very perfection may eventually provide one element of safety and control which would seem to be required in the public interest. These group leaders who are now so freely exploited for ends which they often neither see nor understand may at last become so familiar with the public relations counsel and his methods that they will stop lending themselves to manipulation. In so far as these men are intelligent and subject to the pricks of social conscience, they may, by refusing to play the game, come to apply a very real check upon the zeal of the propagandist.

On a lower scale, however, there are the actors, the athletes, the public characters of every sort. They are not the trustees of the morals, the appetites, or the health of the public. There seems to be nothing in the code to prevent them from saying that an old pipe cured them of tuberculosis, or that some pink pill has kept their tummies smaller than their vests. But one might suppose that they have an obligation to themselves, if one may speak of such a thin and vaporous principle in our high-powered civilization. One would think that they owe it to themselves to be truthful, at least in public. Secret sins, of course, are never pretty, and there are some vices which are less objectionable if frankly practised than if carried on privately. Lying, however, is not one of them. There is no kind of prevaricator who is so objectionable as the fellow who stands in the market place and shamelessly lies before the whole world.

Yet there has been so much lying by these lesser 'group leaders' — actors, singers, golf players, aviators, and the like; it has grown to be such a profitable business; the whole thing has become so much a kind of settled and accepted custom in our lives, that our intellectual honesty and decency have become corroded and ineffectual. I do not know what can be done about it. The Authors' League, at least, has put itself on record with respect to the 'two-check man.' It would be an excellent thing if the preachers, the teachers, the college professors, the actors, the journalists, in their national and local associations would do the same thing.

To sum up, it seems to be quite all right for each man, each movement, each party, to put its best foot forward, to state its case in the most convincing manner, to address its arguments to the emotions as well as to the mind. This opens up a large field for the special talents of the public relations counsel. The manner in which he has exploited this field makes one wonder, however, what defensive mechanism society can erect to protect itself against such powerful and subtle forces. Mr. Bernays has written extensively on the subject — two books and many magazine articles — and he has laid stress on the necessity of developing an ethical standard with reference to propaganda. Even after that has been effected, if it can be effected, much will still remain to be done for the public itself. I do not pretend to know what it may be. But I throw the problem out as one well worth the attention of the thoughtful student of our complex society.

EPISODE AT THE PAWPAWS

BY LOUIS REED

WHEN the west wind blows up a thundershower that brings a moment of relief to the parched inmates of the jail house and sends the scorching July sun into retirement, then old Sam Johnson takes down his banjo and floods the corridors with his music. He is old and gnarled, is Sam Johnson, but the passing years have not deadened his singing voice or obstructed the easy grace of his fingers. He plays and sings, as he played and sang years ago round the camp fires of Joe Taylor's outlaws, the haunting folk songs of the hillmen that nearly always express the sorrow and the yearning hopefulness of life. He sings: —

'I'm goin' where the chilly wind
Never blows;
I'm goin' where the chilly wind
Never blows;
I'm goin' where the chilly wind
Never, never,
Never blows;
'Cause I ain't a-goin'
To be treated
This-a-way.

'I'm goin' where the climate
Suits my clothes;
I'm goin' where the climate
Suits my clothes;
I'm goin' where the climate,
Where the climate
Suits my clothes;
'Cause I ain't a-goin'
To be treated
This-a-way.'

With Sam Johnson, reminiscence follows music as surely as the rainstorm follows the lightning flash, and the well of his memory is filled with a store of strange and striking occurrences.

'That song,' says he, laying aside the banjo, 'is about the prisonment of mankind. You and I are prisoned here in the flesh, but lots of people outside are even more prisoned than we are because it's a prisonment of the mind. The most jailed-up man I know has the right to go anywhere, but for more than fifty years he never leaves his own property, and then it's a trip to the graveyard.'

'That,' says Phil Allen, 'must be General Montgomery.'

'He's the man,' says Sam Johnson. 'Listen.'

I

It's fifty-five years now since the General comes back from England and buys the Montgomery place, and my father is one of his first tenants. That's how I am born in the shadow of the Montgomery house. You know where it is, eight thousand acres in the bend of the Kanawha below Pliny, and still the finest farm in all the mountains.

People that don't know the General's story wonder how it comes he settles down in an out-of-the-way section of the country, but that's because the General is the man that burns Brittonsburg. Maybe you don't know that story, so I'll tell you.

Back in 1863, when General Lee

goes into Pennsylvania, one of the generals under him is Montgomery. At that, General Montgomery is the youngest general in the Rebel army. He is a poor man when the war starts, but belongs to a good family and marries a woman from the first families of Virginia. He gets the reputation of bein' the hardest-boiled and the most despised officer in the army, but he is a valuable man for some purposes and goes up in the world. Lee uses him in Pennsylvania to superintend the foragin', and that is how the General is in charge at Brittonsburg.

They tell a nasty story on the General at Brittonsburg which maybe is and maybe ain't true, but, true or not, most everybody believes it. He tells the people of Brittonsburg, accordin' to the story, that he won't burn the town if they give him half a million dollars. The people of Brittonsburg scrape up the money and then the General burns the town anyway. He does this, they say, so he can pocket the half a million.

Anyway, the Government seems to think there is somethin' to the tale, for the General is one of the Confederate officers they single out for punishment. So the General catches a ship to England as soon as the war is over, and stays there till 1875. Then he comes back and buys this place in the mountains, and never leaves it till his dyin' day in 1928.

The Montgomery farm is one you can't find the like of anywhere in the mountains. In the first place, it's in the bend of the river where there is three thousand acres of bottom land. In the second place, the General is the first man that has tenant farmers do his work for him. His barns are ten times bigger than any other barns in the mountains and his acres are all cluttered up with little houses where the tenants live.

II

I remember the first time I see the General like it is yesterday, though I can't be more than three years old. My baby brother is poorly at the time, and the doctor says he has to have cow's milk. My old man buys a cow, and a day or two later he hears from the General.

'Look here, Nate,' says the General, stormin' into the front room with his dander up, 'you know it's against the rules to have a cow on this place. What do you mean, anyhow?'

'It's on account of the baby,' says the old man. 'He's poorly and the doctor says to give him cow's milk.'

'Damn the baby!' says the General. 'There ain't pasture enough for my own cows as it is. Get rid of her.'

The General has sixteen cows and plenty of pasture land for a hundred, but he is that way with his tenants.

Raisin' a large family breaks my old man's spirit, I guess, for he says, 'I'll get rid of her, of course, General, but I don't know what I'm goin' to do about the baby. You could n't let me have a little milk from your cows, could you?'

'What!' snaps the General. 'Take it away from the hogs? Don't be foolish.'

The General is a big man with a long, lean frame and a shock of hair that is gray even then. He lives fifty years after this, but I can't seem to remember when he ain't an old man; most of the time I think of him as a terrible unhuman monster that takes milk away from the babies. All his tenants feel the same way about him. They say he acts that way because he is raised to be a 'nigger driver,' and a poor man in his eyes ain't half as important as a cow or a pig.

A man that lives on the Montgomery place can't own a horse or a cow, and he can't raise a garden. Them that raises gardens, says the General, has plenty to eat in the summer time and won't work. The General himself has fine gardens and orchards, but never a vegetable or a slice of fruit goes to the tenants unless they steal them. Many a time when the cows are fresh and the hogs can't possibly drink all the milk, I see them pour the extra milk into the gutters. And durin' the blackberry season the General burns the brier patches to keep people from pickin' the berries.

He pays his men about half enough to keep them from starvin' to death, and the only way a man can keep even with him is by stealin'. All the tenants know this and act accordin'. I remember once when I'm a little older the General sends me and another boy with a team of mules and a road wagon to take a load of apples to the hogpen. His hogs drink milk and eat the finest fruit, but we don't dare bite into an apple while we're workin'. This time it is late in the evenin', and the General says to leave the wagon beside the hogpen overnight and shovel the apples in the next mornin'. We do as he says, but after we take the mules back to the barn me and this other boy sends out the word to the far places. All that night you will see the General's tenants sneakin' up to the road wagon with empty coffee sacks and comin' away with full ones. This is what the tenants call 'keepin' even with the General,' and they get a big kick out of it.

As a boy I never think of the General as a man at all, but as some kind of a God-Almighty bein' that rules the universe. When I think of it now, it's hard to believe that right in these mountains, where a man will get himself shot for lookin' cross-eyed in them days, there is a white-haired old man that beats his men with a cane and scares the very life out of them. Of course he don't ever leave his farm, and a man with any spirit won't work for him, but even so that don't explain how it is he puts the fear of God into a man by simply lookin' at him. There is somethin' about this man hard to describe — a wild, cruel hardness that makes his blue eyes red like the rims of Hell and gives him a look of the Devil.

He is cunnin' like the Devil, too, and clever as sin, and when he speaks it seems like the earth trembles.

III

That's the way the General looks to me when I am a boy, and I am goin' well on to fourteen years old before I ever see a sign of his bein' a human bein'.

It happens about this time I get my first pair of store pants and make sheep's eyes at Bob Sanders's sister. Bob Sanders is the boy that helps me that time with the apple wagon. Of course I don't really go courtin' Bob's sister, but Bob is a feller likes to play a banjo, and I go over there to practise. We play mighty late one night with Bob's sister sittin' up to hear us and makin' me feel funny inside when she smiles my way, and along about midnight Bob says, 'For my part, I can stand somethin' to eat. What we need is fried chicken.'

He winks at me when he says this, for we know some of the General's chickens is gettin' out of the chicken lot and roostin' in the pawpaw bushes in back. Several days before this we say we are goin' to have chicken one of these nights. So this looks like a good night for chicken, and we tell Bob's sister we will be back in half an hour.

This is one of the darkest nights I remember, but Bob and me know the way and we make the pawpaws without any trouble. We don't see a light at the General's place, which looks like he's in bed, but we have to be careful on account of the watchdog. The General's watchdog is the meanest in the county.

We have some trouble locatin' the chickens in the dark and have to move about more than we figure on, so that we get clear down to the edge of the thicket. Here we spot ourselves a fine Rhode Island red pullet and are gettin' ready to nab it when somethin' moves not ten feet away. We know then somebody is with us, and the voice of the General comes out of the darkness and says:—

'So! You're back again, eh? All these years you keep comin' back again and again. Well, I'll stop you this time.'

With that a gun flashes and a bullet skims the tip of my left ear. Naturally this scares the life out of Bob and me, and we don't stop to find out what causes it. We break down plenty of pawpaw bushes gettin' out of there, and finally get to the next holler safe and no holes through us. Then Bob scoots for his place and I scoot for mine, forgettin' the chicken completely.

The shots wake up my family, which lives closest to the General's house, and the old man wants to know what makes the racket. When I tell him, he says I am all kinds of a fool and will probably get in jail yet. We are still talkin' about it when somebody runs into the yard, and the General says, 'Open up, Nate! For God's sake, open up quick!'

We all figure that hell breaks loose sure enough this time and that the General follows me home. The only thing to do is to pretend like we don't know what it's all about, so I climb in bed and start sawin' wood with a forty-horsepower snore while the old man greets the General.

'Come with me, Nate,' says the General. 'I want your help. Bring the boy along, too.'

It 'pears like he is mighty upset about somethin', and the old man, thinkin' I snore too loud anyway, wakes me up. We light two lanterns as quick as we can, and go outside where the General is waitin'.

'One of you walk on each side,' says the General, 'and keep close. Take hold of my arms. Go easy now, and if you see anything, throw yourselves around me.'

He is tremblin' like a leaf and it's a shock to me to see that the General is scared. Instead of the usual way he talks to people like they are lower than whale bait, his voice is soft and pleadin' as if he needs help. We take hold of his arms and steer him back to the house as careful as we can, and all the way he keeps talkin' in his pleadin' voice.

He says, 'They pretty near got me that time, but I was too quick for them. An hour later, though, they would get me. It's the dark of the moon, you see, and I know their habits.'

Of course that don't mean much to us, so the old man says, 'Who is it you're talkin' about, General?'

'Don't you know?' says the General. 'It's this feller from Brittonsburg — the feller from Brittonsburg and his brother.'

The old man says this is the first time in his life he hears — and one of the few times anybody ever does hear — the General mention Brittonsburg. Not a man on the place has the nerve to speak of it to his face. But under the spell of the night and the fear inside of him, the General breaks down and tells the story.

IV

'Years ago, Nate,' says he, 'I'm the officer in command of the Confederates at Brittonsburg. Maybe you've heard about it in some of the lies they told on me when we burned the town. Well, there's a thing happens at Brittonsburg that I don't breathe to a livin' soul, not even my wife, but it's a thing that stays with me night and day every minute since. I'll tell you about it, so you'll know how to help me.

'It's this way. There's a spy in the army up there, a woman spy by the name of Ethel McGuinness. You won't find her in the history books, for the simple reason that nobody knows she's a spy till just before Gettysburg, and only a few people know what happens to her after we find the evidence. The truth is, she is buried on the road to Gettysburg.

'The same night I have her court-martialed and shot as a spy a funny thing happens. I am workin' late that night with a guard around the house, but only one sentry at the door, when I look up all of a sudden and find a Yankee civilian in front of me. He is a medium-sized man, very well dressed for war times; and, lookin' beyond him, I see that the sentry is gone.

'This Yankee civilian has a dangerous look in his eye, and he says, "General Montgomery, you have burned my home and now you have shot my wife as a spy. If you're a prayin' man, pray, for I'm goin' to kill you."

'Of course I'm prepared for little incidents of this kind, and I kick a lever under the table that wakes the guard in the guardroom. Before I finish my prayer they are on him from behind and have him throttled. So far as I am concerned, the incident is closed when I make the sign that means, "Shoot him at sunrise," but the Yankee gives a big laugh, and says, "You think I don't know what that means, don't you? Well, I do, and let me tell you somethin' else. You can shoot me if you want to, but that won't end it. Did you ever see anybody that looks like me before?"

'I notice all the time he looks mighty familiar, and now it comes to me who he is. He is the twin brother of that sentry of mine that lets him in to me, and before this he's a Yankee soldier. In looks he's a dead ringer for the other feller, and I know what he means when he says that won't end it. These fellers have mountain blood in them, and belong to a family that fights blood feuds. When they mark a man they will get him, if it takes a lifetime.'

The General's voice trembles when he says this, and we see he ain't so brave about it, neither. He may be the man that orders other men to be shot without the quiver of an eyelid and the man that maybe burns Brittonsburg for a half-million dollars, but he is in mortal fear of dyin' himself. That wild look you see in his eye whenever you meet him is only half meanness. The rest of it is terror.

'That night,' says the General, 'there must be treachery, for he gets away. And we don't find his brother, neither. From that day to this they always dog me. In England I see one or the other, or maybe both, every time I go to the window. Twice they try to kill me, and only my iron jacket saves me. When I leave England and come here I lose them for a time, but now they've found me again. Them shots you hear a while ago mean they are still on the trail. I shoot at them, but they escape me. Always, always, they escape me.'

The last part of the General's story makes me think he is nutty, but I don't say so. In spite of his meanness

I feel kind of sorry for the old codger, and we stay with him till daylight. We don't see nothin' nor hear nothin', of course.

After daybreak I go up to the pawpaw thicket and get Bob Sanders's cap that he leaves behind when he starts for safety. Then me and the old man go back home and go to sleep.

V

After this you will think the General will act a little more human toward us, but such ain't the case. If anything, he gets wilder and meaner and more devilish-actin' than before. He storms all over the place and raps his men with his cane somethin' scandalous. I see him hit the old man one day, and I say to myself right then, 'The first time he cracks me will be the last time. I ain't married to this place, and I won't stand for it.'

The very next day the General sends me with a team of mules and a wagon to get a load of firewood. All the General's mules is mean, and these is the worst of the lot. After I load up the wagon and am ready to start for home, the mules decide they like the scenery up there and won't move. I get me a club and start layin' it on.

Whatever the men that drives mules thinks about the way to get them started, the General says you can't whip a mule on his place. His theory is, I suppose, you will wait till the spirit moves them if it takes all summer. Well, about the time I convince them beasts that God likes animals in action, the General pulls up alongside mad as a hornet.

'What!' says he. 'You dare strike my mules! Take that, you good-for-nothin' swine!'

He lays me a crack over the shoulders with his cane that makes me madder than ever. I throw down the lines and say, 'If you don't like the way I drive these mules, suppose you drive them yourself. I don't like the job nohow.'

He turns pale as a ghost when I say this, and his lips twitch like he is losin' his mind. Then he is on me. As he comes he grabs an axe off the wagon bed, and hits me with the flat side at the base of the neck. It ain't his fault he don't kill me. When I wake up I know I am in bed in the General's house, and Fannie, the General's nigger woman, is nursin' me.

Fannie is a good nurse and I don't seem to be hurt much after all. The first mornin' the General sticks his head in the door and sees I ain't dyin', and goes his way. That's the last I see of him.

Fannie tells me he's got worse and worse since that night he shoots at somebody in the pawpaw bushes. Nearly all the time he stays in his iron room with his guns around him. It seems like he can't sleep unless there is music in the house. He gets three nigger musicians from Point Pleasant, and all night long they play outside his door. Their music is all sad music. I can hear that nigger tenor yet singin':—

'When I got money
I got friends
For miles around;
Now I got no money
My friends
Cannot be found.
Lord, I'm flyin'
To my heavenly home;
Lord, I'm flyin'
To my heavenly home.'

Through it all the General stays in his room with the door barred. What he thinks as he sits there with his guns around him and that devilish nigger music in the air nobody knows. At night while I'm there he don't go out, but every mornin' he clumps down the hall with his cane in his hand and you can hear the nigger wenches scream when he clouts them in the kitchen. Them nigger musicians is plumb scared to death, and the whole place goes round with their eyes poppin' out.

On the third day I'm ready to leave, and I tell Fannie I don't aim to take no more beatin's from the General. I've got an uncle on Big Hurricane Creek in Putnam County, where I figure I'll hang out till somethin' breaks. Fannie says, 'Gawd knows I wish I could go too, Mistuh Sam, but I'm too old, I guess. Good luck and Gawd bless you.'

She's a right nice old mammy, Fannie is, and I'm sorry a little later when I hear they take her to the graveyard. The General's niggers don't ever seem to live long.

VI

The first thing I do when I get home is to leave there. I make a vow then that never again will I set foot on the General's property. First, I go up to my uncle's for a while and then one day Joe Taylor comes along and gives me a job as water boy. Seven years I work for him without goin' back, until I get the news that my kid brother is dyin'. In a way this is just another thing against the General, for I don't forget how he refuses to let the boy have milk when he is a baby, but in all decency I have to go see him.

They bury the boy in the lot back of the hogpen next to that old nigger mammy, Fannie, and afterwards I stay on about a week helpin' with farm work. I don't see the General for several days, but they tell me he's got over his wild spell. He's still cranky, and hard, and treacherous to his tenants, but he ain't been violent since that time he hit me with the axe, and he's sent back the nigger musicians long ago. Sometimes durin' the dark of the moon people hears him at night out in the pawpaw bushes, but nothin' happens. He's still a little nutty on that subject, but maybe he's gettin' better as the years go by.

While I'm home this time I go back to my old habit of goin' over to Bob Sanders's of an evenin' to play the banjo. Bob's sister is a fine-lookin' woman by this time, so the old man says my chief business is to see the gal. Maybe he's right. Anyway, Bob and me sing and play the banjos till it gets late, like we used to a long time ago, and Bob's sister sets up with us. I can tell from the way she looks at me with her eyelids kind of drawed down and a little smile at the corner of her lips that bein' a bold, bad outlaw with Joe Taylor's men don't hurt none in that direction.

The night before I'm due to leave we get tired of the music, and start talkin'. We talk about old times and all the things we used to do together, and finally Bob says, 'It's this kind of a night and about this time of the year when you and me try to steal them chickens that time. Remember?'

Of course I don't forget that, and we rehash the whole thing, till Bob says, 'That reminds me, them infernal chickens still roost in the same place. We really ought to go and get them.'

He says this as a joke, but the old lure of stealin' chickens is strong enough to take us out in the yard, where we can look longin'ly at the pawpaw thicket. The night is pitch-dark like that other night several years ago, and while we can't see the pawpaws on account of the darkness, we know how they look from long experience, and we wonder if the General is out there among them. Afterwards both of us say that thought about the General comes to us at the same time, a kind of premonition, I guess, for no sooner do we think it than somethin' happens. There is a flash of fire in the midst of the pawpaws and a moment later we hear the reports of a pistol. Three shots there is altogether, and then down across the stillness of the valley a single cry of a human bein' in agony.

We look at each other dazed-like for a minute until the lights come on at our place and the General's, and we know other people has heard the shots, too. There is a lot of bustlin' about with lanterns all of a sudden, and then we hear the General callin': 'Oh, Nate!' says he. 'Nate Johnson! Come here quick!'

It sounds like he is mighty upset about somethin', so Bob and me hit it over that way as fast as we can. The old man and several people from the house are on the job when we get there. The General is sittin' on a stump a little ways up the thicket.

'You'll find him a little ways up that holler,' says the General in a voice I can't hardly recognize, it's so hoarse and husky. 'Bury him where you find him.'

We go up the hill and find the victim lyin' face downward in a pool of blood. With the glare of the lantern on him we see he's a stranger in these parts, and he's dead as a doornail. He is a medium-sized feller of middle age. On his left hand is a diamond ring with the initials 'E. M.,' and the label inside of his coat says 'Churchill's, London, England.'

We dig a grave there beside him and drop him in it. The General is the only mourner at the service. I don't know why the General's voice is husky and full of fear and a big tear stands in the corner of his eye, but the more I think of it the more I believe the General remembers this dead man has a twin brother.

'PEACE, GOOD TICKLE-BRAIN'

An Inedited Conversation of Jack Falstaff and Nell Quickly

BY ROBERT M. GAY

(*The scene takes place during the last week of Sir John Falstaff's life, in Mistress Quickly's best bedchamber in the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap. Sir John lies in a great bed, under a flowered quilt, staring at the arras, whereon is depicted a splay-footed Vulcan wantoning with a wooden-faced Juno. Sir John is as melancholy as a gib-cat.*

Although, had they lived at all, Sir John and Nell would have flourished between 1375 and 1415, they really inhabit a country of the mind, where it is always 1596, or thereabout.)

SIR JOHN (*with some semblance of majesty, though in a weak, puling voice*). Francis! Francis!

FRANCIS (*without*). Anon, anon, sir.

(*After a moment he enters, followed by Dame Quickly. He carries a great bowl and a horn spoon.*)

DAME QUICKLY (*pulling the bedclothes straight*). Now, Sir John; now, Sir John. 'T is twelve o'clock by the bell of St. Michael's Church, and time to take your broth.

SIR JOHN. Away, mistress, away. Would ye drown me? Give me a cup of sack. Francis, you carved radish, throw it to the hens. Am I Gog and Magog and Gargantua and Goliah, to drink up oceans of gruel? Give it to Pistol. His blood is broth. Give it to my Lord Chief Justice. No. Send it to Shallow. . . . Faugh! There's sage and thyme in it. I never could abide either. Sage and time, they're *memento moris;* they remind us of our latter end. Throw it in the kennel.

DAME QUICKLY. Tillyfally, Sir John, what a to-do you keep! Come, my sweet little valiant rogue, sup up, sup up. Sage and thyme is good for the reins. My mother, who was daughter to a potecary, Andrew Doggett, of Bucklersbury (you may see his sign there yet, at the corner of Music Lane), though she married Thomas Kiteley, my father, who was a broom-maker, of Hoxton, ever remembered her father's mystery; and she said your thyme and your sage was sovran cures for your whorson fever.

SIR JOHN. But I have no fever. I have a chill. My feet are cold as a ditcher's. Let Francis feel 'em. All the broth I have drank in a week has settled in 'em and congealed. It will need all the fires of . . . No. I must not think of that. Sit thee down, Nell. Let the broth go a while. It could be none the worse for heating again, like a witch's brew. . . . Away, Anon, and come anon again, when I shall call. (*Francis withdraws.*) So your dame was daughter to Andrew Doggett?

DAME QUICKLY. Ay, Sir John, and he was my grandsire, but he spent his latter days in the Clink for selling hellebore to, Sir Marmeduke Stukeley to cure his son's madness, and it killed him, on the advice of my grandsire. Lackaday, it was like to have killed my mother for shame; but she wedded Thomas Kiteley, my father, who made mops and besoms in Crooked Lane. She cried them through the streets in a barrow. She had a cry she made herself. I was singing it only Wednesday to my gossip, Mistress Keech. Let me see, let me see. It ran thus: —

> Good mops and good brooms
> To clean out your rooms:
> Come, buy, good hussives,
> Come buy my fine brooms.

Sir John. Thy voice, Nell, does not vie with that of the lark or the nightingale, but as for the numbers, why, Taylor the Water-Poet could do no better. You can swear your dame composed it all herself?

Dame Quickly. Ay, Sir John, and many a day I went with her, a little tiny wench, sitting on the fore end of the barrow and chirruping like a fledgling sparrow to help her. I was a pretty wench, Sir John, with eyes great as pansies and hair the hue of tow and skin like curds and cream — or so my mother avouched. I was never no bigger than a pint-pot, Sir John, as you yourself have told me oft. My mother was a good woman, Sir John, who would not have me running the streets. Therefore I was never a roaring girl, like Doll Tearsheet, my gossip, who was born in Miching Lane, back of the mews, and whose mother was no better than a harridan quaen, mind you. Doll was deboshed ere she was twelve; but she hath a good heart, if she have not had too much ale, as thou knowest.

Sir John (*fetching a deep groan*). Tell on apace, and let Doll be. I know her. She is a devil incarnate.

Dame Quickly. And you could never abide carnation, Sir John; 't was ever a color you liked not. Doll is not a devil — but let that pass. . . . Oh, the good-year, the times I have had, Sir John, with my mother abroad, crying her wares, and my father at home, knotting his mops, and Rafe, our prentice, trying to kiss me in a corner. I clawed his poll well, I warrant ye. . . . But one day he took me to Bartlemy Fair, and that was the first time ever I saw you, Sir John. Do you mind the time? We were before a booth where was a man wi' an ape on his shoulder, that made as if it would pick you-know-whats out on's hair. Rafe had not the penny needful to enter and see Adam's eldest daughter's hat and Queen Mary's pincushion and the Four Evangelists cut on a cherry-stone, and I was well-nigh to tears, when by you come. . . . Ah, me, Sir John, it was five and forty year ago, come Wheeson Week, and you then but a young gallant; and you had been to Finsbury Butts with the archers. You stayed then at the Robin Hood in Hoxton to be near the butts, for you were a shrewd hand with the cross-bow; but what you were at in Smithfield that day I know not.

Sir John. I was walking to Notting Hill to the supper of my shooting company and . . .

Dame Quickly. And you were clad, Sir John, in a leathern jerkin, wi' your hat pinned up in front and your canvas bow-case about your loins. Ah, Jesu, thou wert a bawcock, I warrant thee! I pinched Rafe, and we smiled at you, and you were a fine sight indeed, Sir John, wi' your straight back and round belly, your russet jacket and green hose, your falling bands o' good Hollands, and your cock's feather in your hat. 'Good day, good people,' says you, Sir John; and says I, 'Our service to your wosshup'; and says you, 'Do I behold a tear in yon eye, like a dewdrop in an heart'sease?' and says I, 'Alack, your wosshup, we have not the penny to see Adam's eldest daughter's hat.' 'Well, well,' sayst thou, 'that were a marvel I would fain see myself. Come hither, good people'; and we entered with thee, and, *hee-hee-hee*, Adam's eldest daughter's hat, what should it be but a monstrous great cabbage-leaf!

SIR JOHN. *Ho-ho-ho!* . . . I like thee well, Nell. Thou warmest my veins. Prattle on. Thy brains would fill but half an egg-shell, but thy heart is right. It was on Twelfth Day the next year ensuing I removed from Hoxton . . .

DAME QUICKLY. Marry, my brains are mine own, Sir John, poor thing though they be. But I was never cozened by Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, of Windsor, to be pinched by fairies, with a stag's horns on my forehead, and cast into the kennel in Datchet's Lane out of a buck-basket, and pummeled like a drab, in the person o' the Wise Woman o' Brentford. Nay, Sir John, I ha' brains enough to pull my hand out o' the fire, I warrant you.

SIR JOHN. Cease thy clatter, dame. Be still. Is this the way to converse with a sick man? . . . But you have me on the hip there, I grant ye. . . . I would fain forget that buck-basket. . . . But you played me a scurvy trick, acting she-Pandarus for them. Was that well done? Was that in the way of friendship? . . . A knave constable set me in the stocks for a witch that day, and they of the Court whipped me with their fine wits, till I were crestfallen as a dried pear.

DAME QUICKLY. Oh, the father, 't was all in good sport, i' faith. And I knew thee not then, Sir John. I was housekeeper to Doctor Caius then — 'a was a French doctor of yarbs and simples, with the temper of Termigom and a sore murderer of the king's English, that sought to fight wi' Sir Hugh Evans, the Welsh parson, for love of sweet Anne Page, that married young Master Fenton. . . . Those were good days, Sir John.

SIR JOHN. Those were evil days, dame. I would forget them. Get thee gone. I need sleep. Thou weariest me.

DAME QUICKLY. Nay, good Sir John, be not offended. Our Windsor days be long a-gone, Sir John, and it is ten year and more since I was there. . . . But there I met William Quickly, whom I wedded; 'a was a drawer at the Garter, where mine host was Jack Rugby, a bullyboy jester, a wild rampolly rogue, I warrant you. . . . Oh, the shogs and starts I had in that house! . . . William was a kind of puritan, Sir John, as thou knowest.

SIR JOHN. I grant ye, mistress. He dispensed ale and beer with groans of compunction and sighs of repentance, and listened to a merry catch as melancholy as a lugged bear. Satan made a boniface of him to snare his soul, and the parson taught him to sing pious chansons to save it. A damned Zeal-o'-the-Land Sourface. I could never abide him. He had not the bowels of a bedpost.

DAME QUICKLY. Ah, well, he's dead these five year, God rest his soul. In's latter days 'a sat above-stairs, his nose in a book of devotions, and left me to serve at the kitchen-door and the buttery-hatch. 'A herited the Inn from's father, who was no puritan, I warrant you. . . . What wi' him and you, and Poins and Bardolph, and your suits and your mortgages and your debts and your affydavids, I've seen the inside of the Fleet and of Bridewell more than twice or thrice, I warrant you, and Doll Tearsheet, my gossip; and would be there now, had not the King been my quittance.

SIR JOHN. He has been my quittance, Nell. He has quitted me of this world. . . . But he cannot quit me of the fell arrest which all men must submit to . . . even fat Jack.

DAME QUICKLY. Now, Sir John, where is your constaples and your tipstaves and your sherives can arrest thee now? Pluck up thy heart, Sir John, and be merry!

Sɪʀ Jᴏʜɴ. I speak not of tipstaves, dame. I speak of mortality. . . . Nell, I speak of . . . death.

Dᴀᴍᴇ Qᴜɪᴄᴋʟʏ. Nay, nay, Sir John. Why speak of him? The time is not come to speak of him. There will be time enough for that.

Sɪʀ Jᴏʜɴ. The time comes on apace, Nell. I decay; the flesh wastes. I had thought there was too much of it to waste so soon.

Dᴀᴍᴇ Qᴜɪᴄᴋʟʏ. Then drink up thy broth, Sir John, and make more.

Sɪʀ Jᴏʜɴ. Nay, Nell, this consumption or cachexy is of the spirit also.

Dᴀᴍᴇ Qᴜɪᴄᴋʟʏ. Fie, Sir John, thou hast but a quotidian-tertian. Thou wilt shake it off.

Sɪʀ Jᴏʜɴ. It is more like to shake me off, Nell, and that soon. . . . But think we of other things. . . . Ere thou cam'st, Nell, know'st thou, I smelt water-meadows, and the gold of cowslips was in my eyes. Thou hast heard me tell how, when I was a boy, I was a page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. I, old Jack Falstaff, that have seen the sun and the moon rise over London Bridge these fifty years, I once ran the lanes of fenny Norfolkshire, bird-catching and playing at bandy-ball, last-couple-in-hell, and prison-base-and-prison-bars. Images of innocency, Nell — they come back. It is time old Jack began to patch up his old body for heaven.

Dᴀᴍᴇ Qᴜɪᴄᴋʟʏ. Thou'lt make me weep yet. Prithee cease such talk and be merry!

Sɪʀ Jᴏʜɴ. I came in the Duke's train to London, when I was two-and-twenty. I was a roaring-boy, Nell, with Shallow and Black George Barnes and John Doit and Will Squele and Francis Pickbone. We knew all the bona robas in Southwalk and Shoreditch, and we cozened all the gulls of Blackfriars and Bankside. There were not six such swingebucklers in all the City.

Dᴀᴍᴇ Qᴜɪᴄᴋʟʏ. I warrant thee, Sir John.

Sɪʀ Jᴏʜɴ. It was then, Nell, I learned to consume an unconscionable deal of sack, and sharpened my wits to make the worse ever appear the better reason. And then set in that consumption of my purse which could never be cured. I owe Shallow a thousand pound, Nell. I owe thee — dost know how much I owe thee?

Dᴀᴍᴇ Qᴜɪᴄᴋʟʏ (*weeping in her apron*). Nought, Sir John. Thou owest me nought.

Sɪʀ Jᴏʜɴ. 'T is very certain I can pay thee nought. But I like thee well, Nell. . . . Francis Pickbone was hanged for snatching a purse; Will Squele was killed in a brawl over a bawd; John Doit sells poultry in Scalding Alley and hath a shrewish wife and nine children; Black George is an hostler at the Bell and Lanthorn in Richmond. . . . Mutability, Nell, mutability. . . . And Shallow is now respectable, with a scutcheon and a beard, a justice of the peace in Gloucestershire, where he can eat his banket in's orchard under the trees — his wet sucket, his dry sucket, his comfits and wafers, and a pippin of's own graffing, and canary with a dish o' caraways to whet the tongue; and in the cool of the day can play at bowls with Silence and old Davy at the garden's end. . . . Mutability! Shallow, lean as a hermit's staff and no more spirit than a sucking-rabbit, o'ercrows us all. . . . I never, when I was young, Nell, found the smell of hay and apple-blossoms as sweet as the smell of an egg fried in butter; but I think it were better now than the smell of the eupatorium and camomile you drench me with.

Dᴀᴍᴇ Qᴜɪᴄᴋʟʏ. Bodikins, Sir John, I do it for your own good.

Sir John. Yea, verily; but doubtless the hangman reasons so, too. Let me die in peace, Nell. It is better to spend the time in talk. I was ever a great talker.

Dame Quickly. Marry, Sir John, no man never so filled me with amazement and dumbfoundment as thou, when thou wert used to put down the Prince and yet keep thy countenance. Oh, Jesu, the day thou puttest the cushion on thy head and sat'st on the joint-stool and called the Prince a micher and a thief and pitch that doth defile, and I know not what else! I thought I should have died that day, Sir John, for laughing.

Sir John. Enough, dame. Name him not. Let us talk of somewhat else. . . . How came you ever to marry that mechanical, fustian, salt-butter rogue, Pistol?

Dame Quickly. Alack, Sir John, I ne'er wedded him. 'A wedded me. 'A comes me into my parlor one day — I was rubbing the glasses I bought when I pawned my pewter vessels and my tapestries of my dining-room to lend thee twenty pound, which I never saw again, Sir John — 'a pops me into my parlor and 'a says: —

'Have at thee now, I would thee wed, sweet queen.'

I near had a calm, Sir John; I could do nought but gape.

'Say me not nay' (quoth 'a), 'or I with fell revenge
And all o'ersized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, will set to work
To mince thy tender limbs with this my sword.
How say'st thou, ha? Is thy word Yea or Nay?'

What could a body say, Sir John, when he advanced his weapon and glared at me like a Gargon or a Bisilask?

Sir John. Say? Say *boo*, as thou wouldst to any other gander.

Dame Quickly. I did not say *boo*, Sir John, but I said *bah*, at the first; and I thought 'a would have gone into a cataplexy, 'a tore his hair so, Sir John, and grinded wi' his teeth, and bawled: —

'Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune!
Break all the spokes and fellies of thy wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!'

What could I do then, Sir John? I was never called such names before, I warrant you, nor such terms and epitaphs.

Sir John. You should have set the cat on him. I wonder he did not run when you said *bah!* You said it not loud enough. I have seen him run from a flock of sheep in full cry ere now. . . . Well, dame, thy goose is cooked. . . . And so is mine. But let us hope a French bolt gets him in the French wars. . . . Ah, the wars . . . I shall not go to the wars. Bardolph and Pym and Pistol will go. Already, like Job's warhorse, they smell the battle afar off. But bullyboy Jack will never go again.

Dame Quickly. Marry, Sir John, what should you be doing at the wars, at your age?

Sir John. Do, dame? What should I not do? Is there not fortunes to be made? Is there not skirmishes and marches and counter-marches and palisadoes and sieges and retreats? What should I do there? What I have always done. Where there be soldiers, there must needs be recruits; and where there be recruits, there is money. Give me but ten weeks in the wars, mistress, and I should pay thee and Shallow ten times over. Perchance I should win grace once more with the King. . . . The King! He dare not see me, for fear I should make him laugh. Put me overseas in the wars, and it would go hard but I should make him see me. Let him see me, and I can make him laugh yet, Nell.

Dame Quickly (*aside*). Were he here, he were more like to weep. . . . Go to, Sir John. Thou canst make him laugh yet, I warrant thee.

Sir John. Nay, Nell. Flatter me not. 'T is too late . . . too late. . . . I thank thee, Nell. Thou'rt a good wench. Now, I would sleep a while.

Dame Quickly. But first, Sir John, drink thy broth. Francis shall heat it again and . . .

Sir John. Peace, good pint-pot.

Dame Quickly. Come, come, Sir John . . .

Sir John. Peace, good tickle-brain. I would sleep.

PRAYER FOR WEARINESS

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

Two things I ask thee, Lord:
  Labor, and sleep.
Oh, let the one be hard,
  The other deep.
Give me a stubborn soil,
  Rock-strewn and wet,
And make me drunk with toil,
  Till I forget.

These arms that were not strong
  Enough to hold
One woman very long,
  Let them grow old,
Bearers of stone and steel
  And earth and tree,
Until they cannot feel
  A memory.

Once rapture I desired,
  Now all I ask
The slumber of the tired,
  And then the task.
Toil till I cannot think,
  I ask no less.
Then, Heaven, let me drink
  Unconsciousness.

BUT IS IT ART?

BY WILLIAM ORTON

I

THE question has been asked before.

Years and years ago, when Mary Pickford was just Gladys Smith and the prince of pantomime was 'doing' the London halls with Fred Karno, D. W. Griffith was thinking it over, hopefully. And certainly there have been movies, now and then, that deserved an affirmative answer. But technique has never yet stood still long enough to get the question finally disposed of. Now we have sound, — such lots of it! — with color on the way. Mass entertainment becomes more massive, its finances more gigantic, its publicity machine more formidable, day by day. Radio, linked up with the movies and what is left of vaudeville, has now captured almost the entire concert management business; and here is the R C A–Rockefeller combination building what it calls 'a city of art: a city of artists and educators, whose lives are devoted solely to producing æsthetic enjoyment, entertainment, and education to all the people on a national or even world-wide scale. It seems almost like the impossible dream of art enthusiasts through the centuries suddenly come to life.' Almost — but not quite. The question still is open. Is it art?

Who cares? I do. And who am I? I am one of many thousands of people — thousands, mark you, Mr. Movie Producer (though I suppose mere thousands are nothing to you) — who have learned somehow to know good from bad, true from false, in more things than clothes, food, and tobacco. You will find us everywhere — from college classrooms and faculty clubs to the fur trades, the hat trades, the needle trades, of New York, Rochester, Chicago, Cincinnati, and points west.

I admit you have the aces — as a class, we are not rich; but other trades than yours find us worth cultivating. We buy a good many books, and keep a steady pressure on the libraries for those we can't afford. We fill the cheaper seats wherever good drama is showing or good music is being played, and if ever you have municipal opera in New York, we are the people who will most steadily (and critically) support it. Go to the Stadium concerts or the Metropolitan gallery if you don't believe me.

As a class, we are not highbrow. We are not socially important enough to make discrimination a disguise for snobbery. We read detective tales by the bushel (and how we have jacked up their quality, by the way!) along with Thomas Mann and Artsibashev; we like our Amos 'n' Andy, know real jazz from imitation, and visit the Burlesque on a bellyful of beer and sauerkraut when we can get it. I think you would feel at home with us, Mr. Movie Producer — or you would have done so ten years ago, before you took yourself and your bank account so seriously. For what we want is not so much the æsthetic — that term has an anæmic sound to modern ears — as the real, the significant, the vital. And to us most of what you offer is as dead as last Sunday's mutton.

Perhaps that is as good a working definition of art, for this day and age, as one could get — the real, the significant, the vital. But it puts you, Mr. Producer, in a rather difficult position. For here you are with a technique — a very skillful technique — that is essentially, in your view, a reproduction; and how can any mere reproduction, no matter how good, be made to fit within that definition? The painter does not 'reproduce' a landscape, nor the poet a slice of experience. But movie technique in America seems determined to become an imitation of an imitation, a reproduction of a reproduction. As such, I am willing to grant, it may have a quite legitimate function. It can supplement the newspaper with the news reel, — the one makes about as much appeal to thought as the other, — and it can disseminate over a very wide field some knowledge of successful stage plays. That is something.

But it is not enough. Even from the box-office point of view, it is not enough. There is a considerable section of the public that demands more — demands, in fact, that the cinema move toward the status of an independent art in America as it is doing elsewhere. In order to achieve that status, begin that movement, cinema must fulfill the prerequisite that applies to all art in any medium whatever: namely, *the discovery of something to say, and a way of saying it, uniquely fitted to the particular means of expression.* The rule holds good without exception for any technique whatsoever — from soap in sculpture to Wilfrid Thomas and his color-organ or Stravinsky and the ballet.

In the light of that criterion, the basic trouble with American cinema is that it has nothing to say. And having evolved no vision of its own, suited to its own unique potentialities, it goes shopping around for things to say that have already been said in other techniques. Sometimes — as in *Holiday, Street Scene,* and *Five Star Final* — it succeeds in saying them over again extremely well. But hardly ever does it put its resources to work on genuine movie material. It was learning to do so, with encouraging results, up to about four years ago. But then came sound, and set it back almost where it had started.

The development of the silent picture in eliminating the tedious and ridiculous captions and telling a true story of movement in direct and often beautiful picturization was full of promise. Chaplin and Fairbanks had brought their technique to a point at which it really became an art form. *The Thief of Bagdad* may well have recalled to theatregoers the thrill that swept over London twenty years ago when Reinhardt brought Sumurun to the Coliseum, with the inimitable Constantin. And then King Vidor, in *The Crowd,* fulfilled — though in a very different fashion — Griffith's early dream of the mass drama; fulfilled it, despite the frequent false notes, in a fashion that can stand beside the best of Ufa or Sovkino and will probably remain unequaled in America for decades.

But the accession of sound set the whole industry back upon the wrong road — the road of imitation. Drama never got anywhere along that road, and neither — as an art — will the movie. The more it succeeds, the more it will fail.

When one sees a play one is never,

one is not supposed to be, unaware that it is a play. It enacts itself under certain well-understood conditions, conventions, and limitations, out of which — out of these very conventions and limitations — the dramatist builds his art form. But the movie has no such accepted conventions and limitations save the one of black and white which it is trying hard to abolish. A movie kiss may not be immoral, but is nearly always offensive. It is more offensive than a stage kiss, since we are never in danger of forgetting that the stage kiss is stage, whereas the movie is always trying to make us forget that it is movie. It tries all the time to persuade us that it is life, to palm itself off as a slice of reality. Sound, as Hollywood uses sound, has encouraged it in this meretricious endeavor; with the result that a technical innovation of great importance has actually proved an impediment to the development of a genuine art.

II

Here we have a special case of a general and very interesting problem — the relation of technique to art in an age of applied science. In the thirteenth century there was no such problem — for the simple reason that technique was almost entirely manual. *The same disciplines which led to mastery of technique led also in the direction of what technique was for.* We do not find competent technique along with base design or ignoble aim; because training in workmanship was also, in the nature of the case, training in art. The master craftsman was not 'at a loose end' in the use of his craft; for, though it would be too much to say that even then technique and purpose were the same thing, they grew together out of the same stem and flowered together in execution and intention. The social pattern of work organization reflected the integration of process, product, and purpose.

It was true then, as it has always been, that great achievements need the support of accumulated wealth; workmen must be fed, housed, and cared for while their product is far in the future — whether or not that product is ultimately to be the means of taking back from the community more than was advanced to the workpeople. But the accumulated wealth which sustained the workpeople in the great ages of art was not seeking returns of a financial nature; and from that fact the workpeople derived an advantage largely denied to workpeople of to-day. The patronage which sustained them stood for an idea with which they could do something, instead of an idea with which they can do nothing — a purpose which enlisted their allegiance to a degree far beyond that which terminates with the pay envelope. It is no doubt well-intentioned of Mr. Smith to exhibit the portraits of the steel workers at the entrances of the Empire State Building; but neither publicity nor the size of the pay envelope can compare as an incentive with that mediæval idealism which tapped the vein of power at so much deeper a level. The struggle of a modern corporation to earn its dividends does not provide the artists in its service with 'something to say' in the sense in which the nature of their enterprise furnished an æsthetic programme to the mediæval craftsmen.

Similarly, among the workpeople themselves, the social pattern — based, when you come to think of it, on the fact that technique was manual — afforded safeguards for art itself that later disappeared. It is true that guild organization was eventually subverted by wealth and nepotism to a point at which it had to die a violent death. But in its proper time that organization reflected the characteristic fact of mediæval production — the fact that the same disciplines which led to mastery of technique led also in the direction of what technique was for. 'I cannot help believing,' says Mr. G. G. Coulton, in his *Art and the Reformation*, 'that the generality of men were no more artistic then than they are now; and that, if they did not show the frequent modern preference for thoroughly bad art, it was because there was no thoroughly bad art for them to choose. The apprenticeship and guild system, which hindered the highest flights of all, rendered impossible the vilest lapses.' If we look at the matter from a contemporary standpoint, that, after all, appears more than a little!

Our modern problem arises with the application of large-scale methods of production of all sorts, and especially with the coming in of the new spirit by which those methods were encouraged and directed — the spirit which Catholics ascribe to the Reformation, and Protestants to the Renaissance. Whether that spirit widened the economic gulf between rich and poor is debatable. There was certainly no innovation about the fact that it was still concentrated wealth that provided the chief opportunities for art. But there was novelty in the means by which wealth might be concentrated. There was, above all, novelty in the preposterous doctrine that the employment of wealth simply to produce more wealth constituted virtue before God and man. Contentious as might be the theology of the Incarnation, art had found centuries of inspiration in the idea of the Nativity. It could do nothing with Benjamin Franklin's idea of 'money begetting money.' The new idea has become just as universal as the old; it happens to be an idea that is no good to the artist. Why is it no good to the artist? Because, philosophically considered, it has no meaning.

But in compensation for this loss of catholicity in its message, it is sometimes said, art has been 'socialized' through the reproductive power of machinery. The fallacy is tempting, but patent. The fact that machine technique turns out tons or thousands where manual technique could produce only pounds or dozens does not mean that art is being socialized. For art lives in men's minds, or nowhere; and you cannot make good the impairment of men's minds by surrounding them with larger quantities of things. Any bit of Gothic carving, poor and unique though it be, represents a more truly socialized art than a victrola record. The very imperfections of Colonial furniture speak a language that is lost in the modern factory. We need not deny that there are also gains involved in the transition. But whether they are compensatory gains is still an open question.

III

It is, however, in the development of technique itself that the significance of the change comes out most clearly. Under machine technique it is no longer generally true that the disciplines which lead to mastery of the technique lead also in the direction of what technique is for. Training in workmanship is no longer, generally speaking, training in art.

There are cases in which the continuity of technique and purpose still obtains, and it is these cases that constitute the real art of our time — though we do not usually think of them in that way. The modern locomotive, the automobile, the aeroplane, the dynamo; the feats of civil engineering, especially the great dams; the instruments of the astronomer and the physicist — here are cases where mastery of technique still means mastery of design, where execution and intention run together, and the product sings with the old integrity of workmanship fully informed of purpose from the start. Above all, the battleship — the one image of our time that can rouse the populace as could a Gothic portal in the age of faith. Whether these things are great art raises questions of ultimate intention that we must leave aside; but at least they fulfill the conditions under which art must always be produced. If architects were steelworkers, in the same sense in which the builders of locomotives and battleships are engineers, architecture too might be more than a question mark.

But over a wide field that was once the domain of art the divorce of technique from purpose has raised a series of problems. Nor, indeed, over that field alone: the same disintegration is manifest in other social controls than that of art — the business of credit, for example. Here too, much to our cost, we find that knowledge of technique can be acquired without wisdom in its application, and that 'money begetting money' as an ultimate purpose is not even safe. So, most conspicuously, in the pseudo-arts that science itself has created — radio and the movies. Here again we have impressive technical development which does not of itself convey any hint of proper function or worthy purpose. The mediæval mason could not carve his stone without some conception of what was fitting in design and what the stone was for. The copyist, even if he was no monk, but merely a paid scribe (and sometimes very poorly paid), had, in the nature of his work, purpose and function. For the glassworker, design was technique, technique design, and function the governor of both. So with woodworker and smith, armorer and lapidary, poet and musician. But in the 'arts' born of science, technique gives no adequate lead to purpose. Radio gives us a machine that will faithfully convey — anything you like; to the technician, as such, political blah and Beethoven symphony are all the same.

Recently a friend of mine, an expert photographer, went out in a London taxi at midnight, testing a new supersensitive film. He shot five hundred feet of it on ordinary street scenes, and every bit was overexposed! Magnificent achievement of technique! — but what to do with it when you have it? Technique as such has no more to say; *technicians* as such have no more to say. And in the absence of the direct lead from technique to ultimate function, function becomes the uncontested quarry of the money motive, dictated by the patrons of technique — the money-makers. Within these pseudo-arts the artist has no natural status; if he would enter at all, it must be as an outsider who has to fight or compromise in an almost single-handed battle. The advantages that science has bestowed on his technique are more than offset by the severity of the struggle he has to make for his own spiritual integrity. And it is ironic that this struggle is most severe in just those fields that should give him his fullest opportunity — radio and the cinema.

IV

The proximate aim in both these fields is that of entertainment — partly because this is the one proximate aim thoroughly consistent with the ultimate idea of 'money begetting money,' partly because the controllers are genuinely unable to envisage, or to compass, anything else. And the first thing to be said about it is that entertainment is not enough. It is not an adequate policy by which to deal with the common people. It is not even safe. After all, it has been tried before on a still grander scale. It killed the Latin drama much as it is killing the English, together with what there was of music and poetry, and it helped to kill Roman civilization itself. 'All the resources and appliances of material civilization were mobilized to produce spectacles on a scale which the world has never seen before or since, and the net result was, from the point of view of culture, less than nothing.'

'Ah, but,' say the money-makers, 'our entertainment is moral!' The movie industry points to the pontifical jurisdiction of the Hays organization, with its production code of negative maxims and its lists of previewing organizations 'endorsing' pictures whose one claim to approval is that they do not conflict with the prejudices of really 'nice' people. What more could anyone want?

Again, the first thing to be said is that morality — this sort of morality — is not enough. Morality of this negative generalized kind needs frequent and vigorous challenging if it is not to degenerate into the lukewarm messiness of people who never indulge in a good drink, a cold bath, or an honest quarrel. All it amounts to is a rude procedure for assuring that the mass of people shall never be startled into thinking seriously, for holding the popular *mores* as stationary as possible in a world which is in every other respect changing rapidly. Bad taste, false sentiment, and downright vulgarity abound in endorsed pictures — to say nothing of the unendorsed pictures which go merrily on. The one stipulation is apparently that the cinema shall confirm the comfortable conviction that mass ideology is the best of all possible faiths, and that people who interfere with it are either villains *per se* or misguided innocents with whom a Hollywood providence will deal sternly in the last reel. The European movie, technically inferior as it often is to the American, is far more stimulating, because it is free both to deal seriously with important social issues and to make fun of things in general — including such sacrosanct affairs as marriage and divorce. The American movie, its system clogged and constipated with a sticky diet of stale ideas, has rendered itself almost incapable of either good drama or good farce.

The case of Mr. Dreiser and Mr. von Sternberg is illuminating. It might well have been doubted whether the essential values of *An American Tragedy* could possibly be translated into a moving picture; but $138,000 is a lot of money, and Mr. Dreiser assented to having the effort made. Here is what he thinks — with good reason — of the result: The novel is 'an indictment of our social system,' and the film is a 'gross misrepresentation.' 'Instead of the picture presenting a universal psychological theme, it tells a specific story of a murder; instead of an indictment of society, the picture is a justification of society and an indictment of Clyde.' And here, most illuminating of all, is a letter which the industry publishes officially as proof of its slogan that 'the objectionable becomes *un*objectionable': 'When I heard this picture was to be made I rather regretted it, as I felt the book was not of sufficient value to be brought before the public. *The picture has made me change my mind.*'

Current movie ideology is illustrated even more vividly by two press extracts reproduced side by side in the *Motion Picture Monthly* — the official organ of the Hays office. One states the opinion of the *Presbyterian*, a church publication from Philadelphia: 'We saw *Skippy*, which is making its appeal to children. To us it was not funny and was utterly wrong in its general philosophy, and also presented a sickly sentimentalism on the part of silly parents.' The other is an editorial comment from the *Press* of Houston, Texas: 'When Skippy threw himself on the bed with his little heart seemingly broken, and when a little girl in front of me cried over the death of a dog in the picture, I was not ashamed that I had to wipe something from my eyes also. I like to see such pictures presented in Houston.' Will it be believed that the industry thinks it has proved the value of the film by printing these two extracts side by side? One would like to hear the candid comments of any half-dozen Hollywood producers on Skippy and the sentimental editor.

After all, it is not as if Hollywood or Mr. Hays were consumed with a burning fire of conviction as to the finality of common taste or morality. The situation would be more hopeful if they were — somebody might undertake to cure them, and there would be an issue in the air. Mr. Hays was put in to drag the industry out of a mess, and stays in (very expensively) to keep it on the right side of the politicians and the bank ledgers. The result is that the American movie, considered as a whole, has *nothing to say;* and the public, this past two years, has been showing on that account a perceptible loss of interest in it.

It is matter, therefore, for serious consideration whether it would not be worth while, both for the industry and for the public, to scrap the entire line of tactics and propaganda pursued by the Hays organization and encourage producers to go ahead and produce whatever they like. Undoubtedly there would be some risk involved — some pornography, in short. But there would remain, not merely the police, but an increasing number of people in the industry itself concerned to take it seriously and stop abuse. And there might be a good deal gained, for a reason suggested earlier in this article, which the reader may now care to consider.

V

The movie industry, even in America, is at last beginning to develop an independent technique. It has been slow to do this because its principal interest hitherto has been, not the technique of the cinema, but the technique of 'money begetting money.' The power, however, of a purely technical interest in the cinema as such is asserting itself in numerous small groups or individuals scattered about the country, and to some extent even in Hollywood; and it is from technique, if from anywhere, that salvation may come.

By this I mean that if the American cinema, or any considerable part of it, can move forward from the point at which it is merely the commercial exploitation of an ingenious machine to the point at which it regards that machine as a necessary incidental in the practice of a genuine technique *of the cinema as such*, — a new means of expression, — then that technique itself may push its practitioners forward into a position in which they will be compelled to find something significant to say. A genuine cinema technique will (or rather may) of itself demand theme and subject matter that are significant in the social and philosophical, as well as in the artistic, sense. This is possibility, not certainty. And even as possibility it presupposes certain essentials: freedom for the producer, and an outlet to the public (which may have to be specially devised); freedom from the mob ideology inculcated by the Hays office and the financial interests; selection of theme and subject purely from the cinema point of view — not from a desire to exploit, for financial reasons, any new craze, story, news topic, or reputation. But there is this much as *prima facie* encouragement for such a forecast: the films which have won lasting recognition as worth while, in the larger sense, are in most cases those in which a genuine cinema technique has been most nearly approached.

To take an early example, D. W. Griffith was one of the first men in America to strive for the development of a cinema technique that should be more than mere photography, or cinephotography. He developed not only spectacle (artificial, in his case), but the visual leitmotif, some intelligent use of the close-up, and an elementary *montage;* he realized, too, the emotional power of the visual sequence. Mr. Griffith would be the first to testify that his desire to do these things — to achieve what he called the mass drama — compelled him to search for material that would sustain them; and the result was that the famous Griffith films had something to say — something not very profound or original, perhaps, something that reflected in certain ways his personal prejudices, but something significant as far as it went.

Again, the moments of greatness that King Vidor has achieved are precisely those in which his technique has been nearest to pure cinema; his moments (or half hours) of failure are precisely those in which he falls back on mere story, star, or mob sentiment to carry his film along. Mr. Flaherty's film, just because it is so often real movie, conveys something profoundly suggestive to thought and imagination. Chaplin's work, precisely because it is so nearly pure cinema, constitutes a commentary on life that defies expression in any other medium. In Europe the documentary film is full of promise — the film in which actual subject matter is used simply on the basis of its suitability to cinema expression. The result is in many cases a challenging, yet almost unconscious, comment on civilization.

Let me state here that I purposely avoid discussion of the revolutionary cinema of Russia. That cinema has from its very nature something significant to say; and its tremendous incentive gives it a corresponding æsthetic advantage. Its outlook is far more hopeful, and its essential problem far simpler, than that of the American cinema. Similarly I make my acknowledgments to the revolutionary groups in this country and in England, especially to the editors of *Experimental Cinema* — groups which have come to demand a radical change in social control and philosophy. They may be right in their contention that there is no redeeming the popular cinema without such change. I will go so far as to say that it looks that way at present. But I am trying here to outline a position which makes the fewest possible demands, which starts as near as possible to existing American circumstances. And, with that in mind, the best hope I can discern lies in an increasing preoccupation with cinema technique — in the development, that is to say, of an attitude in which all that science can give is taken for granted, and its appliances fall increasingly into the control of men concerned with cinema expression as such. Then, I suggest, it may once more be true that mastery of technique will lead also in the direction of what technique is for.

VI

The reader, if (like the writer) he is a pure outsider in this business, needs at this point to understand somewhat more definitely what is meant by the technique of the cinema; especially in those respects in which it is different from the technique of the camera. The vast mass of American movies are still mere photography — good, when they are good, only in a mechanical sense. The usual American film is built of what is supposed to be popular subject matter, — story, play, novel, revue, any old thing, — plus star, plus a few camera tricks and bits of camera prettiness tied together in a desperate effort to amuse the thirteen-year-old mind. (As a matter of fact, much of it is an insult to even the thirteen-year-olds. I have two, and I know it.) The thesis here advanced applies to it, therefore, only so far as an increasing interest in the cinema itself can win its way against all the other pressures and motives.

Cinema consists of three elements — image, movement, sequence; and a little thought about each of them in turn can put the layman in a position to understand at least the elements of the discussion.

Image: a photograph in a rectangular frame; a photograph of something seen. There are so many different things to see, and so many people to see them! And we all see such different things in the same objects, the same people — do we not? If anyone could show me your world exactly as you see it, — even if it consists of pretty much the same things, the same people, as my world, — I might learn quite a lot about you. And then suppose you are a farmer and I a city clerk; or suppose you are on the crest of the wave, and I in the trough of some misfortune or obsession — what different things we shall see in each other's worlds! Here is one possibility of camera work in the hands of a director (like Alexander Room) who can get inside people's minds, and give you his characters by giving you their world as it is to them.

Next take the case everybody has encountered — the case of the artist, sweating and suffering to show you the things *he* sees in your world for no other reason than because he must. Still photography is being used to do this, not only in Germany but in America, in the work of Alfred Stieglitz and Edward Weston and other pioneers. The significance of things — that is what such men are after, not mere prettiness. To see their work is an event; something happens to the spectator, even if it is only a shock, a challenge to the visual understanding. If you cannot see their work, look at a Cézanne or a Van Gogh still life — especially at Van Gogh's 'Kitchen Chair.' Here, indeed, is more than the camera can ever do; but the effort to grasp the peculiar kind of significance that such work attains will convey an idea of what image may be. The essence of it cannot be translated, though a whole metaphysic may be built around it.

Now consider the appearances of things as they may come to a philosophic or reflective mind; the sort of mind that, seeing them for what they are, sees them at the same time in a certain mood, a certain temper, a certain key — the key of compassion, let us say, or irony, or fatalism, or, if that is possible, *sub specie æternitatis.* This is the order of vision that we meet in Eisenstein, in Chaplin, sometimes in King Vidor — this personal impersonality, this effort to convey through the image a certain way of apprehending things, a certain sense of life. And remember that at one moment your vision may be almost completely filled with some quite small thing, — an ink bottle, a fly, a hand (this is the justification for the close-up), — while at the next it may take in the contours of an entire landscape, an entire city; also that the camera can see more than the eye can see — farther down, and higher up, as it were. Observe, too, that in all this we are taking for granted all the technical accomplishments of the camera as such, — depth, *chiaroscuro*, stereoscopic effect, composition in the frame, camera angle, distortion, and so on, — and feeling our way forward toward a *use* of them which shall give us an idea of what these things are for.

Movement, and the rhythm of movement: the event. Let me say briefly (though it is, I think, the most æsthetically important of all these pointers) that all that is true of image — all — is in the same way true of the event. The cinema is much closer to the event than the stage — let anyone who doubts it read George Arliss's amusing account of his first cinema experience in *Up the Years from Bloomsbury.* I would ask the reader to apply, bit by bit, what has been said above of the image to the concept of the event; for this is one of the fundamental and unique properties of true cinema. The work of Pudovkin shows it in an intense degree; Pommer and René Clair use it effectively, though in quite other keys. Then the rhythm of movement — of gesture, of crowds, of machinery; of traffic, of the sky, of the waves — here is something that cinema can handle and control to its own purposes, sometimes in the object itself, always in the instrument. And here again we have a technique that begins where photography leaves off, and leads — or may lead — of itself in the direction of what technique is for.

Sequence: the succession of images and events, not all in the same tempo, the same key, or the same degree of realization. That is visual life, that is cinema. Here is an illuminating quotation: 'The possibility that the great master did not realize the erroneous relationship of the sizes is quite out of the question. He rejected naturalism quite consciously, and while every detail separately regarded is constructed on the principle of the most concentrated naturalism, their combination in the general composition is subordinated solely to the problem of content. He took as his normal proportions the quintessence of psychological expressiveness.' The passage refers, not to a cinema artist, but to the eighteenth-century Japanese engraver, Sharaku; and it is quoted from Kurth's monograph by Eisenstein in a recent issue of *Experimental Cinema.* Eisenstein adds: —

'Is not this exactly what we of the cinema do in time, as he in simultaneity, when we cause a monstrous disproportion of the elements of a normally flowing event, dismembering it. . . . By the combination of these monstrous incongruities we gather up the disintegrated event once more into one whole, but in our aspect. According to our treatment in relation to the event.'

That brings the reader into contact with what I am tempted to call the metaphysics of *montage* — *montage* being the deliberate ordering of sequence in film image and event, looking toward the final totality of effect.

I take another, perhaps easier, analogy from the writings of the pianist, George Woodhouse. Woodhouse, taking the Tannhäuser 'Pilgrims' Chorus' as a familiar example, asks, In what does the music really consist? It is not simply in the melody. It is not in the rather uninteresting chords, taken as chords. The music is what happens *in between* the chords, happens in the listener's mind; the music is in the sequence. From the tension established in the mind, subsisting and developing through the succession of auditory impulses, arises a whole that is more than the sum of the parts — that is, in short, Wagner's music. Along such lines advanced workers in the cinema are developing their own visual-temporal art — an art that is only just struggling into the Hollywood consciousness. And again, it turns out to be a technique that may, of its own momentum, push the film forward into the realm of meaning.

VII

That the development in America of cinema technique may lead in the direction of really significant art is but a guess; but in view of the circumstances it seems the best guess possible. The present financial motivation of the industry imposes on it a double handicap: the advance toward a genuine cinema technique is retarded, and the results of that technique sincerely and courageously used are discountenanced. Sincerity and courage are not among the virtues known to the Hays office. Yet neither of these handicaps is inherent even in private financial control. Movies everywhere are commercial except in Russia; but even from the commercial point of view it pays better to aim high than to aim low. The American cinema for many years has based its policy upon the appeal to the mob mind. It is now paying the penalty — the financial penalty — of having done so. It is likely to go on paying that penalty for a long time without even the consolation of being able to lay the blame upon the trade depression. For the simple fact is that people are easily surfeited with that sort of entertainment. So long as new shocks, new stunts, can be produced every week, idle curiosity may sustain interest; but the shocks and the stunts become more and more expensive as they become less and less effective, and eventually the public is seized with apathy while the industry is in the grip of financial elephantiasis.

That is the present position. The public has reached the point at which all movies and all movie stars begin to look alike; and it will not take the trouble to distinguish the good films from the bad ones. As a matter of fact, the industry has produced some of the best narrative films ever made anywhere within the past year or so. But it has gone on so long advertising bad work and good work alike in shrieking superlatives that the appeal no longer 'registers.' We have heard it all so often before.

If the movie industry were to consult the librarians as to what people read in America, it might get some inkling of its own mistake. Apart from the phenomenal success in this country of such authors as Dewey, Wells, Russell, Jeans, Eddington, the tremendous improvement within the past decade in the quality of popular novels, detective stories, and the writing in the big weeklies is worth pondering by the commercial producers. America is not so completely tabloid-minded as Hollywood thinks it is. Thousands upon thousands of quite ordinary people have so often paid their money to sit in darkness for a couple of hours and have their senses and their intelligence simultaneously affronted that not even the industry's most frantic advertising will now lure them within reach of a box office. The industry has aimed for years too low, and the public has awakened to the fact before Hollywood. It does not pay to libel half a nation. In the long run, art (or the nearest you can get to it) is a better investment than claptrap.

We are not yet ready to admit — at least, the writer is not — that the only hope for art lies in social revolution. If the Russian cinema is on the whole the finest, that is not because of, but in spite of, the fact that it is propaganda. Its strength lies in its freedom from the stupid fetishism of 'money begetting money,' in its freedom to concern itself with life that is real in place of life that is sham. It might be even stronger were the hand of the state less heavy upon it. For it is less likely that revolution will foster art than that art will foster revolution; and there is no general validity in either theorem. All that can be said is that art will gravitate toward that system in which it finds the greater freedom. Poor and dangerous is the state of that nation in which the search for riches involves the enslavement of the arts.

This is not generally the case of America. Whatever else may be said of America, it cannot be accused of unfriendliness toward the arts. Here is the possibility of a new art, born out of science, which may with luck and courage (invincible combination!) enable American society to look itself in the face as never before, and perhaps — who knows? — discern some nobler destiny upon its forehead than 'money begetting money.' Why should not the industry use its own powers of finance and publicity, its control of distribution and exhibition facilities, in order to keep its output worthy of a people that still claims to be both free and progressive? It has everything — including perhaps a few dollars — to gain, and, heaven knows, little enough to lose. Or must this become yet another case where private charity has to be called in to rescue culture from civilization?

A CANDLE FOR SAINT BONIFACE

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

I

MUCH going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down therein have bred in me if not perpetual at least occasional benediction. The object of this gratitude is a figure little celebrated in modern liturgies, whom I venture to canonize as Saint Boniface. Not, of course, the well-known martyr of that name who evangelized Germany, though in my adventurous youth I have found comfort in many a German inn. Nor that jovial pope who, all-unconscious of prohibition, promised indulgence to all good fellows who should ever drink his health. Precise hagiologists, indeed, will pompously declare my Boniface no saint at all, but a mere figment of modern fiction.

This puny origin is, I submit, an utterly unworthy and unsatisfying one for the eponym of universal hospitality. If such an order have not a patron saint, who of us should? Have not hunters Saint Hubert? And Democrats Saint Tammany, though they make little of his honors, being content to relate that he was a very, very good Indian, the wise chief of the Lenni-Lenape? But I can bear witness to his sainthood, for I have been in his parish, dined at his hotel, and traveled on the good ship that bears his name.

I therefore invite all travelers, which is to say everybody, to join me in offering saintly honors to Boniface. And I now place my slender taper before his modest shrine. It is, in short, the modern hotel keeper — or, more exactly, the keeper of the modern hotel — whom I would celebrate. He shall be my muse supreme, and light and lead me to my theme.

Bigger things than candles have been offered to Saint Boniface before now, and those who rate saints by the size of the offerings made to them may well take note of this. For, in a beautiful village I wot of, a man has erected and actually endowed a delightful hotel, richly furnished within, and without — *pace* Saint Andrew! — equipped with a golf course all its own. Myself, as a devotee of Saint Boniface, I see in this incident everything to admire, and rate the donor above the givers of libraries and playgrounds, if not of hospitals and schools. Would that every successful son of an inhospitable town might thus ennoble his native place, endowing it with the perfect grace of hospitality! Surely generations of pilgrims would rise up to call him blessed.

And if the hotel be the index of civilization, what better thing can one do than to build a good one and set the index forward, thus giving civilization something to overtake? But this is hardly a fair way of putting it, either. For who has not motored up a broad, shady street, bordered with stately houses, where people dwell in comfort and at ease, only to find that the place has no spot fit to eat in, to say nothing of sleeping?

II

Which brings me to the heart of the matter, and the real cause of my unfeigned gratitude to Saint Boniface. For it has suddenly occurred to me that the wonder and marvel of it all is that in a place I never heard of till yesterday Boniface has been for years prepared for my reception and comfort, and has been, as it were, waiting for me.

Of course, not for me alone; but none the less really ready and waiting for me. And if I stay away a generation and then go there again he will once more be ready and waiting. Ready at the Rhone Glacier, just beyond the summit of the Furca Pass, if you please; and ready at the Beaurivage in Geneva, where you stopped once thirty years ago, and where our patient Boniface has been taking down the shutters and opening the *salle à manger* every day these thirty years and more, in readiness for your return. Surely there is something saintly in all this. It is nothing less than the perseverance of the saints, and has something of the sublime regularity of nature itself, by virtue of which, while the earth remaineth, summer and winter and day and night shall not cease.

And if, sometimes, prices seem a trifle in excess of what we could buy and cook the breakfast for ourselves, we must remember that it is only fair to pay something toward all the preparations that have been at our service and steadily waiting our convenience all the times we have not been here. But this may be a dangerous suggestion to offer to the order of Saint Boniface and I will not pursue it.

If the age and size of his shrines be criteria, the architecture of Boniface will hold its own with the best of them. The Crown at Slough is centuries older than Saint Peter's, and who does not know that the largest dome in the world is part of a hotel at West Baden, Indiana? And if it comes to atmosphere, what are Karnak and Stonehenge to the decayed but mighty splendors of Saratoga Springs?

That Boniface is a creation of English fiction is, I submit, an idea decisively negatived by his English style. Indeed the extraordinary possibilities of our noble English tongue remain quite unexplored by the stay-at-home element of our population. The stateliest of Madrid hotels has its floors obligingly numbered 1th, 2th, 3th, and so on, a sight to cheer the elevator rider even in the warmest weather. 'Please not expel any cigarettes and no matches to the windows,' plaintively pleads the Métropole Suisse in Como. Could the thing be more engagingly and disarmingly presented? It is simply impossible to take offense.

This restraint of expression surely reaches its climax at Ivrea, as you come down the valley from the Great St. Bernard Pass, where you have just paid your respects to the famous stuffed life-saver in the convent parlor. At Ivrea you read without surprise, 'Client has not to draw dogs into his room or into restaurant.' What a relief! Clearly you might have had to. But you do not. By the mercy of Saint Boniface you can retire peacefully to rest without having to draw dogs anywhere.

Perhaps you have never drawn a dog, and hardly know how to begin. Of course dogs do draw travelers; A traveler by the faithful hound Half buried in the snow was found, and it may be necessary in some circumstances for the traveler, acting as the animal's client, to return the compliment. But why into the restaurant? If it is what it should be, it should not be necessary to draw the dog within. The thing is full of problems. And what a relief it is, this first day in many years on Italian soil, to know that, weary as you are with the long ride from Territet over the pass and down that glorious valley, you need not attempt the feat to-night.

Then, too, there is a positively pastoral solicitude about the modern Boniface. The precautions he takes against losing us by fire are an example. There is always the primitive method of leaving under the bed a long rope, made fast to the bedpost. The operation of this device is, of course, obvious. You simply seize the loose end firmly in both hands and jump from the window. Far more enjoyable is the coiled-spring contrivance sometimes seen in resort hotels. The directions instruct you to seat yourself upon the crossbar and slip lightly from the window sill to the ground. There was to be a fire drill the day after we left the Grand Canyon Hotel, and it was a bitter disappointment to me not to remain and see the guests gracefully parachuting from their several windows to the ground, and then, presumably, sailing lightly up again, as the powerful spring reasserted itself. Strange that no hotel has thought to advertise itself with a picture of this commanding spectacle, so appealing to the timid and the adventurous alike.

III

Of course it goes without saying that one must not approach Boniface empty-handed. Besides the check book, one will often need a set of tools, and some simple practical devices such as wedges to stop the windows rattling, some black cloth to suspend before them to keep out the intermittent electric signs which are found in the more barbarous settlements, perhaps a nail or two to hang the shaving mirror on, and a small can of thick black paint to smear over the transom to keep the hall light out. A British guide earnestly advises visitors to France to take along a brick to place on the heater in the car floor to keep their feet from being burned. But far more essential is a set of football pads to be worn in scrambling on French trains, when all the reckless daring of the Gallic bourgeoisie appears in full flood.

But fashions change, and Boniface is getting so fastidious and exclusive about his votaries that I am resolved before visiting his foreign shrines again to provide myself with a rubber stamp declaring my name, age, rank, religion, politics, nationality, nativity, parentage, matrimonial state, purpose in life, and the like, so that I may not have to stand at his portal trying to remember and set down these particulars before being shown a place to lay my head. Especially when physically wearied after a long day's ride, and mentally exhausted with trying to remember all the various Louis's and Philips, and their miscellaneous womankind, and what (if anything) each was noted for, it is tedious to have to write out where you spent last night, and where you mean to spend the next one, when you landed and what you are doing here anyway, besides answering ingenious questions which you never thought of before, the answers to which cannot possibly be of any value or even interest to anyone in the world. What do they do with all these materials afterward, one wonders. Have you and I really our respective dossiers in the Sûreté and Scotland Yard, or the Home Office? And if my purpose in life underwent a change in the course of my travels, and was duly so reported, would it matter very much to them, and what would they do about it?

It is surely saintly business to rouse us, as Boniface does, to frenzies of benevolence or iconoclasm; to raise us to heights of crusading enthusiasm or plunge us into depths of asceticism. An American gentleman at Tours last summer was ruefully regarding the well-known frugal Continental breakfast set before him. Questioned as to his state of mind, he reported unfavorably. He said he had slept between two damp sails, with a rock for a pillow. What does asceticism require of its votaries more than this?

And as for ecstasies of benevolence, who has not felt the swelling inner impulse to bestow all the residue of his estate to provide bathrooms for England or sanitation for France? The sewers of Paris, I have come to fear after touring the French provinces, owe their fame chiefly to the fact that they were apparently the only ones Victor Hugo knew.

As for a crusade of iconoclasm, have you never felt a burning zeal to go through the inns and hostelries of England with axe and hammer, breaking in pieces the ponderous Victorian washbowls and pitchers that still fill the land, to make room for the running hot and cold water of to-day? What a glorious smash they would make, too — always an important point with iconoclasts.

In the pleasant land of France, last summer, a sock failed to come back from the wash. The chambermaid investigated and with infinite regret made her report: The *chaussette* of Monsieur had fallen into the water! Fatal fall, in France, where, as French writers faithfully inform us, labor is not dully standardized as here, but the washerwoman kneels gayly on the river bank and blithely washes the clothes in ice water. Truly a short life, but a merry one.

In the south of England, so entrancingly beautiful (in fine weather), there is still shown the spot where once stood an inn in which Dr. Samuel Johnson descanted to Mr. James Boswell on the felicity of England in the possession of her inns and taverns. That was long ago, of course, and it must be admitted that the posture of things has somewhat altered. Few of us would to-day pitch upon this particular point for especial dilation, though Mr. J. S. Fletcher still utters an occasional chirp of satisfaction over it. Beyond question, points of view differ. Thus it does not allure me to read upon the sign of the Old Crown Hotel, at Slough, that it was established in 1315. It may indeed still offer all the comforts of the Middle Ages, but I had rather stay the night in one established in 1915 — if such there be.

Yet I must insist that the best of all motor guides, in prefacing its list of British hotels with Christina Rossetti's poem on Death, while undoubtedly headed in the right general direction, goes too far:—

> Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
> Yea, beds for all who come.

If I understand Miss Rossetti, she is not here speaking of hotel accommodations, although a hasty reader might gain that impression. On the other hand, I cannot believe that the genial Mr. Dunlop intended this as a malicious fling at the British hotel industry, of which, as we have seen, Englishmen have been loud in their praises at least from the days of Samuel Johnson. I prefer to see in the incident one of those subtle exhibitions of sturdy British humor, which are, alas! too often lost upon our untraveled fellow countrymen.

OD'S FISH

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

THE creatures of the ocean, whether they live in the sunlit waters near the surface or dwell miles deep in the black abysses and move about in light of their own creation, are all dependent for their breath upon oxygen that comes to them from the air above the surface. The water in which a fish swims consists of oxygen to the extent of one third of its volume, but this oxygen is of no use to the fish. The reason is that water is a compound, being made of oxygen and hydrogen in chemical union. Air, on the other hand, is only a mixture, the oxygen in it being uncombined and free, and therefore available for breathing. In order to support life, water must have in it a proportion of oxygen from the air. Which is to say, a fish in pure water would smother to death.

Oxygen penetrates the water at the surface and slowly diffuses through it; and the greater the surface presented by the water, the more rapidly the oxygen is taken up. Thus a fountain throwing up spray in the midst of an aquarium, and exposing its little globules of water on all sides to the action of the atmosphere, rapidly takes up oxygen and replaces that which has been used by the fish. What is done here is simply to give the water a larger surface in proportion to its bulk, and to carry the air down where it is needed. So also any upheaval of a body of water, such as the ripples on a pond or the billows at sea, presents a larger area, agitates the particles, and facilitates absorption. The vast surface of the ocean, in storm and in calm, is continually taking in oxygen and passing it on to the depths. Thus the ocean is like a universal mother, her great breast heaving and taking breath for all her inward children. And the high-flung surges that come dashing and thundering along the shore, finding rhythm in the winds and answering to the periods of the moon, are heartbeats bringing new life to the helpless creatures that lie gasping on the sands.

But this diffusion of the life-giving gas is very slow, especially in view of the great depths to be reached. It has been calculated that it would take centuries for the oxygen absorbed at the surface of the ocean to penetrate to the depths by mere diffusion. The distribution and mixing are accelerated by the sinking of the highly oxygenated surface water and the rising of that below, owing to differences in density and temperature. In small lakes such as we have in New York, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, this sinking of the chilled surface and the continual rise of the lower water to take its place are such that there is a complete overturning of the water in spring and fall. At these times every drop of water becomes in turn a part of the surface, and may be said to have done its own breathing. In the ocean there is an interchange by means of vertical currents, and the oxygen-bearing water of the surface is thus enabled to deliver its burden to the depths. The ancients, in regarding the earth as a large animal with all the living functions, were making broad use of their imagination; but when we consider that in lake and ocean there is something that corresponds to respiration and circulation, we may say that scientific fact does much to help out the analogy.

The strange lantern-bearing creatures of the depths thus have their breath brought down to them. Not so directly, however, do they get their daily meat. Being carnivorous, they are, of course, quite willing to eat each other, and do; but it is evident that no community can be self-supporting on such a basis. Every animal that dies and goes into dissolution subtracts just so much from the sum total of animal life; and it cannot be replaced except through the medium of vegetation. The growing plant must use the sunlight to transform inorganic matter into life-supporting sugar, and the herbivorous animal must eat the plant and turn it into meat before the carnivorous creature can find a means of support. As these fish live in the cold black depths where no plant can grow, and as they are not fitted to live in the upper world, they would seem to be in a desperate, a really impossible, situation.

Fortunately for the deep-sea dwellers, the fish nearer the surface have a habit of making a daily descent to a point of semidarkness. Like the herds and flocks of the land, they do not like the noonday sun, so they strike downward and find congenial surroundings in the twilight regions of the sea; at the same time the voracious fish that live upon the next lower level come up to eat them; and these in turn become prey for others. Thus the chain of life reaches to the bottom, or at least a distance of three and a half miles, from which depth a live fish has been brought up. This level at which the surface fish meet those from below is the haunt of the giant squid and other strange creatures unfamiliar to upper waters. It is a rich and populous plane amid the levels of sea society.

II

The ultimate basis of life in the ocean is vegetation; but in saying this we need take little account of plants that are rooted to the bottom and are visible along the shore. Plants in a parlor aquarium may be so much a part of the whole as to furnish sufficient oxygen for the water; but in the ocean this sort of plant life is a mere marginal affair. The great pastures of the ocean consist of unattached plants so small that they are utterly invisible. They float and grow in the water as deep as the sunlight penetrates. More than six million of these microscopic plants have been counted in a quart of sea water. They are too small to be seen or felt except as they may change the color of the water and give it a slippery feel. This vegetation is fed upon by crustaceans that are also microscopically small, and these in turn become food for creatures of larger size.

In clear waters of the tropics the sunlight penetrates effectively to a depth of about six hundred and fifty feet, but the distance varies in different localities; and throughout this varying depth the invisible vegetation flourishes. The rich and ample pastures of the land are measured by their breadth, but in the ocean they must be measured also by their thickness. In fresh waters, too, this microscopic vegetation is of first importance in the support of life. In Lake Mendota, at Madison, Wisconsin, on the shore of which I made my home for a while, there have been counted 37,500,000 diatoms to the quart of water. Considering the impalpable fineness of this nourishing material, it is hardly to be wondered at that biologists refer to the fertile water as forming a life-supporting 'soup.' To say that three quarters of the surface of the globe consists of vegetable soup might seem like a large order; but the statement is closely engaged with facts.

This view of the nourishing element in sea water brings us to a consideration of its saltness, and then to the saltness of the blood and body fluids in man. The liquid part of the human blood, together with the lymph or intracellular body fluids in general, contains the same inorganic salts as are to be found in sea water, and there is a striking similarity in the proportions. The total concentration of these salts in the animal body is not that of the ocean to-day, but corresponds rather to what the ocean was at a certain stage in its history. The ocean has received its salts from the land. For ages the rivers have been coming down to the sea bearing chemicals in solution and returning to the land again in the form of mist and cloud; and the operation of this giant still has caused the ocean to grow more and more salty. It has been calculated that the total density of salts in man and his kindred animals (down to and including the fresh-water fishes) is the same as that of the sea in Cambrian times; and this is taken as evidence that the ancestors of these animal forms emerged from the sea at that stage of world history. As the body cells had become habituated to that particular fluid medium, the same chemical make-up and total density have been maintained.

A one-celled animal living its free and independent life in the ocean is used to a fluid medium containing three things — bodily nourishment, a proportion of oxygen for burning the fuel, and a combination of salts for carrying on the chemical transformations. Each cell in the body of a man lives under like conditions. It is constantly bathed in such a body fluid. And if this view of his personal construction seems to any man to be a little far-fetched, he will become sufficiently familiar with it in case he has an accident resulting in a considerable loss of blood and is taken to a hospital. In that case the surgeon in the hospital will fill his depleted veins and arteries with 'normal salt solution.' It will serve him quite well in the place of blood until nature has had time to make it richer.

And so, from whatever angle we begin the study of animal life, we seem always to be brought around to this theory of evolution. And, whatever attitude one may take toward the theory, the facts remain the same.

Every living cell in the world, whether in the ocean or in a man, can perform its vital functions only in a fluid medium. The fluid must provide oxygen and nutriment, and must contain the salts of the ocean in certain proportions. While man has been living for thousands of years on dry land and drinking fresh water and taking his food as he finds it, his system automatically manufactures this sustenance into a cell-bathing fluid which has the chemical constituents of sea water. The amniotic fluid in which we float before we are born would seem by its saltness to mark us as creatures of ocean ancestry. The very tears we shed, and the sweat of our too-hard labor, are salt with the saltness of the ancient sea.

III

From this it will be seen that every man is a little ocean in himself. His sea water consists of the straw-colored serum or fluid part of the blood, together with the lymph in the body spaces and between the cells, all of it an interchanging body of salt fluid in which the cells must be constantly bathed. He is a container of ocean the size of a small parlor aquarium; and this amount of fluid, hardly sufficient to support a goldfish unless it were artificially aerated, has got to absorb oxygen fast enough to keep his great myriad of cells going. How does nature contrive to keep alive a creature the size of a man in this little, two-legged aquarium?

It is a problem of increasing the surface of the fluid. Because the ocean is of such vast extent, the slow absorption of oxygen at its surface is more than enough to support the living creatures in its depths; but if a fish or a one-celled creature is confined to water with very small air surface, it will soon exhaust the oxygen and die.

In the case of the parlor fishpond, we have seen that a spray of water thrown up into the air and falling back into the main body will serve to keep the fish alive, the finely comminuted particles exposing themselves on all sides and thereby increasing the surface. But this is not the only mechanism that would serve the purpose. If a portion of the water in this little parlor aquarium were spread out in a wide, shallow sheet, and kept flowing back and forth in a constant interchange with the main body of water, the same effect would be achieved. It is upon this latter principle that a man is built. By means of a delicate membrane whose total area is equal to the ceiling of a fair-sized room, the fluid is conducted through fine capillaries so near the surface that every part of it can take up oxygen direct from the air. The effect is that of a large, shallow sheet of fluid serving to oxygenate the main body of salt water. But in order that this large area of membrane shall not take up an inconvenient and impracticable amount of space, it is all gathered together and shaped like thousands of little rubber balloons clustered close together; and yet it is just as continuous a passage for the blood as if it were a flat sheet. These little rubber balloons of the lungs form what are called alveolar spaces, and into each the air finds entrance as we breathe. The lungs are simply the vaster ocean surface for the fluid that bathes the body cells. It is an ingenious means of having a little sea with a great absorbing capacity.

But this mechanism alone is hardly sufficient to serve an active animal; and so there are special red cells in the fluid carrying iron in a form which rapidly takes up and parts with oxygen. This oxygen, together with the nutriment in the blood, reaches its final destination by passing right through the walls of the fine veins or capillaries and mixing with the lymph that bathes the cells. From this fluid the cells take their supply of oxygen simply by their own power of absorption. And so the act of breathing — the mere filling of the lungs — is only the first step in the intricate process of respiration.

As an infant has no need of lungs before it is born, these important organs are packed tightly together, all the little walls of the air passages being in such close contact that the lungs are solid — so solid, in fact, that the lungs of an unborn infant will sink in water. At the time of birth a sudden movement of the chest muscles inflates the lungs, a most powerful and spasmodic effort being necessary to open all the little balloons, whose walls are packed together like a parachute. Once man has become an air-breathing animal, he never has a supply of oxygen more than enough to last him for a minute or two. His little inward sea is always on the point of being exhausted. Hence it is a most venturous moment when the infant kicks loose of its natural support, and inflates its lungs with a mighty effort as it takes off into the world of air. If the automatic mechanism does not work, and the little balloons do not open up, the jump is fatal.

The ocean is able to support all its internal life by mere surface absorption, not because it is so large merely, but because it is so sparsely populated in comparison with the surface. If the water were as close-packed with fish as the body fluid is with cells, it could not be done. This is an important point to keep in mind, because it has to do with some of nature's most interesting departures in the designing of animal mechanism. A fishworm, for instance, is very like a man in the regard that it has red blood cells to carry the oxygen to the intracellular fluid, and this red is due to the same iron medium that serves in the case of man. But the fishworm has no lungs. Rather the surface of the body gives all the exposure necessary to provide oxygen for so small a creature.

It is an important physical fact that, the smaller the body, the greater its surface is in proportion to its bulk. An orange cut in two has the same bulk as before, but there is much more surface; and these pieces cut in two give still more air exposure in proportion to the total substance. There is a point in the smallness of the animal body at which the outer surface has become so large in comparison with the bulk of body fluid that additional air surface is not necessary. At this point nature may do away with lungs. The heart still needs to beat and the blood to circulate in order to carry the oxygen inward and distribute the nutriment. The pump is retained, but the bellows is no longer needed.

IV

It has been a theory with biologists and physicians that an infant, for some time after birth, respires to a considerable extent through the skin, the blood being so near the surface in the delicate membrane that the red cells absorb oxygen there. If this is true, man lives at first after the manner of a worm. But, whether it is true or not, it is a fact that if man were small enough he would need no lungs. As in a worm, a damp skin could be made to serve.

That the whole vital and active part of man consists of little jellylike cells bathed in a fluid medium like a single-celled animal in the sea is hard to admit in view of this 'too, too solid' body of flesh and bone. But the true conception comes easily enough when we consider how much of a man is alive and how much dead. The hair and nails are quite lifeless. As with feathers and horns, the scales of fishes and the rattles of rattlesnakes, their chemical basis is keratin, containing nitrogen and sulphur. Bone, too, is not life, but mineral matter. It is largely lime and phosphorus. Scattered through it are live cells connected by fine canals; but these cells are the creatures that built the bone, and which are able to repair it if it breaks. Bone is no more alive than is a coral reef, also made of lime, or the hard, calcareous teeth.

Blood, and the body fluid in general, are not alive. A large part of man is that circulating stream of water carrying dissolved food for the cells, together with their supply of oxygen and the necessary assortment of salts — chlorides of sodium, potassium, and calcium, and many others in smaller quantity. It has been said of the ductless glands that they ration out chemicals in the proportion necessary to make the cells think they are still living in the sea. Iodine, sulphur, phosphorus, iron, magnesia, — enough elements and compounds to start a drug store, — all must come floating along in some small quantity in the blood stream. But they are no more alive in the lymph or in the ductless glands than when they are dispersed at large in the sea or standing in bottles on the chemist's shelf. Neither is fat alive — it is just so much fuel oil and grease stored up for the day of need; and as for saliva, mucus, tears, and sweat, they are simply products of the laboratory. Life and its mysterious processes are to be found only in those little builders, the cells. One germ cell started out with the original plans for the structure, and its multitude of children built the whole machine, which, in turn, furnishes them with the material of life and work. But this is far from saying that life is a machine. While the body is a machine, the cell is a process. And in or behind this process is the mystery called life.

This sponge which we use to wash the auto is ramified with holes; it has passages for the sea water, incurrent and excurrent. Impelled by fine hairs which line the passages and work like little oars, the water comes in at this side and goes out at that, and the cells take their nutriment and oxygen from it as it passes. While the sponge needs circulation, it needs no lungs to renovate the inner fluid, for it draws endlessly upon the sea and vents endlessly into it. It is not like us, who must use our little ocean over and over, exhausting its oxygen one minute and renewing it the next. So also with the sea anemone and the jellyfish; their inner passages circulate a life fluid which is nothing more or less than the sea water itself. For animals whose structure is open to it, the sea water is all that is necessary. It is the primitive blood.

When we take the next step in machine design and the animal is shut off from the surrounding medium by a skin that is impervious to water, it is evident that it has got to carry its little ocean in itself. As its oxygen-renewing properties must be quick and efficient, the fluid stream is helped out and made more active by means of metal, either iron or copper. The lobster, the clam, the octopus, and their kindred, use copper. And when we find that the fish in the ocean has a circulating fluid only half as salt as the water in which it moves, and the fish in fresh water is fully as salt as a man and the other vertebrates, it gives us food for thought. Biologists are of the opinion that the difference in saltness marks the time when these animals or their ancestors became shut off from the sea water or moved out of it and began to live on land. From whatever standpoint we study life, — even the most mechanical, — we find ourselves inevitably led around again to the idea of evolution.

V

The long, dry, hot spell of last summer seemed favorable to the spread of certain diseases, especially infantile paralysis; and as I was curious about the operation of a new artificial respirator to be used in the most desperate cases I spent a little time in a hospital observing its workings. The machine consists essentially of an air-tight box large enough to receive the entire body of the patient with the exception of the head, which remains outside by means of a close-fitting rubber collar. A rotary air pump, driven by an electric motor, brings a powerful suction to bear upon the air inside the box, whereupon the patient's chest dilates in the partial vacuum and causes him to breathe. The pump exercises this pull at set periods, and in the intervals the chest drops back to its inert position while the air is being expelled from the lungs. And so, by grace of a machine age, a man who has been rushed to the hospital from a great distance, and reaches it in a state of collapse, may find himself suddenly at ease while his breath comes and goes in time with the turning of cogs and wheels and valves and switches. It seems to me that man's highest development as a tool-using animal has been reached when he uses a machine to breathe by. An apparatus of his own creation serves to build an addition to his body and perform his most vital functions!

The patient who has begun to feel accustomed to a body that is operating in connection with the city power plant suddenly finds that a new experience has been awaiting him. If he wishes to carry on a conversation with his friends or the doctor, he has got to talk in time with the machine. If he happens to be in the middle of a sentence when an expiration ends and an inspiration begins, his voice is shut off. He has got to hold his thoughts in abeyance until a reversal comes and his voice is turned on again. His breath is being meted out to fit his physical needs, not his intellectual requirements. This machine is concerned with life and death; it has no regard for the machinery of the sentence, or such intellectual tools as the period, the comma, or the semicolon.

Habitually we do our talking upon the outgo of the breath, and never upon the intake; and we control the expulsion of breath to fit the needs of the statement we have in mind. As for our more vital needs, we let them wait, or else we minister to the physical machine by a quick breath between times. This machine works on the contrary principle; it tends to the physical needs at a regular tempo and lets the intellectual go hang. If the patient tries to get the best of the situation by talking on the intake of breath, — a thing that is not at all impossible, — he will find himself producing eerie whispers and ghostly squeaks such as he would rather not listen to; but if he will content himself with such opportunities for talk as are offered, he will be able to converse about half the time. His output of words will be cut up into portions of uniform length, regardless of sense; and as for the louder and softer tones that enter into the spirit of speech, shaping and modulating the meaning, he has got to accept his motor-driven volume of voice just as it comes from the machine.

Pondering this state of affairs, I could not help having a few ideas in regard to the bodily machine. When we consider the three principal functions of the human mouth, the nutritional, the respiratory, and the intellectual, — food, breath, and words, — it is evident that the intellectual function is only incidentally and carelessly provided for. We do our talking only upon the stream of carbon dioxide that is emitted from the human engine. All our flowery speech and high-flung hopes are modeled out of that. It has been well said that we speak only with our poison breath. We talk between times, as it were. If we wish to draw out a sentence to its logical conclusion we must postpone breathing, thus cheating our body of its rights, or take a quick and niggardly gasp of breath in order to gain time.

I hold it to be evident to all men that this is not an ideal way in which to build an intellectual animal. When you consider how much of the cultural and intellectual, of song and oratory and all-important argument, depends upon that mouth, it would seem that the voice ought to have behind it a column of air that is free and unhampered. Nature might easily take a hint from the Scotchman, who, for the fuller expression of his musical and martial nature, has provided himself with an extra lung which he carries under his arm. Indeed, I will venture to say that a man might have been so constructed if the course of evolution had only been different — and if the gift of words, the last step of all, had not been superimposed upon an apparatus that was first nutritional and circulatory, as in a sponge.

I have allowed myself to make these revolutionary remarks in order to pave the way for the most modern point of view of the biologist, which is that nothing in nature can properly be called abnormal. The white crow, the two-legged cat, the lightning calculator, while they might seem to be the products of nature's most errant fancy, are really her most typical work, which is that of constantly experimenting. In other words, nature has been free to invent; and out of the millions of variations have resulted such living creatures as we have. It has been customary for scientists to say that man is a monstrosity, the greatest in nature; and this is true in the sense that every production of nature has been a monstrosity just to the extent that it was new and different. But I think those naturalists know how to express the thing best who say that nothing in nature is abnormal. And as for any man's proposal to improve upon nature — that is nothing when we consider that nature has always been improving upon herself.

VI

Another effect of the long dry spell of last summer, together with the hard times, was that here in Wisconsin it became difficult for a man to get bait. While the dry weather sent the fishworms down to depths undiggable, the market for minnows went up; and then the needy and the unsportsmanlike seined the small brooks so thoroughly that there were no minnows left. The dace, the shiners, the sticklebacks, and all the bright little fish that dart in and out of the quiet pools beneath the willows, or shoot like arrows up the sunlit rapids, were to be seen no more. They had been penned up in submerged live boxes by resort keepers and other predacious publicans while the people suffered from a minnow monopoly.

All of which is fundamentally wrong. It is one of the God-given rights of fishermen to catch their own bait. To have to buy it, paying tribute to money changers who sit on hotel porches, is nature's deepest insult. It is like buying a ticket to enjoy the sun and air.

In this state of affairs I was called upon by my friend Ur, a man whose natural independence may have something to do with the fact that he is eighth in descent from the *Salem* Amadown. He is a fisherman of such skill that he virtually carries the key to the waters hereabout; and he said he had come to invite me to bear him company on an auto trip. We would go off to deep woods and secret waters entirely out of the ken of these shameless minnow-mongers; and we would bring back with us a supply of minnows sufficient for several days of fishing.

With a capacious milk can in the back part of the car, we seemed to be accompanied by success both going and coming. But when we got back home and took the lid off the can we found that the minnows were dead. The supply of oxygen in that amount of water had not been enough to keep them going for so long a trip; and one and all had turned their bellies upward. The venture was a failure, except from the standpoint of my thomas-cat, who arrived promptly on the scene and sat down to the banquet that had been spread for him on the grass.

At this point I invited Ur down into my cellar to search for an ancient bicycle pump; and while we turned things over I explained to him all the scientific facts pertaining to oxygen and its use by gill-breathing animals. And I told him how, by merely fastening the bicycle pump to the outside of the can and dropping the end of the air hose inside, we should be able at any time to inject a new supply of oxygen into the water.

He took strongly to the idea, so strongly, in fact, that he got a tin pump of even larger calibre than mine; and when this had been soldered firmly into place we tried it out by making a second trip. This second trip was a complete success. All Ur had to do was to throw his arm occasionally over the back of the seat and give a few strokes to the pump. The thing was a pleasure to work. It gave us complete power over the life and death of fishes. And thus another joy — and another complication, too — had been added to the art of fishing.

A milk can, with its round body dwindling to a thickish neck and widening out like a hat brim with a rounded top, is not unlike a man. I laid my hat on top of this one for a moment while pulling off a tightish sweater; and then, as I was about to pick it up, I could not help giving a little thought to the general resemblance as the can stood there with its fedora on at a rakish angle and its tin lung by its side.

'Od's fish,' said I, 'if this is not my old friend Mr. Homo! I knew him well, Horatio; we are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep. A man may fish with a worm that hath eat of a king, and dine on the fish that hath fed of that worm. Here's fine revolution, an' we had the trick to see it.'

'What in the world are you talking about?' said my wife, turning away from a group on the lawn.

'I was just quoting Shakespeare, my dear,' I answered. 'You know I have got to have ideas.'

'If you have an idea,' she said, 'you ought to go in the house and write it down. You know you are always forgetting them.'

'Madam,' I said, 'you are always right. I shall write an article. The world shall be edified. Every modern Hamlet will find in it matter to his liking. And every Horatio will have a chance to remark, "'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so."'

MRS. GOWAN GIVES NOTICE

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

I

I CONFESS at once to some misgivings as I opened the door to Mrs. Gowan and led her, not without ceremony, into my small living room. In both appearance and manner she was distinctly unlike any former applicant for general housework — a small, delicately made woman, perhaps forty years of age, with clear, hazel eyes in a still, expectant, almost wary face. She had lovely feet and ankles, which she crossed as she sat on the edge of my best armchair, leaning forward quite at ease, for all the world as though she were about to receive a cup of tea from an impeccable parlor maid. As for me, I felt genuinely embarrassed and found it difficult to approach the subject of our interview. She herself came to my rescue.

'Miss Hanson of the Social Service Bureau tells me you want a woman for general work. Sort of a housekeeper, since you are busy and away a good deal.'

'Yes,' said I.

Her voice, I noted, was low and pleasing, with an odd, suppressed quality which baffled yet fascinated me.

'You teach, I believe. Are you away all day?'

I saw that the time had come for me to take the helm in this conversation, to question and to inform rather than to answer.

'I teach at the college here. No, I'm hardly away all day. My programme varies. But if I'm not at college I'm often in my study upstairs. I should want you to take charge of everything except the ordering and to do everything except the heavy washing, which goes out. The house is small, as you see. I don't consider it a hard place.'

She cast approving eyes about the room and through the open doorway into the dining room beyond.

'You don't have many things around except books. These rooms are easy to keep clean.'

I agreed. 'And you must be used to managing a house. Miss Hanson tells me you have children.'

'Two — though it's been years since they lived with me. Miss Hanson has them now with a foster mother on a farm three miles from here. It seems a good plan and they like it. She's a good woman. But as for managing a house, I can do that. The fact is,' she concluded, staring suddenly at me with her extraordinarily bright eyes, 'the fact is, there's been many a time in my life when I've managed far worse things than a house.'

I felt a curious necessity to change the immediate subject.

'You wish to leave your present place, I understand?'

'I do and I don't,' she said quickly. 'It's Miss Hanson's idea more than mine. She thinks the hours are long and that it's not the best place for the children when they can come in from the farm to see me. Probably she told you — it's in the State Asylum. I'm housemaid in the Epileptic Wing.'

I fear my face registered a concern which she herself was far from feeling. 'I should think,' said I, not without fervor, 'that a change might be most desirable.'

'I suppose so. Perhaps. Still, there's one thing to be said for it — we're never dull there. Not for an hour, and I've been there two years now. There's no telling what may happen at any minute! And in the evening we girls get together and talk things over while we toast sandwiches on an electric plate.' She stopped with a sudden question. 'Do you eat alone, all by yourself?'

'Usually,' I answered. 'Now and again I have a guest or two, but not enough to make much extra work. I don't think you'll find there are too many.'

'Oh, I don't mind. They'll liven things up a bit. You see, I'm used to excitement. I've had my share and more for fifteen years. That's why I hesitate to leave the Asylum. But Miss Hanson quoted your price and said what free time I'd have for the children and — there, well, I don't know.'

At this point I became definite and decided. I even essayed the humorous, but the attempt was ingloriously lost.

'Once and for all, Mrs. Gowan,' I said, 'you must understand that my house can offer none of the inducements of an Insane Asylum and that I myself cannot compete in potential excitement with an epileptic! If you care to come at the price named and for the work outlined, I'll be glad to have you as soon as possible. But remember, you'll be quiet here.'

Although my humor had quite escaped her, she felt my decision and acted upon it.

'I'll come,' she said. 'I'll give notice right away and leave next week Saturday. I need the extra money, and without doubt the change will be good for me. I'm used to changes, and I'll try to suit you. Maybe you would n't mind,' she continued, rising and buttoning her gloves, 'if in my spare time I took up some reading. These books here urge me on. When I was a girl, I longed to read, but was n't able to, and since I married — well, since then I have n't had time.'

As she spoke she looked, not at me, but at the rows of shelves reaching to the ceiling. I felt glad that they contained more palatable fare than those in my study, that their gay covers at least were enticing. Among them she ought to be able to satisfy many an old hunger.

'I should be very glad,' I said, 'to have you read all you like. Have you anything in mind?'

My question was prompted by her face. She was still gazing at the books, her eyes preternaturally bright. I noticed the ease with which she stood in the centre of the living room, the graceful line of her raised head as she scanned the topmost shelves.

'There is an author called Oppenheim,' she ventured. 'Perhaps you've read his books? I read one a while back and enjoyed it, once I stopped thinking on every page. The trouble with me is I concoct things so much more exciting than the author does, and then I get waylaid with my own thoughts.'

I promised to secure Oppenheim from the town library, not naming him among my venerables.

'And there's a book,' she continued, moving now toward the door, 'that I started when I was twenty-two and never finished. My mother took it away from me as a harmful story. It was called *Treasure Island*, and when I had to give it up I was just at the point where a boy was hiding in an apple barrel and listening to pirates or mutineers. I've always meant to finish it and find out how he escaped.'

'I have that,' I said, reaching toward the Stevenson. 'Would you care to take it now?'

'No, I'll wait till I come. I'd have no time there with so much to think and talk about. Three new patients came in this very day. A week from Saturday, then?'

I nodded. 'I have forgotten,' I said, 'to ask your Christian name. What is it?'

She colored a little as she stood facing me on the steps. How finely set were her eyes, I thought, and how fresh her complexion!

'It's Susan. But I wonder if it would be the same to you if you did n't use it. I like being "Mrs. Gowan," and I promise not to presume at all. They would n't consent at the Asylum, and it's one of my reasons for wanting a change.'

I could not but assent. 'Very well,' I said. 'Good night, Mrs. Gowan. I shall depend upon seeing you a week from Saturday.'

I confess yet again to more misgivings, tinged and tempered, however, with a lively curiosity, as I returned to my living room.

II

I cannot say that Mrs. Gowan's brief sojourn with me was fraught with any memorable excitement except, indeed, for its final hour. We jogged on smoothly enough, she doubtless lonely for the epileptics, I immersed in galley proofs and teaching. Yet I was ever curiously aware of a suppressed excitement in my kitchen, a kind of slow fire in a tightly shut stove, a steaming pot within a boiling kettle. This, however, was atmospheric rather than actual or tangible. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Gowan was unconscionably slow in everything she did. She cooked and served passably well and was immaculate in her keeping of the house; but her cleaning and dusting were punctuated by long periods of reverie, and an unfailing accompaniment to my simple breakfast was the scraping of burnt toast which she had left too long in the kitchen toaster.

The reading she had planned to do fell short of her expectations at the start. It is true that she read, ostensibly, at her meals, which partook of a ritualistic character. She ate behind an improvised screen in the kitchen and always kept flowers on her table. She was very ceremonious about eating and unmercifully slow, although I cannot lay the latter trait to her absorption in the printed page. Indeed, after she had been engaged for two weeks on *Treasure Island* alone, I came to the conclusion that for her, as for Stevenson himself, books were 'all very well in their way, but a mighty bloodless substitute for life.'

I, for whom they were the best substitute possible, must have annoyed Mrs. Gowan with my quiet, orderly days and my rather uneventful friends, who grew enthusiastic over the newly discovered Johnson manuscripts and desperate over the sacrifice of the classics at Yale. When she asked now and then for an extra evening to return to the Asylum, I granted it at once, feeling sure that my ways had become at last intolerable to her.

Miss Hanson, like most social workers, had been chary of her confidences, and I actually knew very little of Mrs. Gowan. That she was well enough born was obvious in her bearing as well as in her physical appearance. From her speech, which was easy and sufficiently correct, I knew she was not a New Englander and placed her vaguely in that vast region known as the Middle West. Whether death or divorce had removed her husband I knew not. During the two months she was with me she received, to my knowledge, no mail except the weekly letter required of her children by the Social Service Bureau.

They, who came every Saturday to see her, were neither compelling nor entirely devoid of interest. The little girl of ten was like her mother in form and features; the boy, who was two years older and resembled his mother not at all, possessed an uncanny eagerness toward every object within his range of vision and touch, from the Dover egg beater to a Florentine *bambino* on the table in the front hall. The thing, indeed, which puzzled me most about the Gowan family was the mother's evident lack of affection for her children and theirs for her. She was kind to them, even indulgent, but they were not uppermost in her mind even when they were in her kitchen; and they quite clearly looked upon her as a chance to come to town and spend the quarter which she always gave to each.

I, reared on a childhood allowance of twenty-five cents a month, was not a little anxious concerning this rash disbursement of her modest earnings. But I became more concerned when I discovered her habitual offering at one of the two churches she attended. Which leads me to her peculiar and interesting religious practices.

She invariably went to the Roman Catholic Church for the eleven-o'clock Mass on Sunday; and, her name suggesting at least an Irish affiliation, I had taken it for granted that she was a member. She had joined also, or at least attended, a club or sodality for Catholic women. Her Sunday evenings, which she always had out, I had supposed were spent among her friends at the Asylum, for she obviously knew no one else. I was, therefore, not a little surprised when one Sunday evening she asked me to lend her fifty cents for a church collection.

Having procured the money for her, I could not forbear a question. 'Is there a Sunday evening service at the Catholic Church?' I asked. 'I did not know they were customary.'

'They're not,' she said, quite without embarrassment. 'This is for the Methodists. I go to their prayer meeting Sunday nights.'

'Oh,' said I. And then, to cover my perplexity, 'You're very generous with your contribution. Fifty cents a week seems a lot to me, especially since you have another obligation in the morning.'

She assented at once. ''T is. There have been times when this half dollar pinched a good bit, I tell you. But, you see, it's sort of a debt of honor. That's about the way I'd explain it. I've owed some other Methodists a big sum for fifteen years, and it kind of makes me feel easier to square it up little by little this way, now I'm where I can go to church without any trouble.'

'But you are a Catholic, are n't you?' I persisted, so eager to reach the truth of this puzzling situation that I was actually following Mrs. Gowan to the door.

'I suppose perhaps I'm both,' she answered calmly, her hand on the knob. 'It's not queer, either, considering the way I've been mixed up with them both.'

Saying which, she disappeared into the November darkness, leaving me to neglect my Monday's lecture while I pondered her words.

III

I cannot say that I was in the least surprised or even deeply concerned when a fortnight later, after exactly eight weeks in my employ, Mrs. Gowan somewhat abruptly terminated our relationship. From the beginning I had been acutely conscious that my sort of life and environment was exceedingly irksome to her. A tigress might well have felt as little at home in a Maine pasture as she in my house. I admit also, at her announcement, a sense of relief somewhat akin to that which I felt upon leaving San Francisco after a short visit in the summer of 1906. Both surprise and concern, however, were present in large measure during the half hour we spent together following her declaration.

She gave her notice late on a December evening after some infrequent dinner guests had departed. Perhaps, indeed, the table conversation, which had had to do with certain recent Shakespearean discoveries, had been the final and deciding factor. I can see how dull and lifeless to her must have seemed researches in a Public Record Office somewhere across the seas!

I was about to go to bed, after screening the fire and returning the living-room chairs to their wonted places, when Mrs. Gowan suddenly appeared before me. I started, thinking her long since fast asleep, although once I had scanned her face I realized that few persons at any time or in any place have been more awake.

'I'm leaving,' she said, without peroration or ceremony. 'I'd like to go as soon as I possibly can, though of course I won't leave you with no one. Still, in these days it ought not to be hard to find someone else right away.'

'I'm sorry,' I said. Although it was not strictly true, it was all I could think of saying in the surcharged atmosphere which Mrs. Gowan had brought in with her and which was now electrifying the uttermost corners of my drowsy room. 'I've felt for some time you have n't been happy here.'

'It's not exactly that,' she answered. 'I'm sure you've been kind and easy to work for. It's just that I can't stand the stillness, all day and all night, nothing happening, and the hours all in a row, one just like another. I hope you won't take offense at me. I'm sure I've tried hard enough to settle down. But I'm afraid it's not in me now. Time was when I was settled down as flat, as flat as —'

I stopped brushing the hearth and looked at her. As she searched for a comparison which would at once clarify and intensify her meaning, she swayed backward and forward on her slender feet. It was as though some hidden force of momentum within her forbade her standing still.

She gave up her search after a brief interval and turned more directly toward me. 'Perhaps,' she began, 'you would n't mind if I told you why 't is I can't be contented here in a nice place like this, why something keeps gnawing at me all the time. I've had what some folks would call a hard life and what everybody would call a queer one.'

'I'd be glad to hear about it,' I said, feeling as though I were inescapably face to face with some messenger in ancient tragedy, bearing I knew not what. I walked across the room to the most comfortable chair, at the same time motioning Mrs. Gowan to take another. But she remained standing in the doorway by the corner of a bookcase, still swaying to and fro.

'People say,' she continued, not yet launched upon her narrative, 'that after you've made your bed you must lie in it. But what they don't seem to see is that it's often another sort of bed you have to lie in than the one you made for yourself! 'T would n't be so bad if you could keep right on lying in that one.'

I assented silently, struck suddenly by the ironic truth of her assertion. She went on.

'But this is n't telling you about my life as I set out to do. Somehow out in the kitchen, washing up at the sink, with you in here talking of things I never heard of, I got reviewing it all over for the millionth time; and after I'd decided to leave I decided then to try to tell you why.'

Again I motioned toward a chair; again Mrs. Gowan declined.

'I'm forty years old. I was born in a town in Ohio down on the river — not a large town, but the most religious one that was ever known, and my mother was the most religious person in it. My father died when I was small, and my mother brought me up alone or with the help of all the Methodist preachers over a period of twenty-five years. I was n't allowed a single pleasure that girls have now or that even some girls I knew had. I could n't go anywhere but to school weekdays and to church Sundays — four times a Sunday, at that. I could n't read any books I wanted to read, and my mother would n't allow a magazine in the house. I could n't go to a show of any kind, and my mother would sooner have died than allow me to dance. I could n't speak to a young man except at school even when I got way along in my teens, though there was one once that I really liked and that liked me. I could n't spend a cent of money on myself or even have a cent of my own, though my mother was n't poor by any means. And, worst of all, I could n't plan or dream about my future as all girls love to do, because my mother had set her heart on my being a Methodist deaconess or missionary and going to Asia to convert the heathen.

'By the time I was thirteen I hated my mother. I mean just that — *hated* her. I used to dream wild things about how I killed her in horrible ways, and stole her money to get away with. And they'd stay all day with me, those dreams, while I washed dishes and dusted at home, or sewed and cleaned for the church, or went to the parsonage to help the preacher's wife, who was always shiftless and slack and had too many children.

'It went on like that year after year. I graduated from high school and wanted to go to college, but my mother refused. She said colleges were cloaks for wicked goings-on and sinful teachings. She made me become a sort of pastor's assistant to prepare me for the missionary field. When I was twenty-five, she said, and knew my own mind and could keep out of fleshly temptations, I could begin to train for a deaconess.

'It got worse and worse. Some days I used to think if I'd go mad it would be a relief, for then they'd have to take me away. Once I thought I'd pretend to be mad, but I gave that up for fear my mother would n't let me be put away anywhere, but would keep me there with her. Seven days a week, and all the same! Winter and summer, spring and fall, and no change at all! 'T was n't long after I hated my mother that I began to hate God for making such a creature as my mother and for allowing such a life as mine. For years I hated Him. 'T was queer how I'd hate Him and pray to Him at the same time. And at last when I was nearly twenty-five years old, at last when I hated Him most and prayed to Him hardest, something happened!'

Mrs. Gowan had stopped swaying. All the momentum within her seemed concentrated now, like a machine wound up to go and awaiting quick release. She stood taut by the bookcase, wedging a bit between it and the wainscoting of the entrance. She was still, all save her eyes and the color which came and went in her neck and cheeks. Suddenly, as though a spring had been touched somewhere within her, her words plunged forward.

'One night I went to the drug store to get some stamps for my mother. I had to wait my turn, and I took the chance of opening a magazine on a rack. 'T was the only chance I ever got to read the stories I liked. I opened it just anywhere, and what do you think I saw? It was like the stories of John Wesley opening the Bible and being led by the Lord. I was led, too, and if 't was by the Devil, I have the Devil to thank for it!

'The first thing my eyes fell on was a queer notice in one of the back pages. It was an advertisement for a wife from a man in a town in Wyoming, and it was signed J. G. He said he wanted a woman about twenty-five. He said he did n't care what kind so long as she'd stick by him through thick and thin. He said if she'd come to Oklahoma to a town he named, he'd meet her there and marry her. He said he could promise her kind treatment and a happy, exciting sort of life. I read it again and again until long after my turn at the window, and the address stayed in my mind and ran about there for hours and hours like an old hymn tune.

'I could n't get it out of my head for days and days. And at last I stole a stamp from my mother's desk when she was out, and I wrote to him that I'd come if he wanted me. I told him to write me General Delivery, mailing it on a certain day; and as the time drew near for an answer I watched my chances and called for mail.

'One day the letter came. He said he thought I was the very woman for him, and he named a day when I was to meet him in Oklahoma City. He said he felt like a dog not sending me money for the journey, but he'd pay it back every cent if I could take my own. I laughed at that part, standing there in the post office without a cent in my purse that I could call my own!

'But it was n't as though I did n't know where there was money. My mother was treasurer of the church, and she kept the collections in a tin box until they mounted to enough to deposit in the bank. I decided then and there not to wait a day, for fear my courage would fail me. 'T was Wednesday the day his letter came. That night, prayer-meeting night, I went to bed with a headache; and after my mother had left the house I wrote her a letter telling her what she'd done to me for twenty-five years and how I hated her and how I'd gone past all finding out. Then I took the key to the tin box from where she'd always kept it in the lining of an old hat in her closet. There was seventy dollars in the box. I took every cent. Then I packed the few clothes I had, and when the nine-o'clock Western train came through I boarded it and started for Chicago.

'My mother may have tried to stop me somewheres along the line, but not that I ever knew of. I've never seen nor heard of her from that day to this, though I wrote her, after I was safely married, and got some more things off my chest. At Chicago I sent a telegram to Mr. Gowan — that was his name in his letter — and told him I was on my way. He met me in Oklahoma City, and we went to a priest there and were married. I was glad when

I found out he was a Catholic, for I knew how mad it would make my mother.'

IV

During her recital Mrs. Gowan paused now and again, perhaps to allow me occasion for fuller dramatic appreciation, perhaps to indulge herself in reminiscence. As for me, I listened without comment or question, though I might have declared, with Miranda, that such a tale would cure deafness!

'I don't suppose you have any idea of what it seems like to start a bran-new life at twenty-five, a life such as you'd never had an inkling of, such as you'd never dreamed of, asleep or awake. That was what happened to me. Wicked as I felt at the idea, all I could think of was Nicodemus in the Bible and of his being born again. Not that my rebirth was like the one the Lord wanted for him. It was as different as anything could be from that, but it was a rebirth all the same.

'Mr. Gowan was, to put it in plain words, a thief. That's how he got his living and spent his life. He was honest with me and told me right away, told me before we were married. He said when he saw me he knew he'd have to tell me, and he did. He'd made a good haul the day before I came, and he offered then and there to send me back home; but I said no, I'd stick to my part of the bargain. And stick I did, through thick and thin, just as I'd promised.

''T was thick and thin, too. Those are the very words for it. When it got too thick in one place, we'd move on to another. Where did n't we go! What have n't I seen in my life! Canada, Mexico, Oregon, Texas, Florida — there's hardly a state I don't know, I who never saw anything up to twenty-five. And sometimes it *was* thick, too! More than once I've held the bureau against the door to keep out the police while Jim Gowan got out the window or any other way he could!

'There were thin times, too, especially after the children came, times when we did n't have a cent. Sometimes he worked a bit, — he was a first-rate mechanic, — but he could n't seem to stick to work, someway. There was something in him that he could n't help. Call it sin and crime if you like, but there 't was. Twice he had to go to jail, and then 't was up to me to keep things going. What things did n't I do!' Her eyes dilated in excited memory. 'One winter I joined the Salvation Army. I've got a good voice, and I'd learned enough talk from Methodist revivals and such to be a pretty good preacher, if I do say it. When the children got any age at all, we put them in a convent up in Canada. It seemed best all around. And just before we took them there, so it would be easier and more natural-like, I became a Catholic. Jim taught me all he knew; and then I went to a priest in the town where we were spending the winter, and he told me the rest. It's a good religion, with things to keep you from worrying too much about your soul, and besides, by that time religion was all one with me.'

I found my voice at last, and at last, too, there came occasion in Mrs. Gowan's pell-mell narrative for me to use it.

'Was Mr. Gowan good to you?' I asked. 'That is, in his way?'

It was a stupid enough question, and I was made to feel it.

'Yes,' she said, 'he was. And it was n't such a bad way, either, his way was n't! Remember, I have n't a word to say against Jim Gowan. All I went through with him, thick and thin, seemed a kind of party to me. I always knew he'd get restless of me some time or other, and I made up my mind early to that. So when, two years ago, he lit out one night and never sent me any word, I just charged it up to profit and loss. It's just as well for the children, and perhaps it's just as well for me — I don't know. But I do know one thing — I'll thank him to my death for saving me from the life I was living. To some folks, perhaps, life with him would seem like Hell, but to me it was Heaven compared to my life with my mother!

'And I want you to know,' cried Mrs. Gowan, advancing quickly from her corner to the centre of the room and regarding me fixedly with suddenly clasped hands, 'I want you to know that I don't regret an hour of it and that I'm not sorry for a thing in it. I'm the best judge of my own soul, and I know as sure as I'm standing here that Jim Gowan saved it for me — in a queer way, perhaps, but saved it just the same. Only you see now why I can't stay here with you. I feel like I was in a cage. All the things that have happened to me in fifteen years keep rushing through my head, and the difference is too great for me.'

'I quite understand,' I said quietly. And I did, although I could not communicate to Mrs. Gowan the poignancy of that understanding.

'There's just one thing I'd like to ask you before I go,' she said, quietly now in her turn. 'I said I was n't sorry for a thing, but sometimes I am, a little. That money I stole from the Methodists. If I could have taken it from my mother, I'd have no regrets. Things are easier now, with my earning steadily and the children cared for. Do you think I'd better send it back, a little now and then as I can? Giving here on Sunday evenings is n't the same, of course. I see that, and I'll gladly take your advice.'

I felt something suddenly boil within me, just as I myself had been conscious during the past weeks of internal boilings in my kitchen. I rose to my feet and impulsively seized Mrs. Gowan's clasped hands in my own.

'Don't send back a cent of it!' I cried. 'Not one cent — ever — so long as you live! Promise me! They owe you seventy times seventy dollars! They owe you compensations they can never pay! Promise me, Mrs. Gowan, that you'll never, so long as you live, send them back one penny!'

Mrs. Gowan promised. In fact, her face registered far more alarm and concern at my sudden and unprecedented outburst than it had once betrayed throughout her own extraordinary narrative. For an instant, indeed, I sensed a relenting within her. Perhaps she felt that, with the possibility of such fervor now and then overthrowing my usual demeanor and behavior, she might tolerate a longer sojourn! It was a fleeting impulse, however, if impulse it was. What chance had I, with my books and placid, academic friends, against scores of epileptics, freshly recruited at frequent intervals?

Now and again I see or hear of Mrs. Gowan. A year ago she graduated from her position as housemaid to that of probationer in the training school for nurses for the insane. She is reputed an outstanding success; her cap and uniform, indeed, seem certain. For her supervisors say that her versatility in any and all emergencies, no matter of how startling a nature, amounts to genius. And she still gives thanks to God, or to the Devil, who through Jim Gowan saved her soul.

THE UNIVERSITY IN AMERICAN LIFE

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

I

In order to determine the part which the university should play in American life, we must begin by taking into account our general educational scheme, however much we may hope in time to alter it. As things now stand, the scope of the elementary school is fairly clear; that of the high school is less clear; as to the college, general confusion prevails; the graduate and professional schools are, taken as a whole, chaotic. Elementary school, high school, college, all lack intensity, with the result that the more capable students emerge, at twenty-one or twenty-two, far too immature, intellectually speaking. For this situation, taken as a whole, I can suggest no rapid remedy. Not until the American home is more exacting, the training of teachers more severe, the recognition of the supreme importance of taste and intelligence far more common than at present, will the output of American schools and colleges be of sterner stuff; and not until the output of schools and colleges is better can the standards of graduate and professional work be generally raised, though there is absolutely no reason why any one institution might not now do anything it pleased.

For even within the extremely unsatisfactory general situation there are and have been bright spots, suggestive of what, despite obstacles, can be accomplished. Higher education in the United States, for example, had undergone no pronounced change for years until Mr. Eliot became President of Harvard and a few years later Mr. Gilman started the Johns Hopkins University. Both events produced effects little short of miraculous. Steady pressure, now at this point, now at that, patiently continued for forty years, converted Harvard College during Mr. Eliot's presidency into a great, though very uneven, university. At one bound, Mr. Gilman established in Baltimore a graduate school and a medical faculty that quickly became world-famous. Neither Mr. Eliot nor Mr. Gilman waited for a general improvement before moving forward. Distinguished scholars had, to be sure, flourished in colleges, as in pulpits, here and there during the preceding three centuries; but that it was the concern of a university to operate at a high intellectual level was not made explicitly manifest until shortly after the American Civil War; that it is the sole concern of the university to live at this level is neither practised nor admitted yet.

In the theory of educational organization, we are, indeed, further from a sound conception than we were a generation ago in the heyday of the Johns Hopkins and near the beginning of the graduate schools of Harvard, Yale, and Chicago. Only sixty years have passed since the epoch-making events I have noted — a very short period in the life of a nation or in the life of an institution. These years, socially and historically viewed, have witnessed a tremendous expansion in American life. Everything has become bigger; everything has become more complex. We have more people, more money, more contacts, more activities, and, as the inevitable consequence, more problems and more serious problems. Universities have become bigger, richer, and more hectic. The best of them have at many points risen to their new opportunities and obligations. But simultaneously they have at other points sunk to depths at which Eliot and Gilman would have been horrified. So rapid has been their expansion that they have not taken time to survey critically many of the new activities which they have so lightly taken on. Once committed, they have justified their absurdities by mere words — 'service,' 'democracy,' or some other label that merely covers a running sore.

I cannot within the compass of this paper deal adequately with the entire educational situation, and yet it is only by viewing the university in relation to all the educational activities of the nation that the specific functions of a modern university can be formulated. We can perhaps best proceed by elimination.

So many kinds of training, so many grades and kinds of education, are nowadays needed that no single institution can hope to purvey them all. Very well; what shall we assign to other agencies? What shall we leave to take care of itself? What shall we reserve for the university?

Quite obviously, elementary education does not belong to the university. Quite as clearly, in my opinion, secondary education is not the function of a university, for secondary education, like elementary education, has to be decentralized so as to be brought within reach of a scattered population. So, also, practical training — that is, the ability to do different things without profoundly understanding the processes therein involved — does not belong to a university. It is no concern of a university to train plumbers, to train carpenters, secretaries, school-teachers, business men — to train anyone, in fact, who is more interested in acquiring skill and dexterity than in understanding the fundamental problems and processes involved in what he is doing. Finally, there are a thousand things which the individual must be left to acquire in the rough-and-tumble of life; the schools do not have to fill up every nook and cranny of experience in advance. Nay, it is, I think, of no little importance that education, instead of being a continuum, devoid of shock, should now and then, here and there, create a chasm, before which the student must halt, rally his forces, and leap at his peril. Sir J. J. Thomson has recently likened the action of the mind to that of the electric current in a magnetic field. 'I think it helps,' he says, 'if every now and then the thread is broken.' Whatever schools are expected to do, they need not be so nicely adjusted and so widely extended that they do everything without a jolt.

If, then, we eliminate elementary education, secondary education, all kinds of mere training involving drill in processes, and finally a variety of skills that the individual must acquire for himself, there is still left a considerable number of higher activities of predominantly intellectual and cultural character. In my judgment, these constitute the field of the university — these and these alone.

The reasons which lead me to exclude from universities so much that they now contain are numerous. Universities are, as a matter of size, usually too big; the best way to reduce them is to exclude things that can be as well or better done elsewhere or that need not be done at all. For bigness, intellectual or spiritual, is almost necessarily fatal to real greatness; it involves the devising and operating of machinery in which the finest values are inevitably lost. Size is not democratic; only quality is democratic. Moreover, size leads to excessive concentration of authority in the hands of presidents and deans and the gradual conversion of trustees into a body without understanding, influence, or power. The executive and administrative point of view thus tends to obscure the scholarly point of view — a change that has taken place almost everywhere in American universities. But, even so, universities do not stop growing. Unaware, apparently, of the pit into which they are stumbling, they grow bigger still, adding or annexing schools, institutes, and even affiliated institutions, most of them useless, or unsuitable, and all of them expensive if, however unfit, they are properly carried on. At this stage, excessive concentration gives place to disintegration; for no one knows or can possibly know what is happening in our overgrown universities.

This brings me to my second reason, closely related to the first. In modern society — complex, vast, shifting — cultural standards have got to be upheld. Where are we to go if we wish to know what in the intellectual realm is base metal, what is precious, what is inherently worth while, what is of inferior or merely instrumental importance? To be sure, even the highest and surest judgment cannot be infallible. But some sort of working scheme of values this world requires, if its energies are not to be dispersed and dissipated. The university, cognizant of the past, grappling with the present, straining toward the future, is the only institution capable of maintaining intellectual values. But the university cannot perform this task if it is itself distracted by the number and variety of the activities it sponsors; for between these inconsistent activities, some of high and many of low lineage, the university, having once admitted them, cannot as an institution judge. It sits there helplessly, while the inferior shout so loud that the superior can hardly be heard in the din.

II

If, now, the university is by its activities and interests to set up standards of value to the end that society will not deceive itself as to the relative importance of activities, it will, as I have said, exclude the things that I have already enumerated. It will confine itself to things that possess inherent intellectual or spiritual value. It will not seek to cater to every taste and need and whim. It will select, and in the very act of selecting and excluding will go far toward determining what should be prized. In the realm of activities belonging to schools, the university should play the part of Cartier and steadfastly decline to play the part of Woolworth; when it plays both rôles, as it now so commonly does, Cartier suffers, and American universities without exception are nowadays trying to do both.

I have just specified what I should exclude from a modern university. I should embrace at a high level the study and interpretation of the experience of mankind, its history, its philosophies, its successes, its failures; its literary, artistic, and other cultural records, all of which require concentrated facilities, high intellectual and scholarly interests, and a unique environment. The task of studying, ascertaining, and interpreting the past does not grow old. Every generation looks back in unbroken continuity from a new point of vantage. I conceive it to be one of the central functions of a university to-day, as it has always been in periods of great intellectual activity, to provide the facilities and the environment needed for studies of this kind — studies usually described as philosophic or humanistic.

The development of scientific method has opened other fields, — the natural sciences, the social sciences, the learned professions, — and these American universities have entered with increasing energy. There is no need for me to labor this point. No one will dispute that these fields belong to the university and cannot, for obvious reasons, be adequately developed anywhere else. All alike have a body of knowledge to master and interpret, all alike are confronted by problems — hygienic, economic, political — that tax the severest intellectual effort that man is capable of making. No one questions the right of humanistic or scientific studies to university recognition. There may well be those who either are skeptical about the learned professions or endeavor to bestow professional status upon activities that have not yet earned it. Now I know quite well that medical schools and law schools often operate at a relatively low level. In that case they have no place in our university scheme. Only if schools of law and medicine are pervaded throughout by the spirit of research, only if their best brains are continuously harassed by the study of problems, are these faculties entitled to be of university rank.

Training is, let me repeat, concerned with skills, techniques, and devices. One trains cooks, one trains plumbers, one trains bookkeepers, one trains business men; but one educates scholars, one educates philosophers, one educates economists, one educates physicians. The university which undertakes to educate and which excludes training will still face a larger field than any existing university in any country has thus far been able to cover with anything close to uniform adequacy. Training is on a distinctly lower intellectual level and aims at a distinctly lower, because an immediate, goal. If we are called on to decide whether or not a subject or an activity is worthy of inclusion within a university, we need only ask whether it involves education or whether it involves training. This criterion will serve to distinguish that which belongs to a university from that which belongs somewhere else. Opportunities for training in many directions ought of course to be created, precisely as elementary schools and secondary schools ought to be created. I am not undertaking to say just how they should be established. As to that, I am for the moment quite indifferent, though, of course, society cannot afford to be indifferent. I am asking what is the function of a modern university, and I am trying to shut out the activities that universities should not undertake — activities, indeed, that impair their ability to do the things which it is most important that they should do.

But modern universities cannot be described merely in terms of functions and activities. One must include, as of their very essence, the atmosphere, spirit, and associations amid which these activities are carried on. No one who lacks artistic conscience can conceive or direct a university; a person who would hang a Rembrandt, however fine, in a Chinese room or introduce Grand Rapids furniture into the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum lacks something that the makers of universities must possess — namely, a sense of intellectual and artistic value. Such incongruities, destructive of atmosphere, do not now appall university administrators in this country; indeed, no university that I know is free from them, and most universities fairly wallow in them.

I hold, then, that, while fully alive to all that is significant in current life, universities ought, in a word, to be a paradise for scholars — places where men are free, without constraint, to work out in their own way their spiritual and intellectual salvation. It matters not whether presidents and trustees think them wise or unwise, right or wrong. No administrative or executive or managerial influence should be permitted to infringe their spiritual freedom. To be sure, an academic body, worthy to be so called, should be heavily conscious of the responsibilities that freedom confers; and no man is fit to be professor who for expediency's sake suppresses his own freedom. But in the cases in which men may be wrong the university, viewed from the administrative standpoint, should keep hands off. For the search for truth and the discovery of truth inevitably involve criticism of ideas, customs, and vested interests. The university has no concern to maintain the social, economic, or religious status quo. On the contrary, it ought to be the home of relentless questioning. An attack from the public or the alumni or the trustees on freedom of thought and speech should be resented as a threat to the very life of an institution of learning. Time can be trusted to deal justly with errors — if, indeed, errors they be.

III

Should the conception which I have thus briefly outlined be applied to American universities, what would happen? A large part of the undergraduate college would drop back into the high school, where it belongs; for the overcrowded American college is engaged in making a necessarily unsuccessful effort to teach boys and girls what they ought to have learned before they left their local high schools. I do not mean to say that a violent revolution in this respect can be generally effected to-day or to-morrow; but sooner or later the change must be made, or we shall never possess universities at all.

And it can be made. Fifty years ago, a student could get his A. B. degree at Johns Hopkins in two or three years, and the students who were thus graduated had no need to fear comparison with the four-year graduates of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, or any other college in the land. So I say the thing can be done. Secondary education can thus be unloaded, after due notice, by any university that chooses to concentrate its energies on higher things.

Some years since there was a distinct movement at Harvard toward shortening the course for able boys to three years. That movement has been snuffed out. Whereas twenty-five years ago 41 per cent of Harvard's college students completed their undergraduate course in three years, to-day less than 5 per cent do so. I do not believe that any justification for the loss of this year can possibly be found. Moreover, if undergraduate education in this country were gradually unloaded on the high schools, the university problem would from the standpoint of finance, equipment, and organization be enormously simplified. The change will, of course, be resisted by alumni whose loyalties attach themselves mainly to their delightful undergraduate associations; but President Eliot showed plainly that he foresaw it when he said in his *Harvard Memories* that there was no reason in the world why a student in the graduate school or in one of the professional schools should not also be known, as he is not to-day known, as a Harvard man.

In the graduate and professional schools of the university mere training is destined to dwindle in importance as compared with the higher intellectual activities which should flourish in these schools. A law school has no particular reason to be proud because its most promising graduates are eagerly sought by Wall Street offices. Training lawyers who look upon law as a business or as an adjunct to business is not a particularly edifying occupation. Far better if more of these young men carried on their studies without view to practice at all, if they were students of institutions, students of procedure, students of government, and students of society; if, in other words, the functions and activities of a university law school were conceived from the standpoint of education as against the standpoint of training. When the time comes, an apprenticeship in a law office will make a better, a wiser, and a more cultivated lawyer out of one who has studied law and economics and philosophy in this spirit, without the prospect of court, jury, and corporations continuously before his eyes. I wish I had space in this connection to quote the penetrating and imaginative conception of professional training in law which Justice Holmes sketched in an address made on Harvard's 250th anniversary, and on which, in the precious volume of his speeches, he makes frequent comments — always at a high intellectual and spiritual level.

During recent years American medical schools have shown decided activity in the right direction. Up to 1893 they were, without exception, training schools, and very poor ones at that. Though in the early seventies Mr. Eliot suggested to an astonished faculty that there should be a written examination of some sort before matriculation, no great progress was made until in 1893 the Johns Hopkins Medical School was opened and the word 'research' was heard throughout the land. Between that day and this a great revolution has been wrought. Doctors are still produced, but they are grown in an atmosphere in which education and research have become more and more the criteria by which schools judge themselves and by which they are judged. Once more one perceives the difference between training and education. A doctor who has merely been trained may have mastered the best technique extant. For a while things will run smoothly for him. Meanwhile physiologists, immunologists, pharmacologists, and others are undermining him. Thereupon the difference between training and education appears. The physician trained at the current level is shortly lost; the educated physician can keep abreast of the swift motion of the time.

At first sight, a graduate school of arts and science would seem necessarily to be an educational institution, as distinguished from a training school. Unfortunately the passion — often the quite artificial passion — for the Ph. D. degree has thrown into the American graduate school hordes of young men and women who have no interest in education, but who wish to be trained for the higher degree for the sake of its commercial value. Students of this type are easily discernible, for they are concerned, not about learning, but about courses. The ridiculous multiplication of special courses thus caters to a demand which no university should heed. In consequence, there is a distinct danger that the American graduate school may come to be just a normal school at a somewhat higher level than the normal schools in which the states train secondary teachers. Moreover, the expansion of the university has tended to demoralize the graduate schools which had made so promising a beginning. A large proportion of the graduate students of Harvard University, 56 per cent, to-day are merely part-time students — that is, having received a poor education in high school and college, they are now teaching or assisting or grading papers or waiting on table or tending furnaces, when their entire time and energy, concentrated upon study, would hardly make scholars of them. It is precisely at this time, their final opportunity to be educated, that an increasing number of them are devoting part of their time, often a considerable part, to occupations unrelated to their own education. How much better if a few millions lavished on demoralizingly luxurious buildings were employed as a fund to endow promising students unable to pay their own way!

In behalf of a graduate school, a law school, a medical school, a good case can be made that they are all, if properly inspired, staffed, and directed, essential parts of a modern university. They are more and more interested in the critical examination of experience, in the solution of hitherto unsolved problems, and in the indulgence of that spirit of curiosity out of which, in the long run, the most productive and satisfying activities of the human spirit come. Beyond these professional schools, no American university has yet succeeded in creating a professional school of university rank, — a school, I mean, interested in education rather than training, a school marked by unmistakable cultural and intellectual character and quality, — and very few have made a success even in the admitted professions.

IV

To a very considerable extent, American universities no longer pretend to an exclusive interest in intellectual activity. They call themselves service institutions or public service institutions, and as such they go into the market place and do a thriving business with the mob. They advertise their shoddy wares in newspapers and periodicals. 'The spread of popular education, the bringing of the matter of education down to a level where everyone can reach it,' writes Professor Morris Cohen, a distinguished philosopher educated at Harvard, 'has certainly not been directed to emphasize the prolonged discipline necessary for the proper exercise of reason.' Many of the activities carried on by numerous universities are little short of dishonest; but the business goes on, because it pays — for that and for no other reason.

Americans can readily be led to believe that education can be obtained without hard and continuous effort. Are we not a 'democratic' nation? More than 2500 years ago a Greek poet showed a clearer perception of fundamental principles than is nowadays apparent to the innocents who crowd our teachers' colleges, summer schools, and home-study courses. 'Before the gates of excellence,' wrote Hesiod, 'the high gods have placed sweat. Long is the road thereto, and rough and steep at the first. But when the height is achieved, then there is ease, though grievously hard in the winning.' That wretched claptrap, flung into the market place, is interspersed here and there with something serious, and that among the thousands who take the bait there are persons who are intellectually helped, I do not deny; but I do most emphatically deny that adult education can be effectively carried on as a system by the methods employed by the home-study and correspondence departments of Columbia, Chicago, or the state universities.

In their efforts to be of 'service' the American universities have not limited themselves to these cheap and trashy innovations. They have at times tried to camouflage them by some sort of approximation to genuine professional education. Thus schools of journalism, schools of business, schools of education, schools of practical arts, have been set up, looking like genuine professional schools, but like them in no essential respect. I cannot now discuss most of these mushroom enterprises, and they do not deserve it. But it is interesting to note in passing that perhaps the best-edited and the best-written newspaper published in the English language, the *Manchester Guardian*, has — so I was told by its late editor, Mr. C. P. Scott — always been staffed by Oxford graduates, who come straight from the classics, history, or mathematics into journalism. Schools of journalism, schools of practical art, and all sorts of other schools are too flimsy and have too little influence to deserve a moment's consideration.

I cannot see that any of these schools can justify their present practices by dwelling upon the fact that so-called university schools of medicine once trained only practising physicians and university schools of law once trained only practising lawyers. We have learned something, from the standpoint of a university, from the history of law and medicine. If, for example, all universities were to embark upon the study of business, they should have begun, not where medicine and law were fifty or more years ago, but where they are to-day; and they should have chosen their ideals and selected their faculties as university schools of medicine and law endeavor to do to-day. I cannot but think that, to the extent that irrelevant and low-grade training establishments, whether of journalism or law or medicine, clutter up the campus, consume the budget, and, worst of all, taint the atmosphere, the American university is handicapped in its efforts to discharge the high functions which it should discharge and which it alone can discharge in modern society.

I began by saying and emphasizing the fact that the American university, with all its misdirected efforts, often rises to the highest scholarly level. There is scarcely a department in which the great universities have not earned international distinction. In history, philosophy, literature, philology, mathematics, and the natural sciences, some of the most distinguished names of the academic world are to be found on the roster of American universities. Why is this not enough? Why must these scholars and scientists be forcibly associated with advertisers, business forecasters, and job analysts? Why cannot the latter groups be suffered to shift for themselves? Consider for a moment how much more powerful the Harvard, Yale, or Chicago faculty would be if, without the addition of a brick or an institute, the respective irrelevancies of these institutions were dropped, and, in the purified atmosphere of the university, scholars and scientists were enabled to devote themselves, under improved social and financial conditions, to the activities which they have at heart — to the increase of knowledge, the education of scholars, and the maintenance of intellectual and cultural standards.

WHAT A HUNDRED YEARS HAVE DONE TO US

BALANCE SHEET OF THE UNITED STATES FOR 1832

RECEIPTS

From the Customs		$28,465,237.24	
" Public Lands		2,623,381.03	
From dividends on Stock in the Bank of the United States		490,000.00	
Sales of Stock in Bank of the United States		169,000.00	
Arrears of direct tax	$6,791.13		
" " internal revenue	11,630.65		
Fees on Letters Patent	14,160.00		
Cents coined at the Mint	21,845.40		
Fines, Penalties, and forfeitures	8,868.04		
Surplus emoluments of officers of the Customs	31,965.46		
Postage on letters	244.95		
Consular receipts	1,884.52		
Interest on debts due by Banks to United States	136.00		
Persons unknown, said to be due to United States	500.00		
Moneys obtained from the Treasury on forged documents	115.00		
" previously advanced for Biennial Register	37.00		
Securing Light-house on the Brandywine Shoal	1,000.00		
Light-house on Mahon's Ditch, Delaware	4,975.00		
Balance of advances in the War Department, repaid	15,679.24		
	119,832.39		
Deduction, etc.	1,889.50	117,942.89	
Total receipts			$31,865,561.16

EXPENDITURES

Civil, miscellaneous and foreign intercourse	$4,577,141.45	
Military establishment	7,982,877.03	
Naval "	3,956,370.29	
Interest on public debt	772,561.50	
Total expenditures		$17,288,950.27

BALANCE SHEET OF THE UNITED STATES FOR 1931

RECEIPTS

Customs (including tonnage tax)	$378,354,005.35	
Income and profits taxes	1,860,394,295.25	
Miscellaneous internal revenue	569,386,721.07	
Miscellaneous revenue, including Panama Canal	509,098,472.14	
Total receipts		$3,317,233,493.81

EXPENDITURES

General expenditures:		
Legislative establishment	$23,978,412.68	
Executive Office	506,811.30	
State Department	15,687,716.33	
Treasury Department	204,569,134.17	
War Department	478,418,974.37	
Department of Justice	44,333,497.73	
Post Office Department	82,297.59	
Navy Department	354,071,004.10	
Interior Department	71,500,359.20	
Department of Agriculture	296,865,944.69	
Department of Commerce	61,477,117.63	
Department of Labor	12,181,885.62	
Veterans' Bureau	729,199,248.12	
Other independent offices and commissions	49,969,046.06	
District of Columbia	47,798,065.62	
Total	2,390,639,515.21	
Deduct unclassified items	162,238.35	
Total general expenditures	2,390,477,276.86	
Interest on public debt	611,559,704.35	
Refund of receipts:		
Customs	21,369,006.78	
Internal revenue	69,887,928.92	
Postal deficiency	145,643,613.12	
Panama Canal	9,299,056.81	
Operations in special accounts:		
Railroads [Deduct, excess of credits]	245,609.87	
War Finance Corporation	172,153.82	
Shipping Board	33,961,996.34	
Agricultural marketing fund (net)	190,540,854.70	
Alien property funds	1,185,835.92	
Adjusted service certificate fund	224,216,285.58	
Civil service retirement fund	20,304,247.73	
Investment of trust funds:		
Government life insurance fund	59,626,371.43	
District of Columbia teachers, retirement fund	570,581.99	
Foreign service retirement	336,930.15	
General railroad contingent	962,104.25	
Total ordinary expenditures	3,779,868,338.88	
Sinking fund	391,660,000.00	
Purchases from foreign repayments	48,245,950.00	
Received from foreign governments under debt settlements	....	
Received for estate taxes	....	
Purchases from franchise tax receipts (Federal reserve and Federal intermediate credit banks)	91,400.00	
Forfeitures, gifts, etc.	84,650.00	
Total public debt retirements	440,082,000.00	
Total expenditures		$4,219,950,338.88

GOLDEN DAYS

BY JOHN COLEMAN, JR.

I

DURING these melancholy days of frustration, of almsgiving and abstinence, it is well to survey our predicament, to marshal up the forces that may win back the lost battles, to post a lookout for the couriers bringing tidings of deliverance from our bondage. It will be no frivolous inquiry. Levity shall have no place in our councils. Let us, after the manner of the American ritual, get 'all tied up' in conference and proceed to the serious business of the day.

It is instinctive, I suppose, when one finds himself in a fix, to contrast his plight with previous episodes of a perilous sort. Fiscal history is replete with panics: '37, '57, '73, '93, '03, '07, '21, are dates of reckoning prior to the current crisis. I am unfamiliar with all save the last of these seven atonements.

Returning, in 1919, from a brief career in the profession of arms, — an adventure I look back upon as something of a military miscarriage, — I found the country knee-deep in a manifestation masquerading as a 'boom,' but, compared with the pyrotechnics of a few years later, it was hardly more than a squib. You recall the fashionable playthings of the period: Bethlehem and Baldwin, Crucible and Stutz, Woolen and Mexican Pete. Shipping, shoes and sugar, fertilizer, rubber and oil, motors, textiles and steels, were the tinder of the post-war display. Then, of a sudden, raw-material prices collapsed, corporate shelves groaned under the weight of prodigious inventories, and tribulation was at hand.

They were grievous times — but not the prostration nor quite the dire forebodings that have currently beset us. Corporations bailed themselves out with bond issues at 7 or 8 per cent; we extended mammoth credits to Europe with the hope that much of the money would come home to roost; Liberty Loans declined very close to a 6 per cent basis when the Secretary of the Treasury, in one of the very few official predictions of corner-turning, permitted himself the extravagance of proclaiming them 'nothing less than a wonderful buy'; the railways were granted rate increases in a big way; American Telephone confounded the pessimists by raising its eight-dollar dividend to nine; labor, which had been making considerable fuss, took a more conciliatory attitude, and by the close of '21 things were on the mend.

The abundance of the next ten years clearly had its inception in the urgent need for replenishment of automobiles, and in construction and equipment (railroad, farm, electrical), wherein necessitous cessation in favor of war works had built up a voluminous peace-time demand. Upon this broad base, recuperation went forward slowly but decisively; and progress was presently to be hastened amazingly by the introduction and eager reception of dreams which had become practical realities — radio, rayon, refrigeration; aviation, talkies, installment buying, philanthropy. It is important to mention philanthropy, since competent authority now ranks it eighth in the scale of American industries and computes its annual disbursements at two and a half billion dollars.

A full century of advancement was crowded into that brief, uncanny span. It would be asking a good deal of another cycle to produce a comparable catalogue of tricks. New-found handmaidens constantly attend us. Our own home has become a masterpiece of efficiency, regulated to an incredible nicety — which accounts, I suppose, for the fact that our meals are always on time and only one of the children is left-handed! A dozen electric motors draw day and night upon Mr. Insull's ample reservoir of kilowatts, performing all manner of more or less essential services. What scenes of confusion, were anything to interrupt this vital flow! We could probably carry on to the point of boiling an egg, but beyond that I would not fancy the domestic regimen reduced to a non-mechanical basis.

The other day the mail brought announcements of a rotary toothbrush, self-propelled, eliminating one of the last surviving forearm motions; and a bedroom window closer, timed to operate at an appointed hour, guaranteeing a cosy boudoir at no personal discomfort. Despite these ingenious timesavers, however, there still remains the ironic rush to catch the 7.49.

II

Those who scan the heavens with an honesty of purpose report credible evidence that the economic skies are clearing. The rift is described as being no larger than a baby's hand, but the cloud that foreshadowed the depression has since been referred to as of the same Lilliputian proportions. Our stubborn, rear-guard action against the forces of deflation and disillusionment has been a Pyrrhic resistance. The politicians are the last to yield, — if indeed they mean to yield at all, — despite their profligate handiwork. Industry and trade, save for a few inspiring exceptions, still are prostrate; but the background is said to be less ominous.

If we have not yet reached the acquisitive stage, we at least are taking more of an interest in things. Consternation has seized the hoarders — lest they be unable to remember where they hid their gold. The public, impoverished in body and soul, but still immersed, at least sentimentally, in the financial page, is thumbing the slightly damaged 'bargains.'

It has, withal, been a colorless despondency: no catchwords to remember it by, no celluloid buttons with feverish slogans, hardly an honest-to-goodness fakir, and only nine new breakfast foods. It is high time something sprightly was afoot.

But we should not be carried away by such pallid portents as may be visible; rather let us search the more diligently for substantial tokens of a happier lot. The bulwarks of the postwar recovery do not loom so large in to-day's prospectus. Obsolescence, a profusion of cylinders, and a lenient banker may combine to quicken motorcar production; but the railroads did themselves proud in the recent heydays and now need not so much new rolling stock as something to start the rolling stock rolling. The utilities are, for the present, pretty well super-powered. The farmer has been sold a machine for everything except making money.

Apartment buildings — and for that matter the things that go into them — have far outstripped our hesitant procreation. Where, then, shall we look for some impetus that will 'blow the lid off'?

Only change is changeless: 'Each American generation has evolved its own ethics, mechanics, chemics, economics, and æsthetics only to see these painful principles brushed aside as curiosities by its children . . . each generation deliberately slays itself with its own inventions and discoveries.'

Disarmament, thrift in government, death to graft and waste, a comprehensive building programme for decent tenements, conservation of natural resources without resort to the ghastly alternative of willful destruction, would contribute immeasurably to a brighter prospect.

Television, energy from the sun and sea, air conditioning, temperature control, aluminum, gas — developments such as these may also swell the jack pot of another day.

III

It would be well, however, to temper our advance notices and expectancies of the next prosperity and maybe run the risk of being old-fashioned in our contentments. It will be treason to repeat it, but I have heard it suggested that the age of push buttons and wall plugs, of magical processes and simple twists of the wrist, is approaching its fullness; that human life has been refined to the core and to pursue invention any further would only end in chaos; that under the sun there is at last, in very truth, nothing new; for science to produce another revolutionary function would be merely 'showing off.'

Most assuredly we want the idle back at work, credit restored, frozen estates thawed out, business mortality reduced, purse strings loosened through brisk and gainful intercourse. But I doubt very much if we want another 'new era.' The one we have just 'enjoyed' was after all pretty much of a flop.

The big chance slipped through our careless fingers because we failed to define our objective. We tacked on too many ciphers and made figures we could not understand. I cannot seriously quarrel with those in high places who, when everything was crumbling all about us, insisted that to-morrow the sun would be shining; to keep fiddling was about all that they could have done. But it was silly of them to press the point, as not a few of them did, that in a jiffy we should be entering upon a period of prosperity *greater than ever before*. For if the feast that was so lavishly spread for us had to break up in such inglorious disorder, why should anyone so fervently anticipate a still more ribald Saturnale?

In America it is only BIGNESS that counts—congenital, constitutional, uncompromising, superlative bigness. Big cities, big buildings, big business, big men, big fun—a brick-and-mortar culture without much thought to the consequences. The industrialist adds on another shop to assure a bigger output. The farmer has to own 'the piece next to him' so as to have a bigger farm. The capitalist razes a city block and erects a bigger office building. Big banks go together and make a bigger bank. Universities tear down hallowed walls and advertise a bigger university. A big business man makes a success of things and we heap bigger, inhuman tasks upon him.

Bigness went even to the suburbs, where country clubs rose like alcázars. Then, without warning, we became, as it were, 'too big for our breeches,' and there followed an awful contraction in the commercial and the human stature.

It is quite a pitiless process. Economists call it a cyclical phenomenon and point to its periodic occurrence in the past as a guarantee of its perpetuation!

We should all be happier, doubtless, if we placed limits upon our grandeur; if we halted the relentless competition for physical supremacy and paused more often in our travels to the moon. We must have all but reached our El Dorado the day before yesterday; now we are reduced to sackcloth and ashes. Hereafter should we not determine beforehand what will satisfy us, and not damn the first who dares cry, 'Hold, enough!'

What we need to do, it seems to me, is to make better use of our devices, to pass our days in less hectic pursuits. We keep playing at being pioneers, boasting of our new discoveries and absorbing conquests; yet we have hardly begun to skirmish along the frontier of freedom. Why not a day or two from the office for digging in the garden without making public apologies for our truancy; and surely five days out of seven ought to be enough for selling ribbons, for feeding furnaces, for scribbling in ledgers, for collecting bills.

In my village the merchants habitually close their shops every Wednesday at one, and, while I am occasionally irked at being thwarted in a belated inclination to purchase some trifle or other, I am told that the burghers maintain themselves in a high state of civic, commercial, and spiritual solvency.

IV

All this, I know, represents gross retrogression. It has about it the lethal air of the 'saturation point.' It is hardly the doctrine which animates the go-getter; such a programme would be anathema to the man who is 'always on his toes.' But it is elixir to those who are becoming more abstemious as to their toil.

We break our necks evolving new ideas to save time, to save drudgery, to save dollars; we are forever evolving something to bring us more leisure for doing things we have always wanted to do, and before we have spent a care-free hour we are hurrying to a conference to 'pass' another miracle.

Casting out the devils of indulgence, we manage to save a little, and the authorities are hard upon us with a thundering urge to spend. The official dictum exhorts us to win our way out through solemn recourse to work, and we see by the papers that last year there were some thirty thousand business failures. We are importuned to pledge ourselves to purchase only American-made goods, when there are alien products which I, for one, would be loath to relinquish. The motor-car salesman is at the door in a frenzy over a new model before I have mastered all the cranks and pedals on the 'last word' he sold me six months ago. We are entreated to have courage and stamina, faith, hope, and charity, and I pass my incipient exile[1] in daily dread of being shunted back to work because of nonsupport on the part of corporations whose certificates I have loved too well.

Draw apart a mile or two from the bustle, and presently your front yard is surveyed for a highway, filling stations scar the southern exposure, and mail-order catalogues are waiting for you at breakfast. An adjunct so indispensable as the telephone, which promised only liberation and relief, enthralls my wife daily until noon; I do not know that she is either refreshed or enriched by these multitudinous contacts, but I have noticed that her putting has been falling off and she has had to give up her folk dancing altogether. When the mood is upon me I have, in desperation, suffered the jingle to go unheeded, only to be chastised for not holding up my end of the social contract.

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[1] Mr. Coleman explained in 'Gone for the Day' (March *Atlantic*) that he has retired from business for the duration of the depression. — EDITOR

We are, I am afraid, not making the most of our depressions. They come so seldom that we dote too long on devastation. We shall, no doubt, all be the better for our purification. And so, having renewed our loan at the bank and spent our Christmas savings for Easter, let us step out from the shadows of the wailing wall.

Of course, no one except a poet with an ear for royalties would ever pretend that the uses of adversity are sweet; but they have their softer side. During prosperity we are too busy to do much more than read the labels; now we can examine the contents. We can, in sundry pleasant ways, begin spending the time — æons of it — stored up for us by all those time-saving appliances, bought, appropriately enough, on time payments. We can be figuring out how to keep from making more money than we know what to do with, and begin to appreciate how many things we are able to get along without. We can learn how to interpret statements and balance sheets — and interviews with the Chairman of the Board; we can reflect upon the frailty of paper profits and decide upon what ought to be done with the fellow who tells us to 'put it away and forget it.'

These, if we only knew it, could be the Golden Days of Gloom.

UNDER FIRE

Letters from the Manchurian Border

BY NORA WALN

I

TIENTSIN, *September* 6, 1931. — The vernacular press is entirely occupied with reports of the daily happenings in a war now in progress between two factions of the Nationalist Party. President Chiang Kai-shek is opposed by the veterans Sun-Fo and Wang Ching-wei.

Neither Sun-fo nor Wang Ching-wei maintains a personal army, as most other officials do. They have hired soldiers from the 'wandering warriors' (men and boys recruited and abandoned by a 'government' at some time), who work when they have employment and, when not in service, exist as best they can by banditry. These troops have been well armed, fitted with new uniforms and given new flags, and sent out from Canton. They are now advancing on Nanking by three routes across Hunan.

President Chiang's army is reputed the most capable ever got together in China. His men have been selected, organized, drilled, and armed with the assistance of sixty German officers whom the President imported for this purpose immediately after he came into control at Nanking.[1] Formerly secretary to Sun Yat-sen, Chiang learned from his leader's experience to hold his civil position with military force. Not because the people rebel, for they are only too eager to welcome a ruler and deputize authority to him, but because of disagreements which constantly arise with other members of the government. The President's army has been educated by almost continuous warfare, and now his troops have been sent south to subdue the 'rebels.'

My Chinese friends express great concern for the plight of the folk in territory over which either of these armies may pass. There is hardly a one of them who has not experienced the horrors of civil war with its attendant brutalities, the most frequent of which are rape and loot.

TIENTSIN, *September* 29, 1931. — The civil war continues, with ruthless destruction of life and property and a consequent undermining of the people's faith. One body of troops is pushing northward from Canton while another marches southward from Nanking. Meanwhile provincial wars have been started by other officials taking sides in the dispute, or using it as an opportunity to settle their own personal grievances. A circular telegram has been sent to overseas Chinese asking them to use their influence to stop this internecine fighting because the country, already harassed by flood, is now menaced by Japan. Chinese living in San Francisco, New York, Honolulu, London, Paris, Berlin, Australia, and Malaya have replied by calling upon their 'brothers in the homeland' to desist, and these telegrams are published to comfort the people.

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[1] The unexpectedly stubborn resistance with which the Chinese met the Japanese attack on Shanghai five months later was attributed, in certain newspaper dispatches, to the aid of these German officers. — EDITOR

The strife, however, does not end. The Cantonese have spent $2,500,000 in Japan for the purchase of army equipment. Field guns, rifles, gas, and gas masks are dispatched to the front as soon as they arrive at Canton. The President's army has bought supplies from the United States; twenty-five bombing planes and five hundred cases of machine-gun ammunition have already reached Nanking.

Hupeh Province has taken no part in the national issue because it is torn with internal troubles. The Residents' Guild has charged Lin Wen-tao, until recently mayor of the provincial capital, with pocketing seven millions of funds from the treasury. The Guild is determined to punish him as the late Chu-pu, mayor of Tientsin in 1928, was punished — by burial alive with his head above ground and a long, narrow track of treacle to attract ants. Lin Wen-tao is even more determined to fight his way out of the province.

II

Since the nineteenth, refugees from Manchuria have been pouring into Tientsin's East Station as fast as the railroad has been able to obtain rolling stock and engines to transport them. Huge banners have been put up on both sides of the approach to the station assuring the refugees that if they will continue on to Peking they will there find quarters to shelter them and be provided with two good meals a day. But most of these unfortunates appear anxious to return to their birthplaces. They are sullen and slow to speak. They carry their babes in their arms and their elders on their backs.

Aside from this, they bear little resemblance to the emigrants who, only a short time ago, were passing through Tientsin in a steady stream on their way to the Promised Land. They get off the trains at the East Station, buy a little food from vendors, and set out on foot for the distant homes from which they originally came. As the frequent trains come in, the refugees seem a large number, but when I recall the vast migration that has pushed northward through Tientsin in the past four years en route to Manchuria, my reason tells me that those who have returned are but a small proportion of the whole.

The Japanese occupation of Mukden, the seat of the Manchurian government, was accomplished quickly and quietly, and met with practically no opposition. The very quietness with which the whole thing was accomplished, as well as the swift flight of the familiar Chinese officials, alarmed the populace. But Japan, it seems, does not want the Chinese settlers to leave. Japanese spokesmen attempted to calm the people by assuring them that it would be best for them to remain in their shops and on their farms. When this proved insufficient to check the exodus, Japan decided to fight fear with fear, making the Chinese settlers more afraid to return than to stay. This strategy was carried out by having airplanes follow the refugee trains and drop bombs on them.

I had heard Manchurian refugees tell about this at Tientsin's East Station, and I had also read it in the papers; still I was doubtful. Then Madame Accurti arrived to confirm the story with direct testimony. She is the Frenchwoman who owns and manages Fleurette, the only good dress shop here. She goes to Paris by the Siberian route each spring and autumn, and is entirely depended upon to purchase complete outfits suitable to the needs and personalities of her customers, and at prices proportionate to their means. She returned by train No. 102 out of Mukden on the twenty-sixth. She had with her two English children whom she had agreed to fetch from London and escort to their parents in Tientsin. At the Mukden Station she conversed with the nephew of Tientsin's principal Indian silk merchant, who told her that he had been closing up his uncle's Mukden branch.

She noticed a Japanese airplane flying overhead shortly after the train pulled out of Mukden, but thought nothing of it. Then about thirty miles out the plane began to drop bombs. Even then she supposed that they were blanks, and was so completely unaware of the danger that she let the children lean out to observe how skillfully the pilot manœuvred back and forth, right over the cars. Almost immediately the train was hit and came to a halt, while bombs continued to explode. A Chinese mother with a babe in her arms was struck and decapitated; her head rolled one way and the infant the other. The Indian merchant's nephew was killed. Madame Accurti covered the English children's eyes with bandages to keep them from seeing the horrors.

As quickly as it began, it was over. The bombing stopped. Madame Accurti leaned from the car window and saw the airplane flying back toward Mukden.

After a while the train went on, the unhurt passengers doing what they could for the injured.

III

Ever since the Japanese authorities in Manchuria made their investigation of the disappearance of Captain Nakamura, of the Japanese General Staff, and presented their lengthy report to the Chinese authorities, tension has been acute here and the activities of the Anti-Japanese Society more extravagant. According to what I hear, Captain Nakamura, accompanied by an ex-warrant officer named Isugi, a Russian named Shroekoff, and a Mongol guide, left Pokutu on the western section of the Chinese Eastern Railway to take a holiday journey through the Khingan territory to Taonaufu.

They had two sets of passports. One was issued from Mukden, and stated that the district they desired to cross was infested with bandits, ex-soldiers, and ruffians. The other, issued at Harbin, gave no warning about these dangers. The district is the territory where China is making the only serious attempt yet instituted to put disbanded soldiers on the land. Most of the funds have been raised in the Western world, and the import of motor machinery and tractors has been widely advertised. From the beginning, Western visitors have been welcomed, but Japanese forbidden. Yet these Chinese passports were issued to Captain Nakamura.

According to the Japanese official report, the Captain reached Manachen. While eating in a restaurant, he and his companions were arrested as spies by Chinese soldiers and locked up. Then they were executed, their bodies mutilated and burned to keep the matter secret. Japan demands explanation and satisfaction. The gentry, merchants, and craftsmen of Tientsin, I find, are in general agreement with one of the highest officials of the National Government, who, in a speech about the incident, is said to have put the matter thus: the disappearance of Captain Nakamura, if true, is similar to the unfortunate disappearance of other aliens in China. Therefore there is no way to account for the nation-wide indignation in Japan, except on the ground that Japan wants to make it an excuse for clutching Manchuria in a firmer grip.

In support of this view, Chinese count upon the fingers of both hands other aliens who have disappeared, and they say that neither America nor England has tried to punish China by seizing provinces, but instead both countries are now gradually giving up all the special rights and claims for protection which they secured in the past. These lists of aliens who have met violent deaths in China are not identical, but all of them include the following six: the young English captain who went out from the British legation at Peking for a holiday in the Western Hills, and, according to the report of a Chinese farmer, was last seen with Chinese soldiers; John Hays Thoburn, an English youth of eighteen who was last seen in the hands of Chinese soldiers at Soochow, who were then treating him roughly and are reputed to have executed him and burned his body; the two American women chopped up by marauding ex-soldiers near Kalgan; the Reverend J. W. Vinson of the American Presbyterian Mission; and Father Sands, who was taken while distributing charity to flood victims near his church.

IV

On Monday last President Chiang Kai-shek sent word to Mo Teh-lui, who is now at Moscow, instructing him to bring Russia over to China's side in the dispute with Japan. This has caused general indignation among the gentry, merchants, and craftsmen, who still remember Russia's former 'friendship' and do not trust an alliance with her. Neither do they believe that China's two million men in arms constitute an adequate force with which to make war against Japan. They quite openly voice the opinion that if the National Government is unwary enough to be led into a war which it is in Japan's interest to provoke, China will be reduced to vassalage in two weeks.

The students, rallied as the Anti-Japanese Society, are the only group here which wants war. In considering the prestige and license of these student groups in China, we of the West must temper our judgment by remembering that through all the annals of the dynasties the scholars have always held first place among the four classes into which Chinese society is divided. Until very recently, the nation's governors have been appointed from the scholars, who were chosen on the basis of written examinations open to the sons of all classes, with the places of first preferment always going to the students who wrote the most perfect essays. China is now proclaimed a republic, but this preciousness still clings to the scholars.

On the Moon's Birthday two thousand students, delegates from different schools all over China, went to Hangchow to punish the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mr. C. T. Wang, because he had not obeyed their dictation and declared war on Japan. They assumed as a matter of course that he would celebrate the festival with his wife at their lakeside home. The students assembled in full force and broke open the 'To and From the World' Gate of the most beautiful old Chinese homestead by the West Lake. They went through the courts ripping up treasured flowers and shrubs, and through the 'Hall of Family Gathering' slashing ancient portraits to ribbons with their knives. In the library they tarried to destroy precious books and manuscripts which it had taken centuries to collect, and then surged into the adjoining rooms, sweeping aside by their superior numbers and youthful energy the women and servants who attempted to bar the way.

The vandals were busy smashing priceless porcelain when the aged, feeble Family Elder was brought from his bed to speak to them. As he appeared, the students greeted him with shouts: 'Mr. Wang, come out and be bambooed!' The old gentleman quieted the mob by telling them that the homestead of Mr. Wang was on the other side of the lake. 'Very sorry,' the scholars apologized; 'our mistake.' Then they hurried around the lake and demolished the beautiful Wang home. But they failed to find the Minister for Foreign Affairs. While they were wrecking his house and terrifying his kin, a telegram arrived from a scholar in Nanking announcing that the Minister was spending the festival at his desk.

Our neighbors, who are relatives of Mr. Wang's wife, received a message this evening giving us the sequel of this outrageous attack. It states that Mr. Wang, while working at his desk in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to-day, was set upon by three thousand students who beat him with bamboos and almost killed him by hurling inkpots, electric light bulbs, chairs, and mirrors. His faithful servants climbed through a window and succeeded in dragging him out after he had been rendered unconscious. There is yet some hope that he may live.

Mr. Wang is forty-nine years old. He was educated in classical Chinese by tutors at home. Later he took complete courses and won degrees at Peiyang University, Tokyo University, and Yale. Returning to China from Yale as a secretary of the Y. M. C. A., he resigned in 1911 to fight in the revolution. In the first republican government he was Vice Speaker of the Senate, and in the years that followed has held a succession of important posts. In 1918 he was sent as an envoy to the United States to secure recognition for Sun Yat-sen's government. The next year he was a delegate to the Paris Peace Conference, where he advised against signing the Versailles Treaty because he thought the Shantung clauses gave too much to Japan. Since June 1928 he has been Minister for Foreign Affairs; he has managed to induce every Western nation which enjoyed special exemptions to sign treaties recognizing China's autonomy in tariff matters, and has also entered into conversations by which every country has conditionally agreed to consider relinquishing all extraterritorial rights.

I ordered a copy of *The Life of George Fox* for the ex-Emperor, Mr. Henry Pu-Yi, and when it came I presented it personally. I found that he and his wife are much perturbed by callers who are using every possible means of persuasion and pressure to force him to be crowned Emperor of Manchuria. The ex-Emperor has sold his ivories and disposed of the house in the Japanese Concession which was provided for him as a sanctuary when Feng Yu-hsiang drove him out of the palace in the Forbidden City.[2] He realized $25,000 and gave the money to flood relief, but now he and his wife have nowhere to go. They have written and telegraphed to both the President at Nanking and Chang Hsueh-liang at Peking, asserting their loyalty and asking for sanctuary, but have had no reply.

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[2] Henry Pu-Yi is the last of the Manchus. As the Boy Emperor of China, he was six years old when the revolution deprived him of his throne in 1912. Since that time he has been living under Japanese protection. — EDITOR

V

TIENTSIN, *November* 13, 1931. — The rumble of field-gun fire and the rat-a-tat of rifle shot have been incessant all night. Unable to sleep, I sat up thinking about the difficulties that have attended the establishment of a peaceful republic here through the nineteen years that have followed the formal declaration of independence from monarchial rule. This train of thought led me to take out and reread my old file of Philadelphia newspapers, wherein were recorded twice a week the dangers and pitfalls that beset the orderly workings of our own Constitution nineteen years after the American Declaration of Independence.

Ever since the Japanese took over Mukden, the rumor has been voiced innumerable times a day that 'to-night Japan will march on Tientsin.' The American, British, French, Swedish, Belgian, German, and Italian Consuls have taken the rumor sufficiently seriously to meet together frequently and make plans for such an emergency. Several times they have jointly advised both the Japanese Consul General and the general in charge of the Japanese forces here that they think such action unwise, if 'contemplated.'

Among my acquaintances at Tientsin, all the Chinese people of every class, except the students, are united in favor of non-resistance against Japan. They trust in the League of Nations to investigate and effect a fair settlement. General Wang, in charge of Chinese provincial military forces, Chang Hsueh-liang, and his brother, Chang Hsueh-ming, our Mayor, have repeatedly reminded the Tientsin populace, by posters and by criers, that the Japanese who reside here are guests of China and must be treated accordingly. Stern warnings have been issued against creating incidents that may stir up trouble in these unsettled times.

In spite of these official utterances, no action has been taken against the students, who, as Anti-Japanese Scouts, continue to seize goods made in Japan and sell them at public auction in the streets, shouting that their purpose is to raise money for uniforms and arms to fight Japan. On November 3, the principal of the Middle School attempted to read President Chiang Kai-shek's mandate forbidding students to agitate against Japan and commanding teachers to enforce discipline, whereupon two hundred students set upon the principal and injured him so seriously that he is now in the hospital. No move has been made to punish the rioters. Many students carrying megaphones, like American football cheer leaders, board the trains en route to Nanking to demand an immediate declaration of war against Japan. They go through the cars yelling their slogans against the Japanese and shouting defiance against the President and other members of the government, whom they accuse of 'selling China to her enemies.' Nothing whatever is done to put a stop to these activities except to publish some new official statement of disapproval.

Proclaiming themselves patriots on their way to save the nation, the students are descending upon the capital in large numbers, demanding free transportation in the best carriages and free food in the diners. On November 5, a station master argued with a group of them, who retaliated by wrecking his house. Two days later such a large company of students boarded the south-bound evening train that about fifteen hundred of them were unable to find seats. They demanded more cars, but the traffic managers said it would be impossible to enlarge the train. The students then lay down on the tracks to prevent the engine from starting, and shouted that they would stay there until their demands were met. They lay on the tracks four hours. When no argument succeeded in getting them up, a Westerner suggested turning the fire hose on them, but this was not done. In the end, additional cars were found.

I have a letter from a Chinese friend at Nanking who says that there are now many thousands of students at the capital from all parts of China. The problem of housing and feeding them has become very serious, particularly since the resources of the city have already been heavily drawn upon to take care of the flood refugees. Iron gates have been erected to safeguard all government offices, and no official dare step beyond the bars to speak to the students, who come in platoons and regiments to present their demands.

VI

Ever since Japan took possession of Mukden in September, I have been unable to go out for an hour without meeting Japanese with notebooks in their hands, earnestly jotting things down. They move about in groups of two or three. At the railway stations, by the bridges, on the Bund, in the food markets, in the streets, in the shops — everywhere they are to be seen industriously setting down their mysterious observations. They are quiet enough, but I do not like their being here.

One of them stared at me so hard while I sat talking to my friend, the coppersmith, that I contrived to see what he was putting into his book, and found that he had done a sketch of me with some Japanese writing under it. He was a little man, not as high as my shoulder, so when I came upon him making other notes farther up the street I reached out suddenly and took the book from his hand. He sputtered his surprise, but made no complaint when I tore out the page bearing the sketch of me. I handed the book back, and he bowed politely.

According to the vernacular press, up and down trains between here and Mukden are delayed several hours each way by Japanese officials at Hsinminfu and Hsinglungtao. Chinese men and women are ruthlessly disrobed to the waist and vulgarly searched for any letters or papers that may be concealed in their clothing or luggage. The reason given is that all communication has been forbidden between individuals at Mukden and Chang Hsueh-liang at Peking or his brother, Chang Hsueh-ming, Mayor of Tientsin,[3] but people, often disguised as women of good family, go in and out of Manchuria carrying messages.

Two Americans, Ben Dorfman of the University of California and Edward Hunter of Peking, have confirmed these reports. The railway authorities, seeing that these examinations were discouraging traffic and cutting down receipts, hoped to put a stop to them by making the matter public, and commissioned the two Americans to make an investigation. On October 21 they managed to take photographs of such an examination, but were immediately arrested, at the point of bayonets, by Japanese soldiers. They were held an hour before the American Consulate secured their release.

The tension and uncertainty here

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[3] These brothers are sons of the late Chang Tso-lin, who was dictator of Manchuria. Chang Hsueh-liang, the older brother, inherited his father's rights to the dictatorship. — AUTHOR

have been so great the last few days and so upsetting to everybody except those of us who have lived in China a long time that it has been almost impossible to get together enough people for two tables of bridge. Mrs. Campbell, whose husband is with the Standard Oil Company, referred to this state of things last Thursday and said she thought matters would soon come to a head, because her amah's son had gone to work for the Japanese at the fabulous wages of one dollar a day and a long, warm coat. When I got home, I queried Chang, our house steward, about this. He said he had heard in the fruit market that there were jobs for two thousand men at a dollar a day and a full-length, wadded coat to keep forever. The work was light, since it consisted of nothing more than stirring up enough unrest to prove that Chang Hsueh-liang and his brother, the Mayor, are not competent to govern.[4]

VII

Captain and Mrs. Harris had us, in a party of ten, to dine at the Country Club on Saturday evening. There was a rumor that there would be trouble that night, but we had dinner comfortably and five dances afterward before Brigadier Burnell-Nugent and Colonel Ponsonby of the British Army were called from the party. About the same time messages came for Colonel Taylor, in command of the American troops, and the French and Italian commanders. So we all went home, but the night was quiet.

Sunday morning, Old Nurse insisted that I go to the wool shop in the Japanese Concession and get the wool she needed to finish my daughter's skating sweater; she thought that the barricades might soon be up, and then we should be unable to get it. We went, and we were both astonished to see Chinese men, in ordinary long coats, walking about in the Japanese Concession carrying guns. Neither of us had ever before seen an armed Chinese in a concession, except those in police uniform.

On Sunday afternoon Lucy Tsai and Chang Hsueh-tseng, the third Chang brother, were married by the new Chinese civil rites ceremony. She was lovely in her rose draperies and pearl headdress. The service was simple but impressive. Up to the hour of the ceremony there was discussion as to whether it was wise to go on with the festivities, since the expected trouble might start while the officials were all at the celebrations. But Lucy Tsai is much loved by all the official community, by Western consuls and commanders as well as the Chinese, and it is bad luck to postpone a wedding. Since the Chinese thought they were as well prepared as possible, and had the further assurance that the Western officials had perfected their joint arrangements to help protect Tientsin, the celebration was held as planned.

Firing did not start until that night. I was awakened at five minutes after twelve by the rumble of the guns, and got up to let in my cocker spaniels, which were whining with fright. Shortly after daybreak the firing ceased, except for intermittent shots in widely separated directions.

The Fifteenth Infantry of the United

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[4] It would appear that this strategy was finally successful. *Time*, February 22, 1932, reported: 'Tientsin, the third largest Chinese port, was suddenly occupied last week by a Japanese force which took away all the local Chinese soldiers' and policemen's arms and forced the Mayor of Tientsin at bayonet's point to sign a paper. . . . The point was to terrify Tientsin. Last week Tientsin was the only large Chinese city so completely terrorized that its Chinese merchants bought Japanese goods in large quantities.' — EDITOR

States Army is assisting the Mayor by guarding this section of Tientsin, which is called the First Special Area. The soldiers have erected barricades of sandbags and barbed wire, and have entrenched themselves in dugouts. The men are stationed all around below our garden and behind the Mayor's house, which is just across the Nuchang Road from us, and they have a canteen and sleeping tents down by the river. The British are helping by guarding the section to the north and east. Neither corps has had to do anything except let its men be seen. Strict martial law has been proclaimed, and people must stay in their houses except for intervals when food can be bought. Even then they are not permitted to collect in crowds, and may not go from one section to another at any time.

Since Sunday night the firing has been sporadic — not much in the daytime, and occasionally it grows slack even after dark. Then again there will be incessant firing from sunset till dawn, as there was last night. On Monday morning nine 'long gown' men were publicly beheaded on the Bund Road to warn other Chinese against taking employment with the Japanese forces.

There has been some trouble between the Japanese and Chinese over matters relating to the barricades that separate their territory. The situation is being handled just as carefully as possible. The Mayor's house is the scene of continuous conferences. He and his Chinese officials are asking for, and acting upon, the advice of the sanest Western business men, consuls, and commanders, in a sincere attempt to prevent this from becoming the tinder that will set war ablaze between Japan and China.

The ex-Emperor never received from the National Government any reply to his request for a sanctuary. He has now been taken away under a Japanese escort. But he has sworn a pact with his wife to commit suicide before he will consent to be King of Manchuria.[5]

[5] Three months later Manchuria declared its independence of China and set itself up as the sovereign state of Ankuo, which means 'Land of Peace.' At the same time Japanese newspapers announced that the ruler of the new state would be Henry Pu-Yi, with the title of Genshu. — Editor

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TO THE AUTHOR OF A VEGETARIAN VILLANELLE

To take no life, the thought is sweet;
Yea, let your vegetables grow;
But human beings, alas, must eat.

'T is well your cabbage plants to greet
Each morning, as to work you go,
Like some proud parent, up the street.

If cabbage, in its safe retreat
Firm rooted, is allowed to grow,
Alas, what shall we humans eat?

If tears of pity stain the sheet
In dreams of vegetable woe,
Alas, the same we shed for wheat!

Consider, too, the humble beet.
Then whither shall we mortals go—
The ones, I mean, who eat no meat?

If gentle hearts with sadness beat,
And sigh for vegetable woe,
Ah, tell me what a man may eat!

LEANDER T. DECELLES

PEDAGOGUES LOVE POVERTY

THE idea that poverty is one of the cardinal virtues was always a great comfort to teachers. If they were denied luxuries, they preferred rather to think that they denied themselves luxuries, and they were apt to regard the possession of silvern gadgets and golden gewgaws, not to mention twelve-cylinder rolling stock, as indicative of the Sordid Soul. When I was a struggling Assistant Professor in a small college, I had the misfortune to be presented by my father-in-law (who was a Sordid Soul) with a Lincoln roadster. It stood between me and the esteem of my colleagues. A casual conversation with one of them would be broken off as with hardened eyes he looked out of the window to remark, 'Here comes your wife for you, driving that movable palace of yours.' There was pity in his voice, and as I drove off he made a point of passing me in his battered Ford and bestowing a glance on me such as only the real snob of poverty can command. He little knew how eagerly I would have exchanged my Lincoln for his Ford could I have transferred with it the bills for gasoline and tires.

In the old days it was always a treat to hear any college teacher pronounce the words 'bond salesman.' Half sneer, half snort, it expressed his opinion of bond salesmen, graduates who became bond salesmen, and, in fact, all the contempt that lucre can elicit or barter inspire. Whenever a promising student was graduated and became a bond salesman, it was, according to the old formula, because his father had forced him into the business. He was made for Higher Things. Poor boy! But still, all young men must have bread and butter, and most of them wish to marry. The Professor was no bigot. He would not have insisted that his pets forgo the necessities of life and defy their sordid parents. But what a pity, what a pity!

The situation had another side. Occasionally the boy, after proving himself a very incompetent bond salesman, would be permitted by his father, probably in a fit of complete discouragement, to return to the Academy and continue his studies to prepare himself for a pedagogical career. Then the discreet rejoicings appropriate to the triumph of the Higher Things of Life would burst loose. The Professor whose protégé was returning would stop his colleagues on the campus with: 'Have you heard? Jones is coming back. He had a splendid opening before him in his father's business, but he has turned it down to continue his research in Anthropology. Courageous of him, was n't it?'

But now, at this present writing, Jones, who so lamentably failed as purveyor of bonds, has completed his studies, and is happily drawing his regular salary as Assistant Professor. His father's bond business is inert, and the young man sends home monthly fractions of his surplus wealth to keep the wolf from the paternal door.

The cartoon used to represent the old Professor of Economics shambling down the Avenue in his moth-eaten raiment while past him whizzed the bloated capitalist who had been his pupil. All that is changed now. The salary once scarcely adequate for ready-made clothes and secondhand Fords still comes in with clockwork regularity amid a world in which everything else has gone irregular. Prices have tumbled, and academic circles make merry where once they sipped their ascetic glass of milk and crunched their dry toast. Now down the Avenue speeds the Professor of Economics in his Packard, while shambling along the street, clad in moth-eaten raiment, wanders his ex-student who had such shining prospects in Wall Street. While urban society dismisses its servants and remembers wistfully the parties it can no longer afford, from the Professor's house comes the blare of an expensive orchestra, and his own children and those of his colleagues gayly whirl, their cheeks flushed with vintage wines, their clothes — bought for almost nothing at the bankruptcy sales of the best tailors and *couturiers* — elegant in every particular.

Meanwhile the virtues of poverty are no longer insisted upon by pedagogues. They have discovered in themselves a liking for caviar and for front seats in the orchestra which hitherto they so heartily scorned in others. The fox did not jump to the grapes; the grapes accommodatingly dropped plump into his mouth. He chews them and, lo, they are sweet.

There is only one course open to the bond salesman. Surely now he is learning how vulgar are the luxuries of life, how noble the aspects of poverty. Surely in some broker's office an old man shakes his head over a promising junior clerk who abandoned the sweet asceticism of high finance for the fleshpots of pedagogy. But when he is at his saddest his partner enters the office, face shining with triumph. 'Have you heard the news? Young Jones has come back. His father, Professor Jones, insisted on his going into teaching and the boy had a brilliant career as teacher before him. But after a year of it he just could n't go on. I call that pretty courageous of him, don't you?'

MAURICE HUGHES

UNWRITTEN BOOKS

THE theory that every man ought, for the sake of himself and society, to be writing a book has many points in its favor. But unfortunately this theory is frequently misunderstood. I am not for one moment saying that the book should be published, or, for that matter, that it should ever be finished. The essential thing is simply that the work should be, as they say, in progress.

Recently I had the pleasure of discussing this theory with a friend of mine who, it happens, has been writing a book for many years. He is an authority on the life and works of Mrs. Inchbald, that accomplished and delightful lady who held sway over the British stage during perhaps its (artistically) worst period. He agreed with me perfectly that the lot of a man who is writing a book is a happy one, especially if there is no immediate prospect of its being finished.

When this friend first stood forth as an authority on the fascinating Mrs. Inchbald, he stood, so he tells me, alone. Her numerous virtues were quite unknown, at least among his friends. So when it got about that he was a practically inexhaustible fount of knowledge on the subject he came to be reputed a man of great learning. This, he tells me, was just what he needed most at the time. It was a sort of slap on the back of his morale, and he attributes most of his present overweening self-confidence to the fact that, for so long, people looked up to him and whispered to each other, 'He's an authority on Mrs. Inchbald.'

But that is only one of the many advantages of being engaged in writing a book. To be writing a book is to have the one universal, or hydra-headed, alibi. I should say that, according to any reasonable standard, it stands at the top of the list, being superior even to 'My wife has not been feeling very well lately.' If one is writing a book, one has one's dignity to maintain; hence, one easily deserts the bridge table or the ping-pong court without embarrassment. Then again, it is unnecessary for the man with a book in progress to know all about Anti-Hoarding, or to be familiar with the outcome of the latest International Conference on Traffic in Women and Children. His friends readily understand that these 'are not in his field.' Writing a book is, in short, an excuse for vast acres of ignorance.

Yet, paradoxically, the man who is writing a book may, if he chooses, stand as an authority on almost anything; for it is one of the strange characteristics of our day that an authority on any one thing is an authority on everything. The views of Mr. Henry Ford on racial problems or points of morality are eagerly sought after. A great physicist like Mr. Millikan becomes automatically an expert in regard to the Life to Come. The man who is writing a book may also, if he chooses, become an oracle in his modest way.

To be writing a book is the perfect defense against undesirable invitations. Everyone understands that a dog at his bone is less dangerous than an author at work.

To be writing a book is the perfect excuse for personal eccentricities. People always expect those who write books to do strange things. 'Interesting fellow,' they murmur, charmed. 'They say he's writing a book.'

To be writing a book gives one — provided one has the leisure and the means and a proper subject — the perfect excuse for travel.

If one is writing, let us say, of some obscure aspect of the thirteenth century, one keeps popping back and forth across the ocean. One must soak one's self frequently in atmosphere if one is to do sound work. Opportunities arise, also, or are made, for establishing the most delightful connections in the course of one's poppings. There are always famous persons who might just possibly be able to offer a little help on some nice point of interpretation.

But perhaps best of all are the conversational uses to which an unwritten book may be put. At that inevitable but always horrifying moment when the conversation skips a beat, someone may always ask, 'And how is the great work coming along?'

Instantly, with a general shifting of chairs and recrossing of legs, the conversation begins to pick up. Old friends thank God for the great work; new ones are curious. After due urging, your man who is writing a book eases himself into his subject. When the conversation is definitely purring again, he quietly eases himself out, saving his great work for some larger social crisis. Or, if necessary, he may keep going until bedtime. Socially, to be writing a book is more valuable than the ability to order a meal in French, or skill at the snare drums, or both.

Still, one cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of choosing the right book to write. The example of my friend, the authority on Mrs. Inchbald, illustrates this point very neatly. It is in some ways a sad case, for Mrs. Inchbald was a charming woman and an almost perfect subject, and my friend has finally had to throw her over. A year or so ago she began to cause him all sorts of trouble. Through some baffling complex of circumstances, a host of Inchbald authorities sprang up where none had been before. If he ventures now to open his mouth about the dear lady, he finds himself addressing a group of fellow specialists. His well-meant observations are greeted with a chilly silence, if not with contradiction. What was offered merely to divert his fellow guests from the Decay of Capitalism or the Menace of the Dole threatens to start fights on its own account. And, worst of all, he recently entered the library of a certain very inconspicuous college and inquired of the librarian if she had any Inchbaldiana. She looked at him without emotion and replied that there was a graduate seminar in Inchbald.

It was at this point that he definitely

abandoned her, relatives and all, though he still trembles to think what that seminar may be doing to her.

But what to turn to? It is hard to decide; the proper subject for an unwritten book is very difficult to come by. I had one friend who inclined toward Mr. J. B. Buckstone, known to literature as 'the foremost low comedian of the nineteenth century.' Books are written about foremost tragedians, yes, and about foremost comedians; but seldom about foremost *low* comedians. Add to this the fact that he was the only man ever known to make Queen Victoria guffaw loudly in public, and he seems perfect. Yet even Buckstone has his disadvantages, one of which is an appalling shortage of Buckstoneana.

Of course there is always Chivers, that curious fellow who was 'a friend of Edgar Allan Poe,' to fall back on. But one fears that there are already too many Chivers authorities. Still another possibility is that which was suggested long ago by the critical Mr. Spingarn. Mr. Spingarn thinks that someone ought to write a history of the concept of the 'gentleman,' the thought being, I take it, that the appropriate time for writing the history of a concept is when that concept no longer enjoys high favor. He may be right, yet even this nearly ideal subject has its weak points. One of these is, of course, that it may hardly be discussed in the presence of any gentlemen who happen still to be practising their art.

These few examples make it clear enough that the perfect subject does not lurk beneath every doormat, but must be searched for very diligently.

PHILIP WAGNER

ARE ALL THE POETS DEAD?

THE other evening I took down a copy of the *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics* from my library shelf. It had been some time since I had turned these pages, and to my great surprise I was profoundly shocked at the hundreds of dull, halting, and stumbling lines that were there. Among these winnowed verses from the selected poets of the past there were entire stanzas that walked on flat feet. I turned to my scrapbook, where I have gathered bits of color from the palettes of contemporary poets, and was blinded by the beauty of the present. This set me wondering — and may I now ask — whether more good poetry is not being written to-day than during any of the so-called Golden Ages of literature.

It would be fine, I thought, to test the theory. It might be that we were giving too much worship to dusty books, to books revered and unread. It might be that we were dazzled by names. So I devised this little game, where I list, anonymously, and in no order at all, bits and oddments chosen from the entire range of English verse, from Shakespeare down to Jerry Evans of the *New York Evening Post;* and I leave it to you who so love the classics, and perhaps hold them as a holy priesthood, to guess, as you can, which of these fragments that follow are by the masters, and which are by the casual contributors to the newspaper columns and to the magazines of to-day. I may add that I have not trusted to my own whim in the matter of the classics, but have drawn examples from recognized and well-accepted books of quotations.

The reader may be amused to test his critical appreciation of poetry by jotting down his guesses and then checking them against the list which is printed somewhere in the advertising pages of this issue.

1. Where the long centuries go curving up the beach
And foam away and cease . . .

2. Old sounds born of the gossamer of rain.

3. The wind's wet wings and fingers drip with rain.

4. Soever does the fountain play,
Or, rising on its silver stem,
Give merrily its drops away
To star another diadem.

5. Only our mirrored eyes met silently.

6. Reduced to bones I shall not care
How hard the dandelions stare,

And stricken blind I shall not see
Green wish-bones on this maple tree,

Nor gladly feel beneath my foot
Strong anchors twisted out of root.

7. Sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind.

8. The heart has music of its own, but cries
No trumpet down the autumn's lonely wind,
No bugle down the splendor of the skies.

9. The bracelets of the wind still hum
Against her bright delirium.

10. We who have watched webs of green water broken
Into the apt inconstancy of spume . . .

11. Scrabble riddles on their brain,
Make a plow of wind and rain,
Bury stars and pile up stone,
Bind their hearts and yoke their own.

12. The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He passed by the town and out of the street.
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat.
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

13. Starlight through the curves of space
Falls an age, and does not tire:
Falls and knows not where it falls,
A curve of undiminished fire.

No interstellar cold may stay
These atoms in their arc of flight,
Their radiant geometry —
The mathematics of the night.

They see far off the burning suns,
The furious wash of tides that shake
The whirling nebulæ, that twist
A moon's orbit till it break . . .

14. Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again.

15. Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream.

16. You only silver creature,
Stood fashioned as the least
Being in all nature,
Neither bird nor beast.

Creatures without wings,
Bright fur, or beetle's armor,
The mindless beasts go warmer,
And the creeping things.

The mindless stone lasts longer
And cries not to be fed,
But you shall find no bread
To assuage your hunger.

Yet climb the high-blown
Stair, the highest ledge
Of the mind: look down
Over the mind's edge —

Thought you your strength was little?
Behold what strand in space,
More fine than spider's-spittle,
Holds the suns in place. . . .

17. The tree will wither long before it fall:
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruined wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements have gone.

18. Then the music touched the gates and died,
Rose again from where it seemed to fail;
Stormed in orbs of song, a growing gale,
Till, thronging in and in, to where they waited,
As 't were a hundred-throated nightingale,
The strong tempestuous treble throbbed and palpitated.

19. Now would I build, with nothing but with words,
A sky so blue and gracious and so still
That news of it would bring back many birds,
And roots would know and move beneath the hill.

20. If in the moonlight from the silent bough,
Suddenly with precision speak your name
The nightingale, be not assured that now
His wing is limed and his wild virtue tame,
Beauty beyond all feathers that have flown
Is free; you shall not hood her to your wrist,
Nor sting her eyes, nor have her for your own
In any fashion. . . .

21. Yet many a man is making friends with death,
Even as I speak, for lack of love alone . . .

WILFRED J. FUNK